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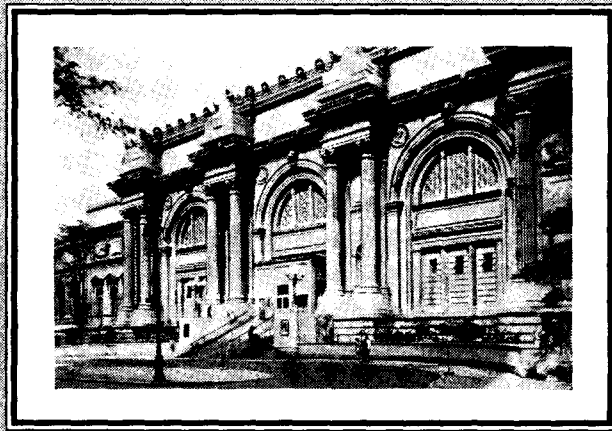
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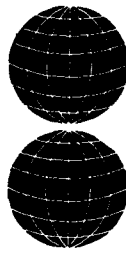
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54-4



WASHINGTON

THE campaign of 1960 has begun earlier than any other campaign of modern times, and the Wisconsin primary on April 5 will offer a clue to the voters' choices. Wisconsin, unfortunately, allows something no other state permits: crossover voting. Party affiliation does not have to be established by the voter, who is free to cast his ballot in the primary of either party. Although this is destructive of even a semblance of party responsibility, Wisconsin will have some effect on the choice of the Democratic Convention at Los Angeles in July.

Once Nelson Rockefeller bowed out and the GOP was left to Richard Nixon, the Vice President's problem became clear: to defend the Eisenhower Administration's record in terms of the peace and prosperity of its era, but to create a new image of a Nixon Administration which would not merely stand pat on the record but which would move forward to meet the problems ahead, both foreign and domestic. Nixon already is well embarked on this task.

The Democrats have been talking a lot about how hard it will be to defeat Nixon, since polls generally show Nixon running ahead of any Democratic candidate. But the nature of the Democratic attack on Nixon is not yet established and cannot be until the party's nominee is known. Among themselves, the Democrats are not at all unhappy at being classed as the underdog at this stage of the campaign. Most of the party politicians are convinced that once the choice is clear-cut between Nixon and a specific Democrat, the polls will begin to register the change. Nixon himself is aware of the danger of looking too good too early.

How does each of the Democratic hopefuls figure he might get the nomination? Here is a

rundown of the current strategy in each candidate's camp on the eve of the first meaningful primary. The order of listing is not significant.

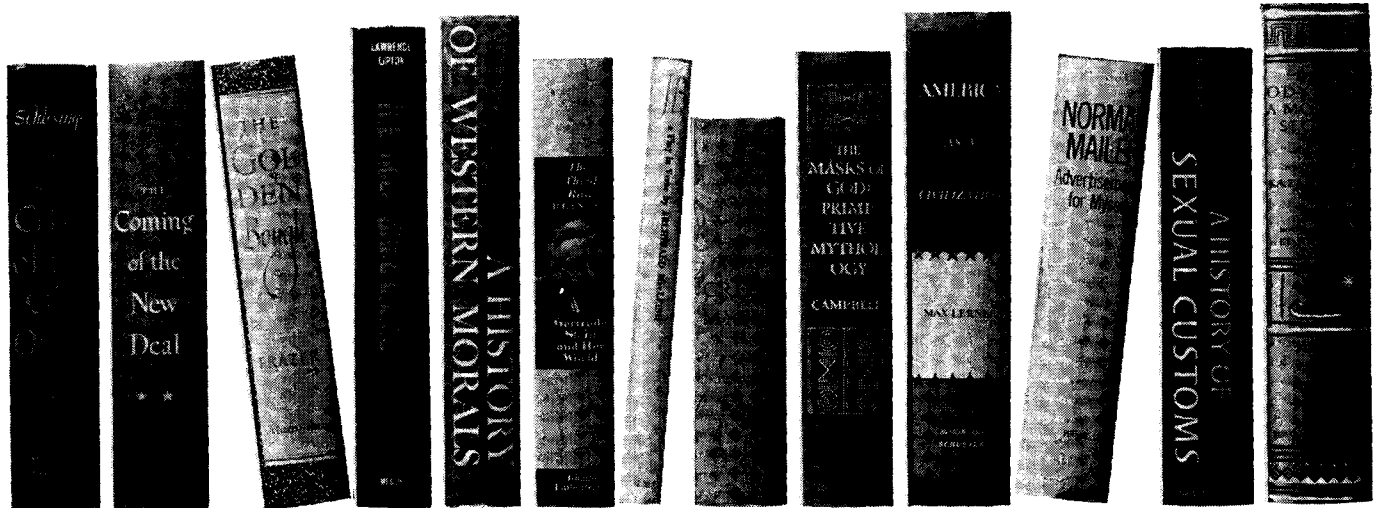
Senator Kennedy, the front-runner

Senator John F. Kennedy is the front-runner so far in the polls. He must stay ahead, and therefore is in a go-for-broke mood. He has entered practically all the primaries which have any real effect on delegates to Los Angeles. He is campaigning back and forth, up and down, all over the nation, knowing that he must have the nomination all but cinched before the gavel calls the convention to order. Even if he should sweep the primaries, he would not have the 761 votes necessary to be nominated. Consequently, he must reinforce his primary wins with political power plays, and at this second problem he and his agents have been working unceasingly.

They succeeded spectacularly in Ohio by letting Governor Michael DiSalle know that if he did not run as a Kennedy-pledged head of the state delegation, the senator would enter the Ohio primary to challenge him with a slate of his own. DiSalle tested the state's political temperature and concluded that he must either bow to Kennedy or run the risk of losing not only a primary contest but control of the state party machinery. He tried to argue Kennedy out of the primary, but the senator was adamant. So DiSalle capitulated and Ohio's 64 votes were delivered to Kennedy.

Kennedy then proceeded to pull a similar power play in Maryland to capture its 24 votes. Conservative Governor Millard Tawes wanted to keep the state delegation free of commitments and tried to convince Kennedy to stay out of the primary. But in the end he, too, gave in. Kennedy's tactics were somewhat different in Maryland, but just as effective as in Ohio.

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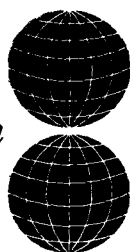
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Report on Washington



The senator's biggest problem is in four states with massive blocks of convention votes — New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Illinois. New York Democrats have been so busy fighting each other that they have not had time to settle on a candidate. All the potential presidential candidates have gone to New York to show themselves off, and each of them has left feeling good about his chances. Somebody certainly is kidding himself, but it is probably not Kennedy. Even some of the party leaders who do not favor him concede privately that a sizable chunk of the 114 New York votes probably will go to Kennedy early in the convention balloting.

Pennsylvania Governor David Lawrence, one of the senior politicians in the party, continues to oppose the nomination of his fellow Catholic, Kennedy. One reason is his conviction that, when he was elected governor two years ago, he himself failed to get about 100,000 votes in areas of the state the politicians call "wasp" for short. This is a term for "white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant," and it applies to half a dozen state-senate constituencies about which Lawrence is very much concerned this fall.

The lower house of the state legislature is Democratic-controlled, but, to put through his program, Lawrence must capture those state-senate seats this November in order to control the upper house as well. This may not be a reasonable basis on which to choose a presidential candidate, but the real question in terms of politics is whether Lawrence can hold his delegation for someone other than Kennedy.

Michigan will begin by voting for favorite son Governor Mennen Williams. But after that who will get Michigan's votes? Williams was pleased at the way the senator handled himself when the two met at Kennedy's home in Washington for breakfast during the January party get-together. The senator did not put the heat on Williams, as the governor had anticipated after the Ohio affair. Instead, Kennedy tried to show Williams that they agree on many issues.

The Illinois problem has been somewhat simplified for Kennedy by the decision of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley not to run for governor this

year. Daley is a Catholic, and that would have made state leaders leery of overloading the ticket. But the nomination of a Protestant for governor does not automatically mean that the Illinois vote will go to Kennedy. The downstate minority is expected to go to Symington, who lives across the river in neighboring Missouri, and Daley is expected to start off by backing Stevenson.

Kennedy is trying to create internal pressures for second and third ballot votes for himself. At Los Angeles, his problem will be to break loose on each succeeding ballot a new batch of these second-choice votes, so that his total will keep edging up toward the majority figure. To be in a position to play this power game, he must do well in the primaries, proving that his religion, his youth, and any other controversial characteristics are not impediments to public approval.

Senator Humphrey's chances

Kennedy's only strong challenger in the primaries is Senator Hubert H. Humphrey. From the beginning, Humphrey has been looked upon as a very long shot. To have any chance at all, he must top Kennedy in a number of primaries, beginning in Wisconsin. But even a sweep would not guarantee the nomination, because many of the party leaders think that Humphrey is too liberal for 1960. Some observers think that Humphrey's chief role is to knock out Kennedy, or at least to injure him enough in the primary voting that someone else could capture the prize. Humphrey is the party's best orator and an indefatigable campaigner.

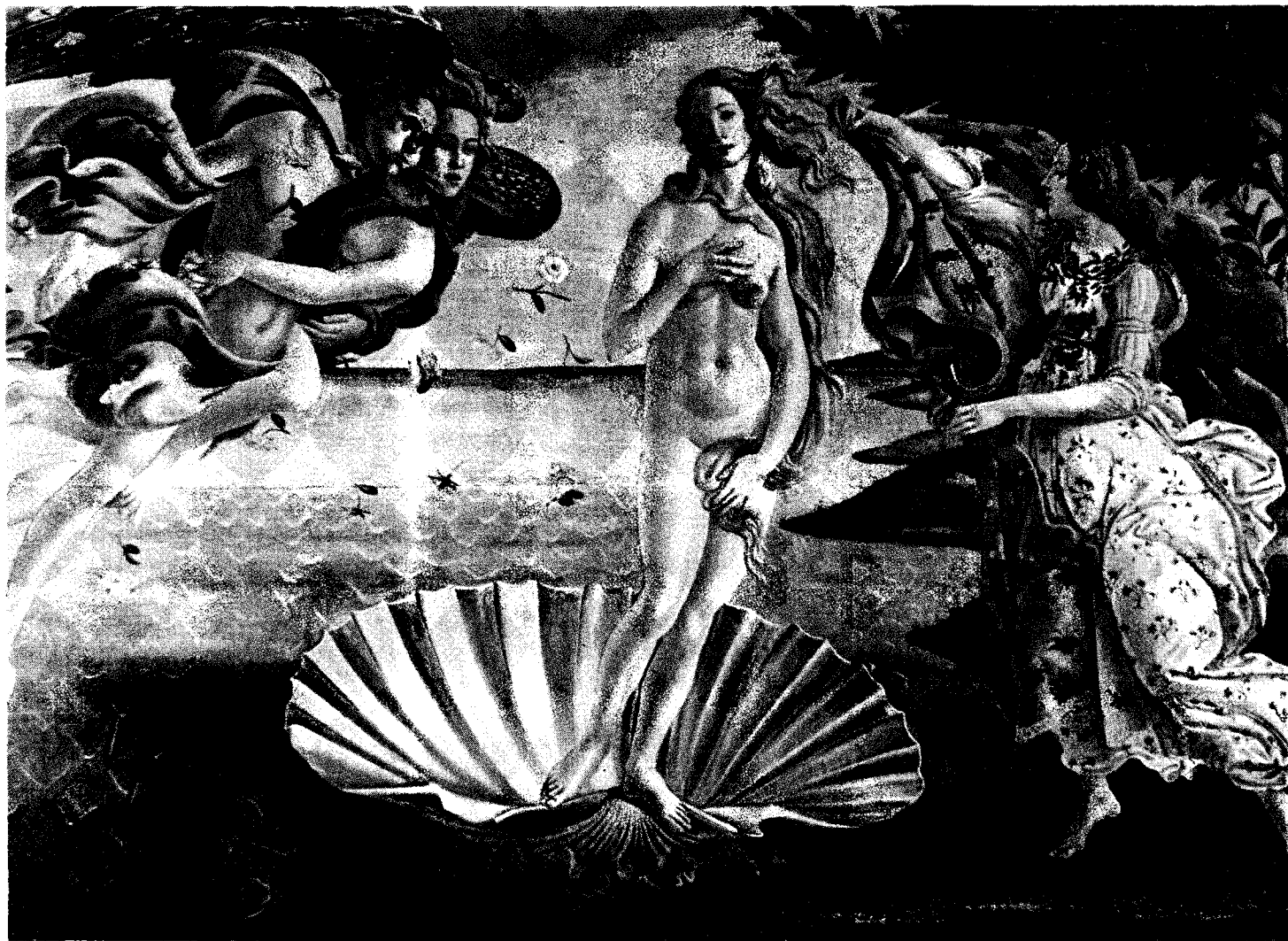
Much of Humphrey's support comes from former backers of Stevenson. These party leaders, fearful of Johnson or Symington as too conservative or as inadequate for the presidency and worried that Kennedy would be defeated by bigotry, have gathered around Humphrey for the present. At Los Angeles they are likely to push for Stevenson as a compromise, though they do not disagree with Kennedy on issues.

Johnson, the compromiser

A year and a half ago, Lyndon B. Johnson, the Senate Majority Leader, commented, "I don't think anybody from the South will be nominated in my lifetime. If so, I don't think he will be elected." Since then, however, he has been doing his best to be considered a Westerner as well as a Southerner, and he began in February to talk about "my candidacy," though he avoided entering any primaries.

Johnson's chances will depend largely on the record he creates — or is credited with or blamed for — in this session of Congress. He was much criticized for his attitude of compromise with the

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The Birth of Venus, Sandro Botticelli, 1478; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy.

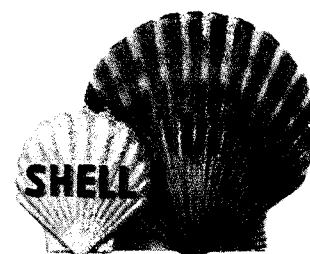
Foto arte e colore - Milano

The artist turns to nature to inspire his craftsmanship

Botticelli chose the mythical birth of Venus as a subject worthy of his brush and produced a masterpiece. Before then and since then most art has shown a preoccupation with the things of nature and the legends surrounding them. The seashell has for long held a fascination for the artist and served as his inspiration. But inspiration alone is not enough; it must be coupled with skilled craftsmanship to achieve perfection.

Scientists, as well as painters, know this problem, for it is their task to equate the inspiration and the offerings of nature with the things man can use.

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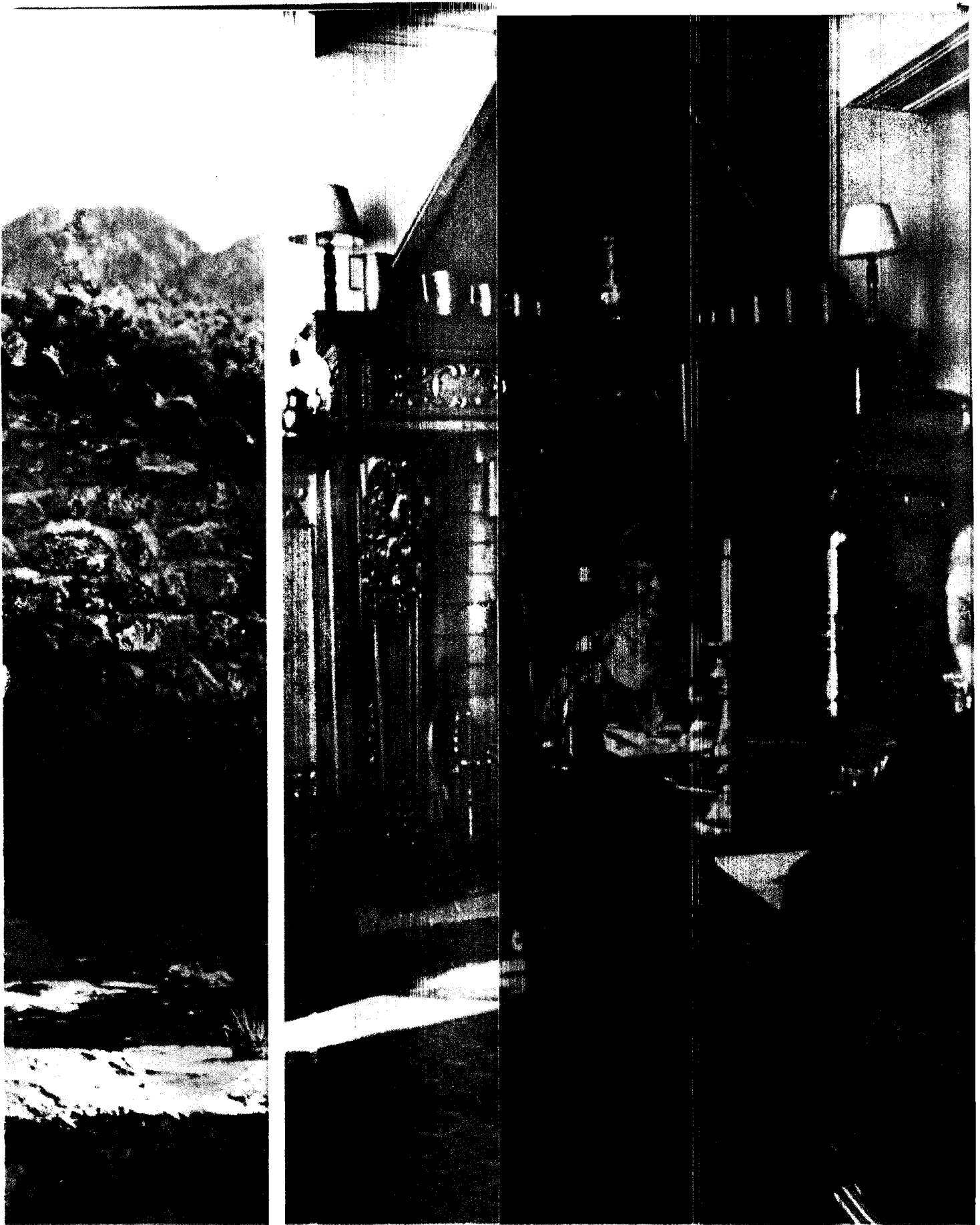
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What did the lady say: when does this *place* get to Europe?

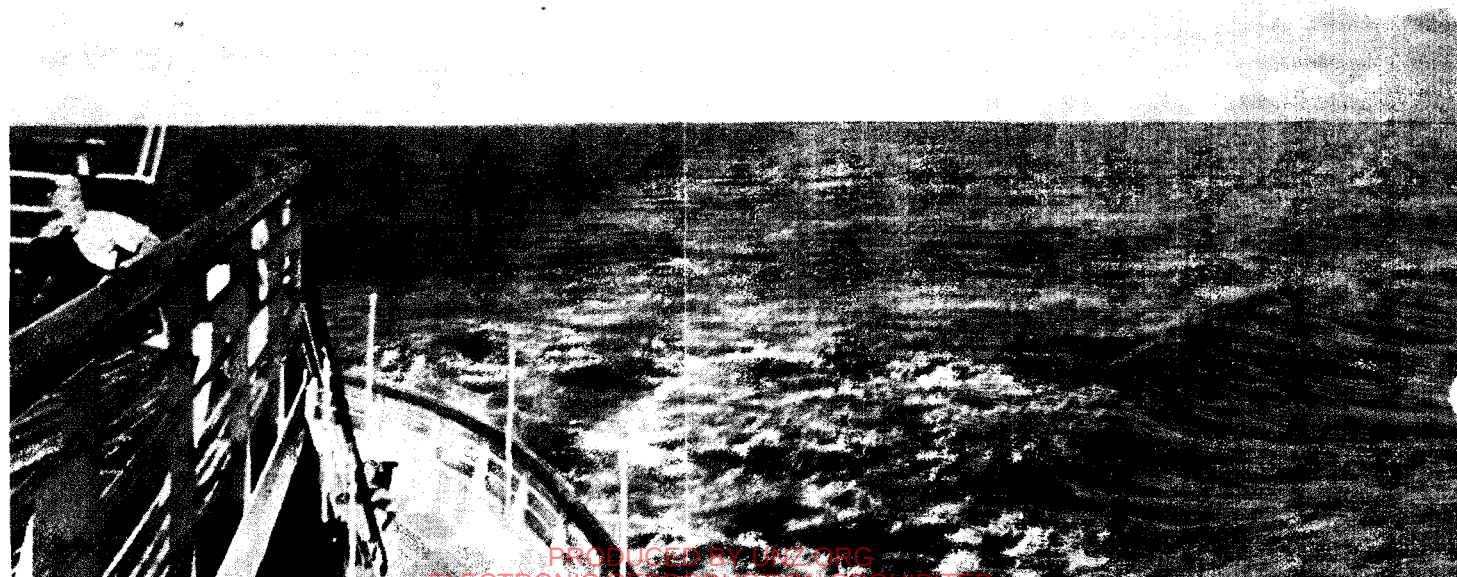
This isn't just *going* somewhere. This is *being* somewhere!

You dream ahead of the sights you'll see when the ship gets in.

But right now your heart is here, as you play, laugh, dine, enjoy your way to Europe with people who were just nameless strangers a skyline ago. People you will remember warmly and forever for having shared your ship with you.

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Report on Washington

Eisenhower Administration in last year's session. This year his tactics have been changing, though he still believes the nation's mood is no more than slightly left of center, which he considers his own position. To judge from his start in the Senate this year, Johnson intends to support many more liberal measures than he has before. More important, he now is willing to toss at the President a number of key bills which he is sure that Eisenhower will veto. This strategy was urged by the liberal wing of the party last year, as a way of demonstrating party differences. The Democrats could attack Nixon by associating him with the Eisenhower vetoes.

Johnson by nature is a compromiser, and it is too early to be certain how far these tactics will go. Also, he has the problem of trying to get Speaker Sam Rayburn to jimmy Senate-passed bills through or around the conservative coalition which controls the Rules Committee of the House. There are signs that Rayburn will go further than ever before, in order to help Johnson.

The fate of a number of important measures — civil rights, aid to education, minimum wage and social security raises — will have a lot to do with Johnson's chances at Los Angeles. The Southerners may rant and rail as Johnson votes on the same side with Kennedy, Humphrey, and Symington in the Senate, but at the convention they would be bound to support Johnson in preference to a Northern liberal.

Symington and defense

Whereas Johnson will have a big block of votes on the first ballot — Southern, Western, and a few from the North — Senator Stuart Symington's opening tally will not be impressive. Nonetheless, many of the party professionals conclude that, after the smog clears in Los Angeles, the nominee will be Symington.

At the Democratic dinner in Washington in January, Symington was a hit, not for what he said but

because he said it better than anyone expected. Symington has been working very hard to improve his speaking ability, but it will take more than this to overcome the doubts of those who do not consider him first-rate talent for the presidency.

Symington is an acknowledged defense authority, and defense will surely be an issue this year. But time after time, in public congressional hearings, the senator just never seems to sparkle with the sharp follow-through question. How much this lack is sensed around the nation is something else again, and it may be less of a bar than many in Washington conceive it to be.

Whether Truman will support Symington in the end is not yet clear, but it will be difficult for the former President to bypass the man from his own state. However, Truman's support is often grossly overrated. He proved powerless to help Averell Harriman four years ago, and the younger men in the party are more determined than ever to wrest control from the old-timers.

What about Stevenson?

The latest political fashion is to say that Adlai Stevenson is one of those hard-luck candidates, like Henry Clay, William Jennings Bryan, and Thomas E. Dewey, who just cannot reach the White House. Figures are cited too: like Bryan's and Dewey's, Stevenson's total vote on his second try was less than that on his first.

But Stevenson is executing the only possible strategy which might get the nomination for him this time. He is working mightily to discourage any primary support, any delegate pledges, any draft movement before Los Angeles, and to do so in a way that will permit and encourage a genuine draft if the convention finds itself deadlocked.

Stevenson has refused an offer to be one of the Illinois delegates. Despite denials to the contrary, he will have early ballot support from the bulk of the Illinois delegation, which is under control of Chicago Mayor Daley. These votes will give him a base on which to build. Stevenson may seem a long shot now, but his chances are far from impossible in July.

The Atlantic Report SINGAPORE



BRTAIN made its boldest colonial experiment when it turned over the international government of Singapore, coordination center for all its Far Eastern diplomatic, economic, and military affairs and one of the world's busiest and richest ports, to the Communist-infiltrated People's Action Party. In the election that preceded the transfer of power last June, the leaders of the People's Action Party had been antiwhite, anti-West, and seemingly not at all concerned with the possibility that the island and its predominantly Chinese population might become a *de facto* colony of China.

In anticipation of the worst, capital flowed out of Singapore across the causeway linking it with the conservatively governed Federation of Malaya. Long-established businesses, including Southeast Asia's oldest newspaper, the *Strait Times*, took flight and established their head offices in Kuala Lumpur; and many British expatriates, for whom Singapore had been home for many years, quietly packed their bags and left.

The election results seemed to justify their forebodings. Moderate right and center groups failed to arrive at an understanding, and the steamroller of the People's Action Party crushed the splintered opposition, winning forty-three out of fifty-one seats. The Liberal Socialists, a conservative group representing the wealthier English-educated section of the population and once groomed by the British for succession, disappeared from the Assembly, leaving the People's Action Party with a clear mandate to implement all the radical, discriminatory, and irresponsible policies it had either promised or threatened.

Though Britain retained responsibility for Singapore's defense and external affairs and, under a Malayan chairman, had an equal voice with the government in preserving Singapore's internal security, the P.A.P. quickly showed that it intended to stand for no hanky-panky from the former colonial authority. While its decimated opponents were still reeling from the shock of their defeat and clearly had no strength to form

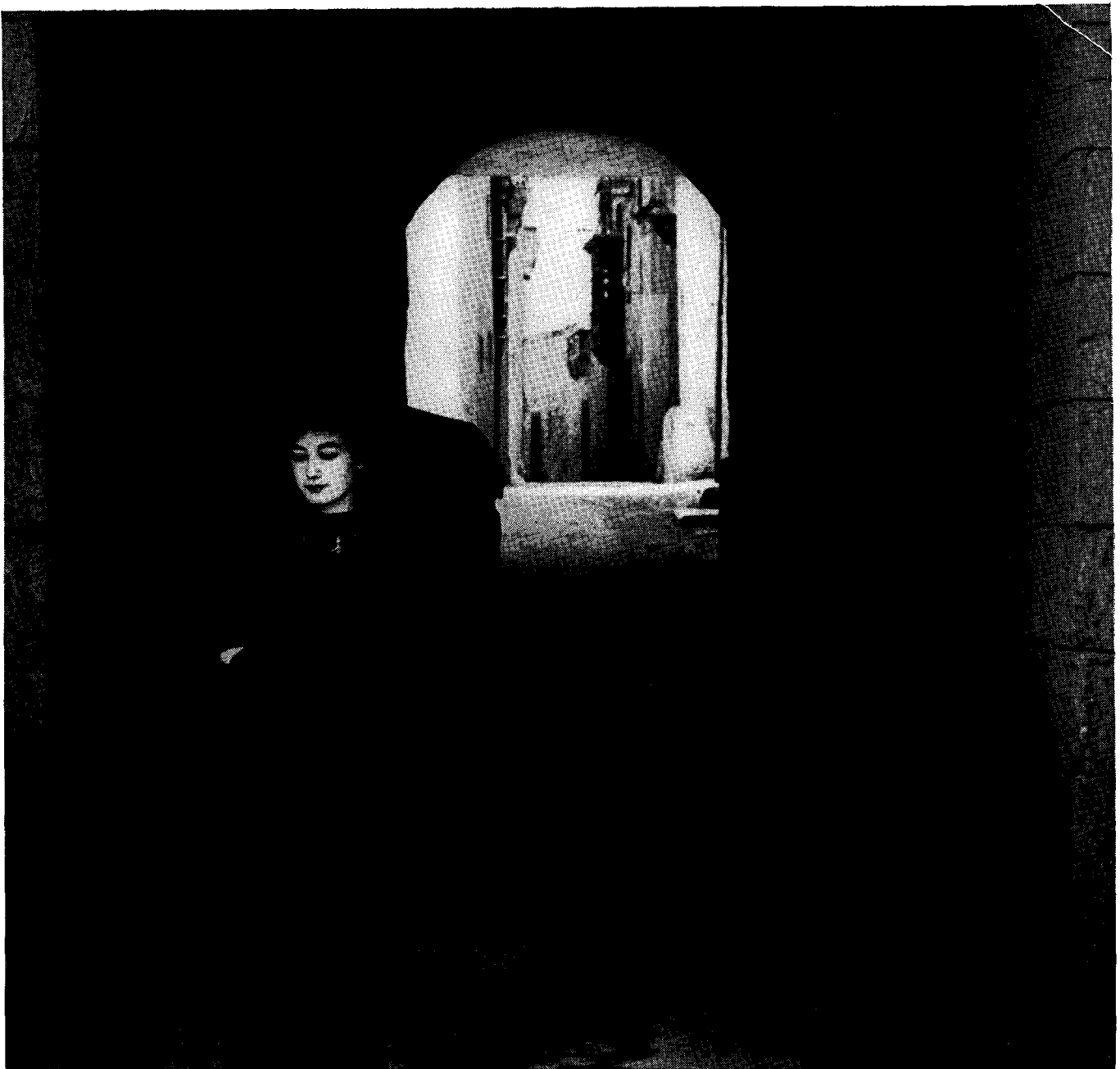
a government, the P.A.P. precipitated an immediate constitutional crisis by refusing to take office until eight senior members of the party, detained in Changi jail without trial under the Preservation of Public Security Ordinance, had been released. After a brief show of resistance, the British acquiesced, and the militant ringleaders of the bloody 1956 riots emerged from prison to be escorted in triumph into the city.

As expected, Lee Kuan Yew, who is remembered at Cambridge as one of the university's most brilliant law students, became, at 35, the new state's first Prime Minister. His Cabinet was similarly youthful and largely inexperienced, but very well educated, with eight of its nine members holding degrees from recognized universities. Some added impetuosity to inexperience. The former mayor, for example, having been sworn in as Minister of National Development and responsible also for local government, immediately fished an order from his pocket which transferred all the powers and functions of the City Council to himself, thereby delivering the *coup de grâce* to those who had opposed him in the mayoralty.

The civil service is still recovering from the postelection shock it received when the government, as a priority economy, slashed its variable allowances; it is also privately rebellious against the implications behind the card index system for recording "volunteers," in the Peiping manner, for spare-time manual labor. Rich Chinese entrepreneurs are filled with gloom; small shopkeepers, taxi drivers, and other self-employed groups blame the government for a sharp falling off in business; and the English-educated are fearful of the future. At the same time, dispassionate local observers agree that the government has set about its truly formidable tasks in a manner that leaves no doubt as to its integrity, much as its methods may be disliked, and even feared.

Discontent on the left

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Report on Singapore



about 33,000 a year; and the birth rate of 3.9 per cent a year shows no signs of leveling off, despite an officially encouraged birth control program. To meet this challenge the government has a two-pronged policy: to reinforce the entrepôt economy by industrialization, and in the process to make Singapore so attractive that Malaya will welcome it as its twelfth state and thereby serve as an outlet for the island's overflow population.

For a left-wing government, pledged to create a welfare state, the situation could scarcely be more thwarting. Capital would not be encouraged to Singapore, and conservative Malaya would be profoundly unimpressed, by a policy of slugging the rich to help the poor. Instead of higher taxes and a spending spree on slum clearance, medical services, and education, the government has therefore been obliged to prune expenditure, balance its budget, and push on with heavily modified industrial and welfare plans without increasing income tax.

This has been a heavy blow to supporters who voted for the P.A.P. in the belief that the government would take money out of the pockets of the wealthy and put it in their own. Even labor grumbles that things are worse off under the P.A.P. than under the previous Labor Front government; for though employers have been practically ordered to give employees a fair deal, strikes are now discouraged, and the government has turned to Australia for advice in establishing a system of mandatory conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes. It hopes thereby to keep industry moving with a *minimum* of disturbance and to circumvent the left wing of the party, which looks to direct action among the unions as the means of building its mass support.

The Communists are even more unhappy. Instead of receiving a reward for their part in the P.A.P.'s electoral success, they were warned in the bluntest terms that they should

not attempt to use Singapore as a re-fitting base for their struggle in Malaya. Dr. Toh Chin Tye, the deputy prime minister, gave notice to "all concerned" that, although the P.A.P. would not associate itself with the anti-Communist actions of the previous government, it would be "no less inhibited in taking steps to ensure that there is no recurrence of Communist Party activities."

In subsequent actions, the government demonstrated that this was not mere window dressing. It extended for five years the Preservation of Public Security Ordinance, under which some of its own party members are still detained, and it satisfied both the British and Malayan members of the internal security council that it meant business. Chinese secret societies, whose gangs lived on extortion and thuggery and ruled large sections of the population by terror and violence, have come under sharp attack.

Though most British civil servants have learned that there can be no permanent place for them and the departure rate is increasing, signs of deterioration are few. Many taxi drivers once smartly dressed now regard an undershirt and trousers as adequate uniform; petty thefts have increased; hawkers and their barrows are springing up everywhere; and there is a marked falling off in private building. But Singapore nevertheless remains the best administered and the most prosperous city in Southeast Asia. Despite an undesirable tendency to distribute spoils to the victors, Singapore undoubtedly possesses the cleanest government it has known since the British began the progressive transfer of authority a decade ago.

Singapore's assets

What exercises the P.A.P. leadership and the commercial community is how long this state of affairs can last. Singapore's assets are its large, unskilled labor force, the most strategic commercial situation in Asia, a first-class harbor and port, and all the banking, insurance, and other facilities it needs to handle its cut of the free world's total trade (nearly 1.3 per cent). All of this was sufficient last year to provide it with a per capita income of about \$400 a year. But the island is only 224 square miles in area; its soil is poor;

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Report on Singapore

it has no natural resources, even its water supply coming in large part from Malaya; and its population growth portends economic disaster.

Trends since the Korean War indicate that the entrepôt trade is unlikely under normal conditions to regain its previous buoyancy. There are no signs yet that outside capital regards Singapore as a worth-while long-term risk. And unless the population growth can be checked, it is predicted that the school-age population will increase by at least 50 per cent in the next decade and absorb, at the planned rate of expenditure on education, roughly the equivalent of the total budget for 1960.

The Prime Minister's program

Eschewing, for the time being, any increase in income tax, the P.A.P. has turned its attentions to Singapore's legions of tax evaders as a first means of raising additional revenue. By driving out the remnants of the Indonesian rebels, who used Singapore as a liaison center between the Celebes and Sumatra, Prime Minister Lee has re-established friendly relations with Djakarta and is hoping for some restoration of the flagging entrepôt trade. But his most ambitious effort is the long-range campaign to persuade the people of Singapore that they are not really mostly Chinese but Malaysians. He has appointed a Malay as head of state, made Malay the national language, and this year will introduce a national education system which cuts directly across the curriculum of the Peiping-oriented Chinese schools.

Lee so far has made no impression on the doubting Thomases of Kuala Lumpur, whose attitude toward the addition of another 1.3 million Chinese, however well they may have been Malaysianized, to the Federation's delicately balanced Malay-Chinese-Indian population is bluntly negative. Lee remains, as he must, undaunted.

In the short term, Lee seems secure enough. But, as he and his followers

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Report on Singapore



are well aware, the conflict that will determine his fate, and that of Singapore, only began with the avalanche of votes for the P.A.P. in May of last year. By demanding the release of the detained members of the extreme left wing of the party before he would agree to take office, Lee was not merely twisting the tail of the colonial lion; he was also firing the first shot in the inevitable struggle for power within the party.

To strengthen his own position as Secretary General, he considered it essential that the interneers, all of them rivals for party leadership, should admit their previous misdeeds, agree always to abide by the decisions of the central committee, and by submitting to party discipline renounce the use of force as a political weapon. Four of the detainees appeared genuine in their protestations. But the recantation of Lim Ching Siong, who, though still in his twenties, has been both an assemblyman and the dominant figure in Singapore's left-wing labor unions, is taken with a grain of salt.

For some months after his release, Lim resisted party inducements to accept an official post, though recently he took an appointment as political secretary to the Finance Minister, where presumably his function is to serve as a party check on the civil service. But Lim's principal activities are extracurricular, and despite the party ban on strikes, his labor following is again increasing rapidly. Members of the Cabinet admit that if their experiment fails, they will be challenged immediately by Lim and the extreme left.

Wooing the masses

Before he was elected, Lee promised to be "as far to the left as it is possible for a democratic party to be." For a government that has renounced deficit financing, hesitates to increase taxes, wants to woo capital and to stand well in the good graces of its conservative Malayan neighbor, this promise poses Lee with an awkward dilemma. He is meeting it with tactics clearly bor-

rowed from Peiping, and calculated therefore to appeal to Singapore's Chinese masses, who feel that Mao Tse-tung has the answers when it comes to getting things done.

The conventional Western concept of Singapore as a vice-ridden city was never strictly accurate; as seaports go, it was almost a model of rectitude. To take the sin out of Singapore was nevertheless a logical and popular move, identifiable with the objectives of a high-minded revolutionary party and spiced with a slight flavor of anti-Westernism. In pursuit of its goals, the government closed down a number of semi-pornographic English and vernacular publications of the cheesecake type and declared war on pinball machines, jukeboxes, and other manifestations of "white culture," such as rock-and-roll music. Some dubious bars and guesthouses were also cleaned up, and Singapore's night life, except on Saturdays, now ceases at midnight sharp.

The "voluntary" labor campaigns were more spectacular and do, in fact, appear to have considerable mass appeal. Though the nucleus of each force is provided by conscripted "volunteers" from the civil service, who rightly or wrongly feel that they have no choice if they want to hold their jobs, tens of thousands of other men, women, and children have worked with brooms, hoes, rakes, and picks to clean up the city. A people's esplanade, a people's park, and a people's beach were all created by this army of ants in the twinkling of an eye. Even more important, some degree of civic consciousness was created, too. This is no doubt owing partly to the fact of self-government, but it is also partly attributable to the revolutionary dynamics of Lee and his followers.

Their problem will be to retain that dynamic within the bounds of responsible government, a feat that will become more difficult in the years, even in the months, to come. Since the end of World War II, Singapore's inclination to the left has been progressive and predictable. Just as Lee Kuan Yew waited for blunders of his middle-of-the-road opposition to bring him to power, so Lim Ching Siong, the left wing of the P.A.P., and, behind that, the Communists will wait their turn.

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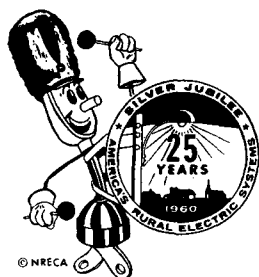
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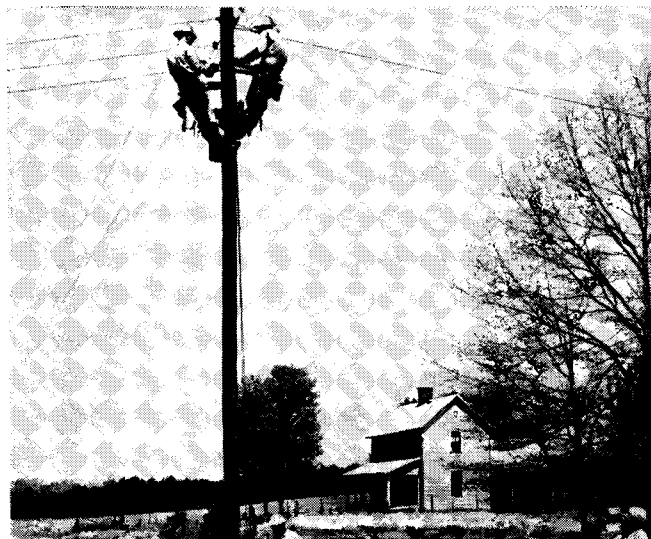
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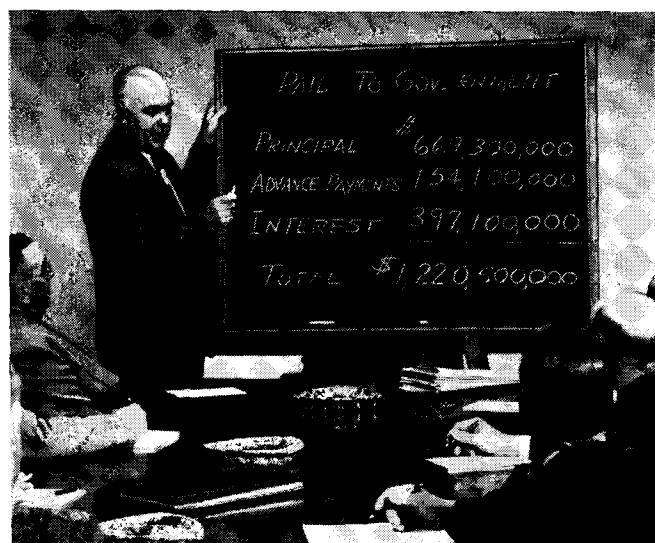
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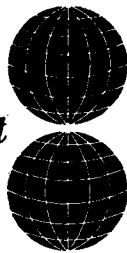


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The Atlantic Report PERU



PERU is the most recent of the South American countries to adopt a stabilization program and, so far at least, the one where the quickest results have been obtained. In July of last year, faced with a falling currency, a growing deficit both in the budget and the balance of trade, and the necessity to request the International Monetary Fund to suspend credit, President Manuel Prado called in as Prime Minister and Minister of Finance his harshest critic, Pedro Beltrán, publisher of the influential Lima newspaper *La Prensa* and one of South America's most articulate advocates of sound money and free enterprise.

The immediate psychological effect was tremendous; the sol strengthened at the mere rumor of his appointment and has remained stable during the ensuing months. Other improvements followed: the rise in the cost of living was halted; the balance of trade climbed into the black for the first time in years, owing not only to a reduction in imports but to an increase in exports. The Central Reserve Bank has already been able to reimburse the IMF, thus paving the way for future credits.

The actual measures by which this reversal of a disastrous trend has been effected have been few but efficacious. Beltrán emphasizes the importance of the restriction of credit and the refusal to resort to the printing press, the *maquinista*, to meet government obligations. Without the *maquinista*, Beltrán has been obliged to scrape the bottom of the till, to go after tax evaders, lift subsidies from such essentials as meat, rice, and guano fertilizer, and to switch the funds of various special accounts which had a surplus into the general till.

In order to reduce the size of the bureaucracy, which, as South American republics go, is not enormous, it has been decreed that no vacancies will be filled. Even so, the year ended with a deficit of about \$32 million. The 1960 budget, it is hopefully stated, should show a deficit only about one tenth as great, although there is some skepticism about this in informed circles. The

budget has not been reduced, but some taxes have been increased, and the institution of pay-as-you-go on the profits tax will provide double revenue in that sector, a bonanza that cannot be repeated. In the future, it is hoped that an expansion of the economy will increase government revenues and make further tax increases unnecessary.

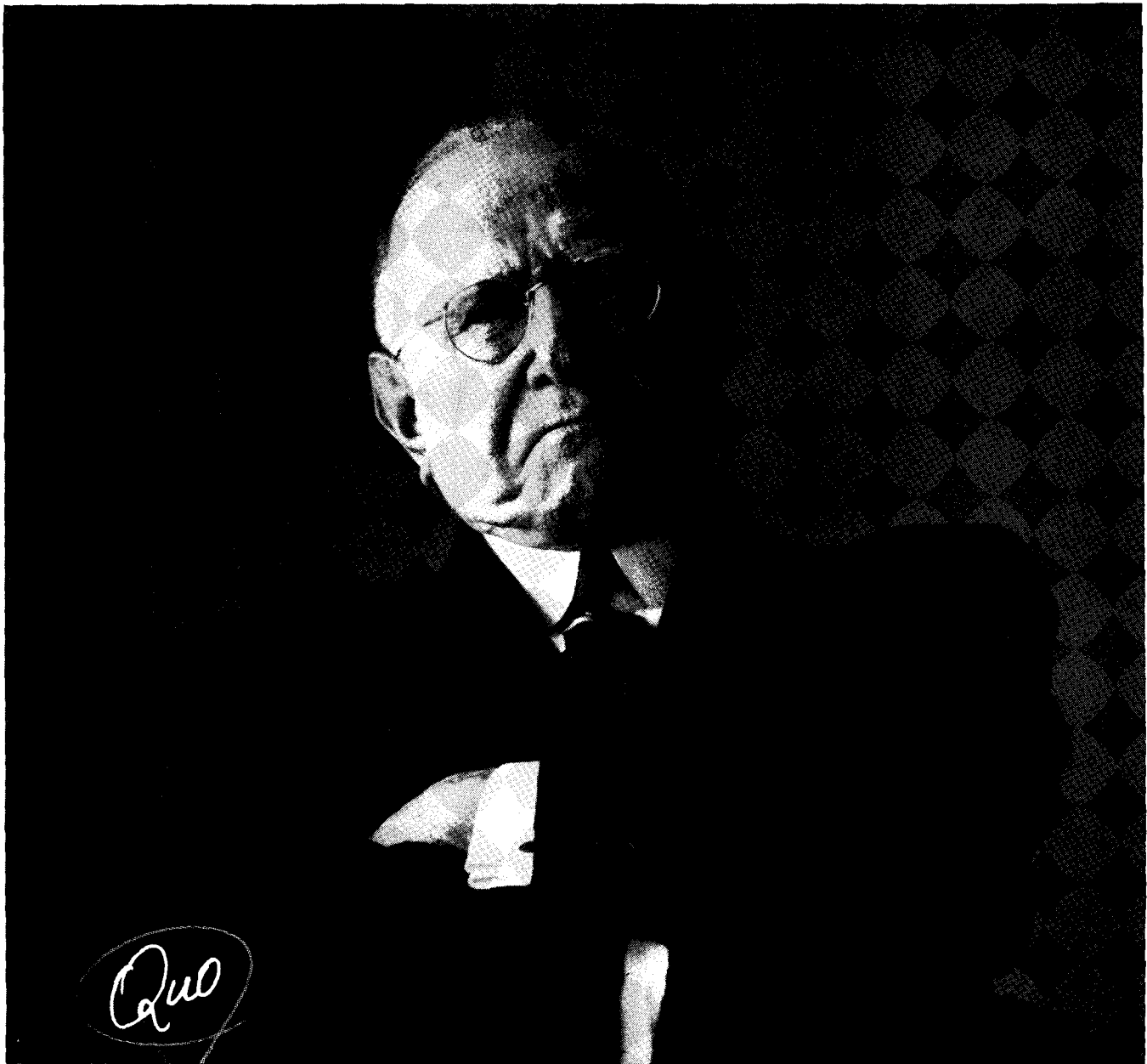
Industrial expansion

Beltrán's government has taken some striking measures to promote this expansion. The first, politically unpleasant, was to lift to remunerative levels the price of petroleum products and thus encourage further investment.

The second is an industrial promotion law, probably the most liberal in Latin America, which promises not only tax concessions — progressively greater the further the location from Lima and the more the industry falls into the "basic" category — but future tariff protection as well. This last is a major departure in Peruvian economic policy. Peru has hitherto been one of the bastions of free trade in the area. A number of investors are reportedly waiting to see how the new law will be interpreted. Two new mines, one producing copper, the other iron ore, are just coming into production and will further raise the level of Peru's exports. The new fishing industry, producing some frozen and tinned fish but mostly fish meal, has had a banner year. Peru now ranks fifth among world producers of fish products.

On paper the Peruvian economic situation looks very promising. Peru has a diversity of exports, including agricultural products such as sugar, cotton, and coffee and a wide range of metals, from iron to gold. Inflation has been relatively mild in comparison with that in Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, or Brazil and appears now to be under control. There is a tradition of a free economy; there are no ingrained habits of state control to overcome. The government is businesslike and business-minded.

However, this satisfactory economic picture should not mask the tragic dilemma of Peru. The



Status Seeker Do you recognize him? Maybe he's a family friend or business associate. Maybe he holds public office up at City Hall...or down in Washington. He meets practically all problems with—"Let well enough alone!" Overcrowded classrooms? Under-staffed hospitals? Big city slums? Threats of nuclear war? You'll never get a suggestion for solving these problems from him! You'll hardly get a sympathetic ear. Wedded to the present, indifferent to the future, he abhors "experimentation" and resists any new idea. Yet new ideas, it seems to us, are precisely what America now needs—*really* new ideas—plus the willingness of each of us to welcome them with open minds and to speak up for all those ideas that are worthy. Otherwise, the Status Quo Seeker will prevail, and America will *not*.

P.S. "Never let well enough alone" has always been Nationwide's credo. A pioneer in new ideas, its newest idea, SECURANCE, is its most exciting:
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Dr. K. N. Satyendra
Director of Research
Nortronics Division
Northrop Corporation



Solving the Problems of Space Electronics at Nortronics' New Department of Advanced Research

by Dr. K. N. Satyendra

To promote the studies and technologies associated with space electronics, Nortronics has established a new Department of Advanced Research. In its work developing new products, the department utilizes scientific skills and ingenuity of the highest order. Carefully planned research—especially geared to our country's urgent needs in space electronics—feature the following programs:

SPACE GUIDANCE RESEARCH includes a comprehensive analytical study of the requirements for midcourse and terminal homing systems for lunar and interplanetary probes.

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NORTRONICS already has a record of achievement that includes items like the LINS—Lightweight Inertial Navigation Systems, Astronertial Systems, Hypervelocity sensors, guidance systems for the air-launched ballistic missile, and many other vital classified projects.

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"Automatic Navigation for Supersonic Transports" by Ross F. Miller.

"High-Speed Inertial Platform Stabilization and Control" by Martin Finkel.

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Report on Peru

very rapidly with which recovery was made, the simplicity of the measures needed to bring it about indicate an economy of few complexities and limited social repercussions. But, of Peru's ten million inhabitants, it is doubtful whether half live within the economic system. The rest, mostly Indians of the high sierras and some few in the Amazonian forests, rarely see money from one end of the year to the other. Most of them are illiterate.

The poverty of the highlands

According to a report of the United States Point Four Mission, these Indians are among the most underprivileged people in the world. Their diet contains less than 2000 calories a day, although most of them are living and working at cold heights of over 9000 feet. They cultivate minute plots of land on the steep Andean slopes or are attached like serfs to vast estates. For this half of the population, acts of God, like droughts and earthquakes, of which the violent Peruvian earth is prodigal, are more important than budgets and balances in Lima.

By contrast, laborers in the mines, the oil fields, and the coastal haciendas producing cotton and sugar for export are privileged. They receive a wage—less than fifty cents a day minimum in the sugar region—a house of sorts, some staple foods, elementary schools, and medical care.

This situation has existed since the time of the Conquest. What is new, however, is various factors which make the situation potentially explosive. World sympathies have shifted in favor of the underprivileged. The Bolivian revolution next door, however unsatisfactory, is a continuing example that it can happen in Peru. Most important of all is the familiar evil, the population explosion. Peru, with only 3 per cent of its land under cultivation—about half an acre a person, of which a significant part is devoted to export crops—cannot feed these constantly increasing legions. There was a 45

per cent increase in the population between 1940 and 1958.

There is thus an increasing pressure for people to move from the highlands toward the coast. Shantytowns spring up overnight on the outskirts of Lima and other cities. Although there is little work for the unskilled labor from the hills, as one migrant put it, "At least here there is someone to beg from."

Irrigation would help solve the problem. But since such projects are costly, they are more apt to concern land for the industrial production of export crops than for the small subsistence farmer. Various schemes for developing the lush Amazonian slopes have been put forward, but access is difficult. However, credit to build an all-weather road into the heart of the area at Pucallpa has just been granted by the World Bank and American agencies. Meanwhile, the Indians of the Titicaca region have undertaken a trek of their own. Descending from their heights twice a year to the rich subtropical lands below, they plant and harvest coffee which they then carry out on their backs over the dizzy mountain trails where no one but themselves can find a footing.

New hopes, old weaknesses

Several international agencies are at work trying to alleviate matters: among others, the Maryknoll Fathers, the United Nations Technical Assistance Board, the International Labor Organization, and our own Point Four. The latter is active in many fields, particularly agriculture, health, and education, and is remarkably successful on a minimal budget. Within the Peruvian government structure some 2700 Peruvians are working in collaboration with 70 American technicians; for every dollar the United States contributes, Peru spends nearly three.

Valiant as this effort is, it falls far short of the need. To the extent that it opens new horizons and creates new aspirations and desires without immediate possibilities of fulfillment, it increases the tensions within the social structure.

The problem is, of course, essentially one for Peruvians to solve. No foreign agency, however well endowed with money and good will,



San Juan, Puerto Rico, Cecilia Talavera, violinist, and Kishino Figueroa, piano student Cecilia Talavera. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

How far is Puerto Rico from Carnegie Hall?

SUGGESTING more than fifty miles from cities such as New York, and many excellent blanch.

They also live some cultural desert where the sun withers like a prune.

Our photograph helps to refute any such fears about Puerto Rico. In the foreground, you see the great Puerto Rican pianist Jesús María Sanromá.

He is preparing for one of twelve free concerts that he gives each year in his ebullient homeland.

Puerto Rico's major cultural event is certainly the Festival Casals.* But did you know that San Juan puts on an annual Drama Festival too? It runs from the middle of January through early March. Last year, even Brooks

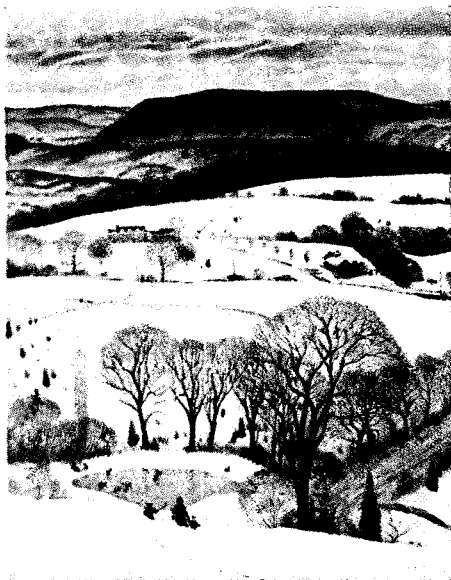
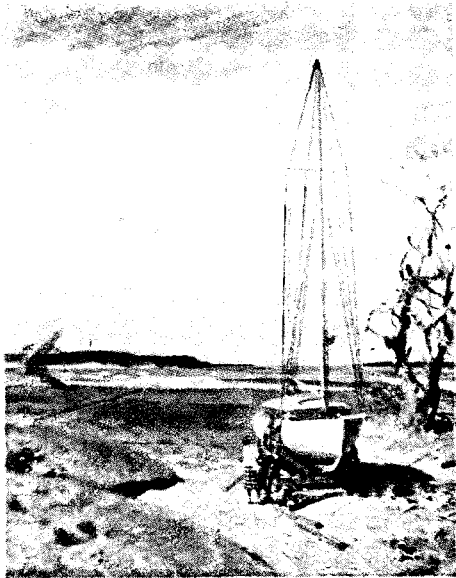
Atkinson forsook New York to attend.

Puerto Rico also presents regular seasons of symphony, ballet, and opera. And when you live there, you get some delightful surprises.

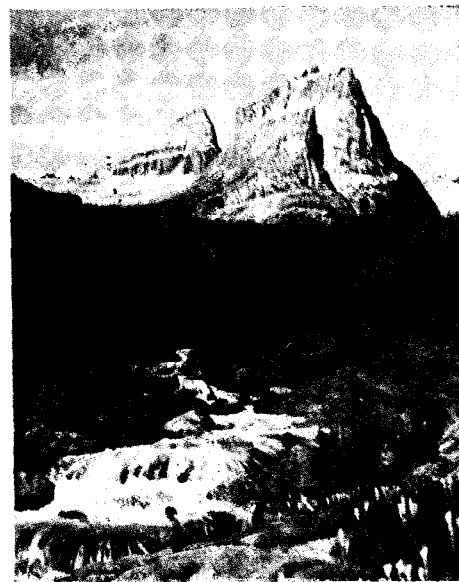
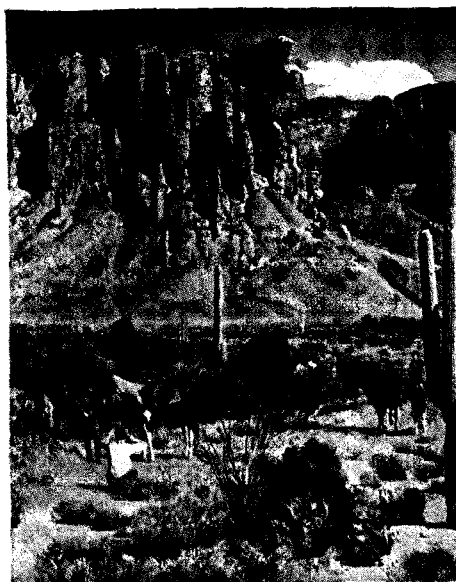
Where else do housing projects produce their own folk ballets?

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*The 1960 Festival Casals in San Juan will consist of 12 concerts from June 3 through June 22. Pablo Casals will play and conduct.



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Report on Peru

would presume to interfere with the patterns of Peruvian society. And this society is as conservative as any in the Western world today.

The power elite

It has become axiomatic to say that thirty or forty families rule Peru, a tightly knit oligarchy whose composition and methods of control have changed little since colonial times. They own most of the land, the banks, the press, commerce and industry, and many of the mineral resources. There is an almost unbridgeable gap between them and the small but emerging middle class. The middle class regards with ill-disguised disdain those lower on the ladder, the *cholos*, or mixed bloods, who in turn disdain and exploit the illiterate Indian.

The survival of this power elite through revolution, war, and modern social ferment is a remarkable phenomenon. Their varying interests clash at times — this is the essence of Peruvian politics — but they have not found it difficult to dominate a colonial economy based on abundant, cheap, and submissive labor, divided by some of the most forbidding landscape in the world into small inaccessible units. Great deserts separate the fertile coastal valleys from each other, and the barrier of the Andes protects the rich coast from the poverty of the highlands. There is the apparatus of democracy in Lima, but it hardly goes further. In the hinterland, not even municipal councils are elected. All authority stems from Lima.

Challenge to the oligarchy

The only serious political challenge the Peruvian oligarchy has had to meet in this century has come from the APRA (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana). This party was formed in exile in 1924 by Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, with a program at that time resoundingly Marxist, revolutionary, and specifically anti-American. It emphasized the continent's Indian heritage and would have liked it to be called Indo-America instead of Latin America.



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It had ambitions to envelop the whole region, but has never been active anywhere but in Peru. Here its clientele is drawn from the professional middle classes, imbued with liberal ideas from abroad, and the workers. Its early history was marked by violence, it has often been outlawed, and its leaders have spent part of their lives in exile or in jail.

Contrary to most revolutionary movements, however, this one has grown milder in the heat of battle. It can no longer be labeled as anything but moderately left. And it is firmly anti-Communist, even to the point of throwing out members whose sympathies are with the Communists. Next to the army, it is probably the most effective anti-Communist force in Peru. Its anti-Americanism has long since been toned down, and it now welcomes enlightened investors and employers. On the key question of agrarian reform, it opposes sweeping, doctrinaire solutions and wants to adapt reform to the economic and social patterns of the various regions.

The APRA has traded its support of the present Prado government for the right to a legal existence. Both sides have kept their bargain, although neither has gone beyond it. The extent to which APRA's new role as a pillar of constitutional government has lost the party support among the young and the desperate is difficult to evaluate. It is, however, the only organized party in Peru, the only one with a clear-cut policy and doctrine. Other "parties," such as Prado's own Movimiento Democrático Peruano or Acción Popular, led by Fernando Belaunde Terry, are movements rather than parties, emphasizing personality rather than policy. The emerging responsibility of the APRA party is one of the most encouraging aspects of Peru today.

Meanwhile, Peru is enjoying as stable and democratic a regime as it has known in a long time. The new Prime Minister, Beltrán, is, even in the opinion of APRA, more "socially sensitive" than most of those of his caste and position. His present emphasis on sound finance is considered to be only the indispensable prelude to future development in the fields of housing, education, and agricultural improvement.

The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be approaching at supersonic speeds from many directions.

¶ Simultaneously in control centers throughout North America men and machines dealt with torrents of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weapons to destroy the attackers. Interceptor pilots reported over loudspeakers. As the enemy reacted and shifted, fresh instructions crackled through command phones.

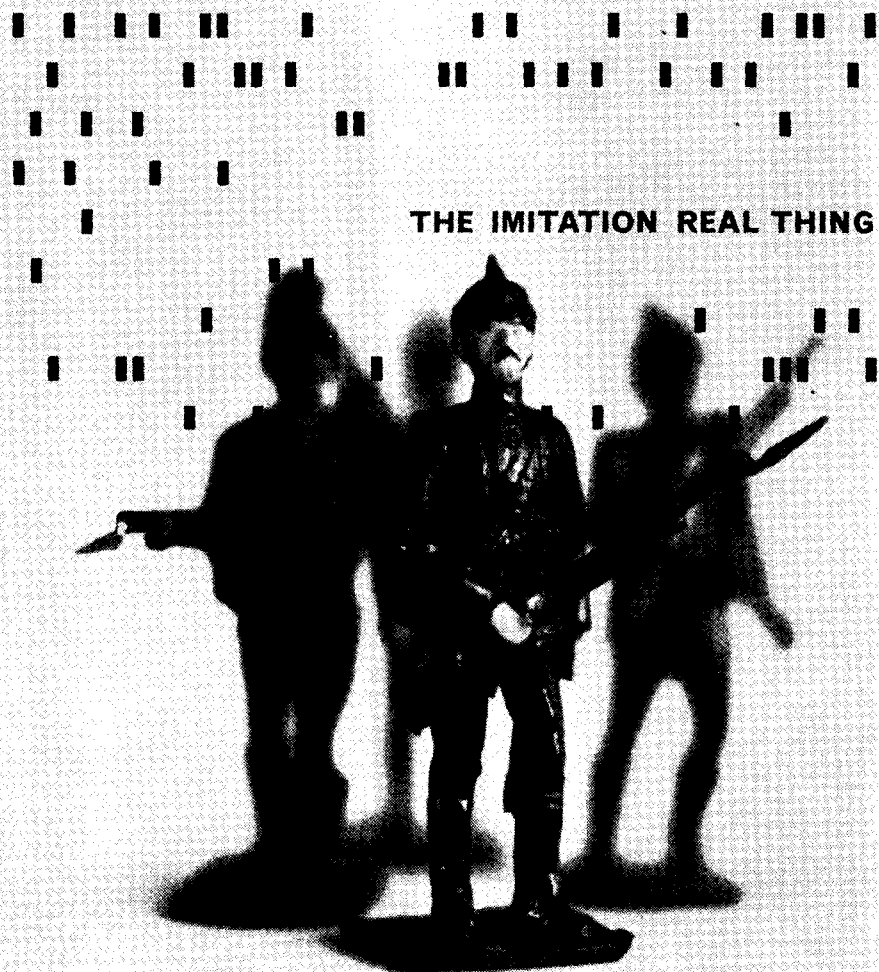
¶ But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed computer. Called Operation Desk Top, this was a simulated raid—the most gigantic ever arranged—to exercise the North American Air Defense System. In planning it, SDC made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. ¶ To train managers in decision-making, to exercise decision-makers under realistic stress, to make sure of avoiding costly errors in actual operations—these are some of the bene-

fits to all kinds of military and non-military systems which SDC envisions for the future.



System Development Corporation A non-profit corporation developing large computer-based control systems for military, scientific, and governmental operations.

¶ Professional staff openings are at Santa Monica, California and Lodi, New Jersey.



Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Grammar is obsolete

SIR:

In the concluding paragraph of his excellent article "Grammar Is Obsolete," in the February *Atlantic*, Wilson Follett says, "What steadily preoccupies everyone fit to be called a writer is the possibility of improving everything in his work that is improvable. In no other way can he contribute his much or his little to the effectiveness of language as an instrument of precision combined with power."

I suggest that there are further implications in these ideas. The problems with which modern man must deal create a demand for both precise language and rigorous analysis. Men who are not able to distinguish between precise and sloppy language cannot be expected to analyze the complex and dangerous situations which confront the world today. Sloppy language is bound ultimately to cause sloppy thinking.

HENRY E. ECCLES
Newport, R. I.

SIR:

Like that Follett guy — he's wild. May I offer bouquets?

JORDAN HUGART
Sharon, Pa.

SIR:

It seems to me that you owe your readers an apology for publishing Wilson Follett's "Grammar Is Obsolete." A more distorted presentation of inaccuracies and half-truths would be hard to find.

The general attitude toward language which is taught in most of our schools is an excellent example of cultural lag. Once a myth like that

finds its way into textbooks, it becomes difficult to dislodge. Perpetuate that myth over a period of time, and any attempt to change it will meet with the senseless sound and fury of textbook writers who have a vested interest in preservation of the status quo.

MRS. RUTH R. TEEL
*Montana State University
Missoula, Mont.*

SIR:

For his expert marksmanship, Wilson Follett ought to be awarded the Evanses' royalties. Words as precise as "regnant" are spectacles with which we can see through the "successive refractions of dullness."

ROBERT J. CLAWSON
Weston, Mass.

Apropos of this discussion, the Editors append the opening paragraph of a letter just received from a junior in an Ohio high school:

DEAR GENTLEMEN:

I would like some information on Ernest Hemingway. His life and his works if you could possible do it for me I would like some information on him. If you have any pictures they would be of great help to me you see I am writting a report on Hemingway. We are studying American authors and we are to write a report on one and I have chose Hemingway. For one reason is I enjoy his works. So any information you could possible give me would be of great help.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

In his article "It Takes Money to Get Elected" (February *Atlantic*),

Leland Hazard points out a means for securing more money for political parties. I cannot imagine how increased expense will solve the need for leadership in government. The assumption made by Mr. Hazard is that, with money behind a candidate, he will be elected. This is undoubtedly true, and exactly the sore which should be healed, not spread.

Were a sound bill passed to curtail the amount of spending by political parties and individuals, a far wider range of people would be available for public office. More people could afford to run for office. From this position, leadership could be tested, not bought by the biggest campaign fund.

B. J. CHRISTENSON
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

Congratulations on the excellent little story you recently ran on talking to yourself ("The One-person Discussion" by C. S. Jennison, December *Atlantic*). Not only have you well served the many people like the author and me who find in ourselves the best of co-conversationalists, but you have also fulfilled one of the primary duties of a really good magazine: you have published something good but not of obvious appeal.

JOHN WHITE
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I think that your selection of "Young Poets" (February *Atlantic*) is too early recognition of flights of mediocrity. I will make no specific charges, but I wish sometime some editor somewhere would run a selec-

tion of the works of "Middle-Aged Poets Who Don't Seem to Know Any Poetry Editors." I think the results would not only gratify the editors but also the readers.

HENRY L. FOOTE
San Jose, Calif.

Concessions in Cuba

SIR:

I am afraid that the author of the Report on Cuba in your December issue is seriously misinformed about the activities in Cuba of our subsidiary, Moa Bay Mining Company.

The company has no oil refineries in Cuba, as was stated. It has constructed, and hopes to be allowed to operate, mining and ore treatment facilities to utilize previously undeveloped nickel-cobalt ores in Oriente Province.

The concessions to mine the ore were not granted by Batista, as was stated. The mining claims were granted by the Cuban government more than fifty years ago; we first acquired an interest in them in 1940 from the private parties who then owned them. We did qualify, during the Batista administration, for the tax treatment accorded "new industries" under long-standing Cuban laws; some thirty-five U.S. and Cuban companies have been accorded this treatment, several since Castro came to power.

The concessions were not valued at \$75 to \$85 million, as was stated. In fact, until a way was found to treat these low-grade ores, the claims had little value. To make the ores useful to mankind, an estimated \$75 million of our money and that of nine U.S. banks and six steel and automobile companies are being invested in Cuba.

J. C. CARRINGTON, Vice President
Freeport Sulphur Company
New York City

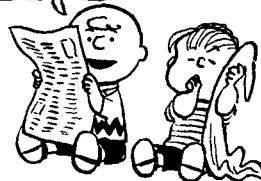
Japanese inns

SIR:

Atlantic readers may be interested to know that the article "Japanese Inns" by Elizabeth Gray Vining in your February issue is part of a chapter in her forthcoming book, *Return to Japan*, in which the former tutor to Prince Akihito tells of her experiences on two recent Japanese visits. We shall publish *Return to Japan* in April.

GEORGE STEVENS, Managing Editor
J. B. Lippincott Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

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OVER THE WHOLE
COUNTRY!



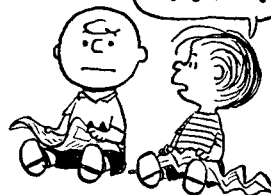
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A GALLON
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A gallon of regular gasoline, Linus! And it is official! On Experience Run, U.S.A. over every single mile of U.S. numbered highway in the country, a fleet of new Ford Falcons averaged a tight-fisted 28.44 m.p.g. Some drivers got as high as 35.6 m.p.g. (Show-offs!) This figures out to less than a penny a mile. All this . . . with room aboard for 6 big people . . . luggage and all. (Gee Linus, it hardly pays to walk any more.)

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INFLATION ROBS US ALL

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Ask your school architect, or school board member, about VISION-VENT Panels, made by the Truscon Division of Republic Steel.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN EDUCATION

Depth versus Breadth

BY SIR GEOFFREY CROWTHER

SIR GEOFFREY CROWTHER *was editor of the* ECONOMIST *from 1938 to 1950. As chairman of the Central Advisory Council for Education, he has devoted himself during the past three years to a comprehensive survey of English education, and on his occasional trips to this country he began drawing the comparisons which are so illuminating in this article. His findings were first presented to the Conference of High School Principals and Supervisors in Baltimore, Maryland.*

FOR the past three years I have been engaged, with my colleagues of the Central Advisory Council on Education in England, in a comprehensive study of the English educational system. I had some of my own education in the United States, and I have been a frequent visitor to America ever since. This double experience has bred in me a growing sense of astonishment that two countries which share the same language, so many of the same cultural traditions and ways of life, whose political, religious, and social aspirations are so largely identical, should have educational systems so utterly different as to provide almost no basis for a comparison between them.

That is a strong statement, and my present purpose is to try to justify it. Let me first say, however, that I have no intention whatever of trying to show that one national system is, on balance, better than the other; only that they are much more different than is usually realized.

The American and the English educational systems are different in purpose, structure, and method. Let us start with purpose. The two systems grew up in response to very different pressures and needs. In America, you have always been very conscious of the need to build up a new society. You have wanted to construct something bigger, richer, better than you have.

This is said to arise from something in the American national character, but that seems to me to turn the logic upside down; it is the American national character that has arisen from the circumstances in which the American people have found themselves. From the start it was necessary to create a supply of ministers of religion, of lawyers, and of skilled artisans — I place them in the order of importance in which they were regarded at the time. Later on there came the obvious necessity of incorporating the great waves of immigrants into your society. Still later came the great task, in which you are still engaged, of knitting your varied economic, social, and racial groups into the harmonious and balanced society in which the principles of democratic government can work properly.

Consciously or unconsciously, American education has at all times been designed to serve these social purposes. It has been regarded as an instrument by which society can build its own future. From its nature, it has inescapably been concerned with the rank and file of the people. Its chief concern for many generations has been to do something to the masses — and I think the word is *to*, not *for* — in the interests of the American dream.

All this, of course, is platitude in America.

What may not be quite so familiar is the contrast in the historical situation in England. We have never been very conscious of the necessity to build a new society. At all relevant times we have had a fully developed society already in being. And at all relevant times we have also, I am sorry to say, been on the whole pretty satisfied with the society we have. For most of the last two hundred years, American education has been designed to do a job of construction; English education has been designed primarily for maintenance, with improvement coming second. In the very latest period, perhaps, those attitudes have started to change. As with so many aspects of education, there seem to be the first signs of a tendency to change sides. Your education is becoming socially more conservative just when ours is becoming more consciously radical.

But that is a speculation for the future, on which I will not enlarge. I am talking of the influences of the past, which have shaped the structures of today. American education has always had to concern itself with the common man in his multitudes. The concern of English education has until very recently been with the maintenance of society, in the words of the old prayer which you will often hear in school and college chapels, "that there may never be wanting a succession of persons duly qualified to serve God in church and state." This is a conception which does not necessarily embrace the education of the great mass. There is a fine, rich, broad educational tradition in England. But it is not a tradition of education, above the minimum level, for the multitude. Post-primary education has always been thought of as a privilege in England; it was not until 1944 that the principle of secondary education for all was established, and it is hardly yet fully effective.

Let me pursue this contrast a little further. Let me give you two of the consequences, of which I would guess that one will shock you, while the other may perhaps surprise you more favorably.

I WILL start with the shocker. The consequence of our different attitude is that the sheer size, the volume or quantity, of English education is very much smaller than American. The age at which the legal compulsion to attend school expires is still only fifteen. Moreover, that is an effective leaving age, and more than four children out of five in fact leave school before they are sixteen. Of the sixteen-year-old age group — those between their sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays — only 22 per cent are still in full-time education. In the seventeen-year-olds, the figure falls to 13 per cent of the boys and 11 per cent of the girls.

Among eighteen-year-olds, it is 8 per cent of the boys and 5.5 per cent of the girls.

What strikes Americans, I find, as even odder than these figures is the fact that we are not, as a nation, greatly disturbed by them, although many of us think they ought to be larger. But we cannot assume that public opinion is on our side. I am very doubtful whether there would be any support in public opinion for a policy of keeping the majority of children in school after sixteen, and I am certain that you would find hardly anyone in England who believes, as you do, in keeping all children at school until eighteen. Our college students represent about 3 per cent of each age group, and there is an expansion program in hand that will raise it to about 5 per cent. Anybody who suggested that we needed any more than that would meet with the strongest resistance, and not least from the universities themselves.

This attitude does not arise from any lack of love for our children. It is not because we think we can't afford it. The proportion of our national income that we spend on general welfare services — social security, health, and the like — is about the highest in the world. It is not from lack of generosity or lack of means that we confine education after the middle teens to a minority. It is because we sincerely believe that it is the right thing to do, in the interests of the children themselves. After all, there can be no absolute rules about education. Nobody believes that any child should be allowed to leave school at twelve. I do not suppose a time will ever come when, even in America, it will become legal or compulsory for everyone to stay in full-time education until twenty-five. Where you fix the age between those limits is surely a matter of judgment. And why should it be the same age for all children? Our belief in England is that, balancing what can be got out of school against what can be got out of life, the average boy or girl has probably had the optimum dose after eleven years of schooling — and do not forget that we begin, by legal compulsion, at the age of five. Eleven years, after all, is one year out of every six or seven of the average lifetime.

Now let me give you the other side of the medal. Because education after fifteen or sixteen is confined to a minority, that minority gets every assistance that the state can provide. It is nowadays, to an overwhelming extent, a minority chosen for intelligence and attainment. There are, of course, still the independent schools, where very substantial fees have to be paid. But the pressure of numbers upon them is such that a stupid boy or girl will have great difficulty getting in. And in the state schools, selection is by merit

only. But once selected, a boy finds himself with his foot not so much on a ladder as an escalator. He will have the best resources of the best schools concentrated on him. If he can secure a place in a university, and that also is a matter of selection by merit, the state will pay his tuition fees and his living expenses, not only during the session but during the vacation as well. There is no such thing as working your way through college in England. We do not need a National Merit Scholarship scheme because we have one already. Nor is this a recent thing. It has been expanded in recent years, but it has always existed.

LET me move on to structure. The outstanding difference here lies in the fact that we have a very much smaller degree of local control than you do. There are about 50,000 school boards in the United States, each of them, I suppose, more or less free to run the schools as it thinks best. That gives a total population in the average school board area of about 3500 persons. In England there are about 130 local education authorities, which gives an average population per area of about 300,000. Moreover, there are two other differences, apart from this sharp difference in size. Your school boards consist, I believe, in most states, of persons specially elected for the purpose, with no other duties. In England the schools are run by the county council, or the borough council, which is the general-purpose government of the area.

Second, your school boards raise their own money by direct taxes, or at least the greater part of it. In England about 70 per cent of the expenditure of the local education authorities is met out of grants from the central government in London. There are advantages and disadvantages in this. It means that we do not have the enormous range in standards between rich areas and poor areas that you do. It means a much greater degree of standardization of conditions of employment among the teachers, and therefore of interchangeability between school and school and between area and area. But it also inevitably means a greater degree of uniformity imposed from the center. We think our system is decentralized, because it allows much more local freedom and variety than exist in the school systems of most Continental European countries. But there is no doubt that it is much more highly centralized than the American system.

The other great difference under the heading of structure is the principle of selection upon which our system is based. All children, except the minority in fee-paying schools, go to undifferen-

tiated schools from the age of five to the age of eleven. At eleven or thereabouts, a proportion of them, varying from area to area but averaging between 20 and 25 per cent, is selected for what we call grammar schools, which include children to the age of eighteen, though not all the pupils stay that long. The remainder go to what are called secondary modern schools, which include children to age fifteen and increasingly to sixteen, but no older.

You will see from this description that the crucial time for an English child is at the age of eleven or a little more. The selection test then applied — the famous or infamous eleven-plus examination — is supposed to be a classification purely by ability and aptitude, without any suspicion of being derogatory to those who are not selected. But, of course, everybody wants to be selected, and with the growing pressure of numbers as a result of the post-war bulge of population, the selection has been getting steadily more competitive. As the result of agitation, the Labor Party has adopted the policy of abolishing the eleven-plus examination by sending all children at that age to the same schools, the so-called comprehensive secondary schools. The Labor Party has moved toward this system in several of the areas where it controls the local council, and even in Conservative areas there is a distinct movement to experiment with systems that do not involve sending children to different schools at the age of eleven.

I have several times seen this movement quoted in America as evidence that English education is turning away from selection. I think this is a grave misunderstanding. The public objection to selection at eleven is social and political, not educational. It is an objection on the part of parents to having their children sent to different schools, not to their having different educations. And the remedies that are being applied are wholly in terms of institutions, not in terms of the education they provide. I know, for example, one large new comprehensive school built by a Labor council. Every child entering that school is tested and placed in one of fifteen "streams," differentiated by the children's intelligence and aptitude. This selection is done by the teachers; the parents have nothing to do with it; and the children are not even supposed to know which stream is which in intelligence grading. A child placed in one of the top streams will have an almost wholly different education from a child placed even in one of the middle streams. If this is not selection, I do not know the meaning of the term. But this is what we mean by a comprehensive school. Many people in England will tell you that the comprehensive school has been copied from the American

comprehensive high school, some meaning it as a compliment, some as the reverse. I have often told them that they could hardly be more mistaken.

Nonselection — if that is the opposite of selection — as it is practiced in America is totally unknown in England. By nonselection I mean the principle of treating all children alike, allowing them to sort themselves out by their choice of courses, by what they find easy and difficult, or by their varying ambitions — with counseling assistance, no doubt, but without any compulsory segregations. I am sure that your system seems as odd to us as ours does to you. There is no retreat from selection in England; the only change is that a growing number of people — but still a minority — think that the selection should be within a common school, not between schools.

THE differences between the two countries in educational method make an enormous subject, and I must restrict myself to four points out of many that it would be possible to make.

The first of these differences in method lies in the position of the teacher, in the relative positions of the teacher and the textbook. One of the things about American education that most strikes the English visitor is the importance you attach to textbooks. We have no parallel to that. To begin with, I do not think there are more than two or three, at most, of the local education authorities in England that tell their schools what textbooks to use. That is left to the teacher, occasionally the principal, or the head of department in a large school. And in the higher grades, more often than not, there is not a textbook at all. A teacher will often recommend a book as covering the subject pretty well and as being useful for reference but will not make any attempt to go through it chapter by chapter.

This system places a much greater responsibility on the individual teacher, and I have often been asked in America whether we do not have a lot of trouble with it. So far as the political and social responsibility of the teacher is concerned, I cannot recall having heard of a single case arising through a teacher's being accused of using a book which seems offensive or objectionable to somebody in authority. That is partly, perhaps mainly, because our system of large authorities and rather remote and indirect public control puts the individual teacher largely out of the reach of vigilance committees, whether of parents or of the local chamber of commerce. There is also a strong tradition against anything that smacks of political interference with the schools.

Educational responsibility, however, is another matter. Quite clearly, a system like ours, which places so much responsibility on the individual teacher, cannot work well unless the average standard of intelligence, knowledge, and teaching competence is high. Up to the present, we have been able to maintain that standard. It is partly, of course, a matter of numbers. In the whole of England last year there were only some 260,000 schoolteachers. We were a little short, but 300,000 would have given us all we need. And this is in a country about one quarter the size of the United States. I do not know how many schoolteachers there are in the United States, but I am very sure it is many more than four times 300,000. I do not see how you could possibly have coped with the enormous increase in the American school population in the past forty years without being willing to take thousands of young men and women who needed close support from a textbook before they could teach. Indeed, under the pressure of rising numbers in the schools, I fear we shall find before long that we shall have to give the teacher more assistance, and that implies more external control on his teaching. This particular contrast is not, however, entirely a matter of numbers. It is partly also the result of a different tradition of teacher training, which, in England, has always laid a much greater emphasis on the content of what is to be taught than in America and much less on questions of pedagogic method.

The second difference in method is the absence in England of the course system which is so universal in your schools and colleges. Indeed, the word "course" has a wholly different meaning in the two countries. If you asked an English school child what courses he was taking, he wouldn't know what you meant. If you asked him what subjects he was taking, he would answer English, Latin, mathematics, history, and so forth. But that would not mean, as it would in America, that those were the subjects he had chosen to take. They would be the subjects that his form, or class, was taking, and therefore that he was taking with the rest of the class. Until the boy is about fifteen or sixteen, it is unlikely that he or his parents have had any say in the choice of form in which he is placed. And at no age does he have any say in deciding the curriculum of that form. At the higher ages, there is a choice between three or four different curriculums, but each curriculum has to be taken, within narrow limits, as it stands.

Here, indeed, is a contrast with the American system. Perhaps it is not quite so sharp a contrast in practice as it is in principle, as I observe that, more and more, those American boys and girls who have ambition to gain admittance to a good college find their choice of courses in high school

made for them by the college entrance requirements. But there is one important consequence for teaching that is worth bringing out. In an English school, in any year but one (and that one is what we call the fifth form year, about the age of fourteen or fifteen), you can assume that the pupils who are taking a subject in one year will be taking the same subject next year. The study of a subject can therefore be planned as a continuous process over a period of years. That is what we mean when we use the word "course." We mean a whole balanced curriculum of six or seven or eight subjects, planned to continue over three or four or five years. Once a boy or girl enters on such a course, he or she will normally pursue it to the end. And all the boys and girls in a course will take substantially the same subjects, with perhaps slight options, as between a second classical or a second modern language. You will therefore understand how bewildered we are when we contemplate one of your neat, packaged, self-contained, nine-month courses, such as high school physics. It is no good asking an English schoolboy when he enters college how many years of French he has had at school. Two boys might both truthfully answer nine years. But they might mean totally different things, and neither one would mean what you thought he meant.

How, then, do we measure what a student has accomplished, if we cannot count up the number of courses he has satisfactorily taken? The answer is that we rely, to an extent wholly unknown to you, on general examinations. Every year — sometimes every term — the pupil has to take a written examination in all the subjects of the curriculum, and his further progress depends, sometimes entirely, on his performance in that examination. Most of these examinations are set and assessed within the school itself, by his own teachers. But at three crucial points in his career the examination is set and assessed by an external body. The first of these is the eleven-plus examination, which determines to which sort of secondary school the child should go. The second comes at fifteen or sixteen and is called the Ordinary Level of the General Certificate of Education, set and assessed by one of nine examining boards closely associated with the universities. This examination can be taken in any number of subjects from one upwards, but the most usual practice is to take it in from five to nine subjects. Third, there is the Advanced Level of the General Certificate of Education, which is taken at eighteen or thereabouts and which plays a large part in university entrance.

I have been describing the practice of the grammar schools; that is, the schools for the brightest 20 to 25 per cent of the children. Exam-

inations, especially written examinations, play a much smaller part in the life of the less intelligent children. Even in this case, however, they play a much larger part than they do in America; and there is a rising demand for public examinations, at lower standards of intelligence than those of the General Certificate of Education, for these less gifted children. I cannot honestly say that the children themselves clamor for examinations, but employers do, and therefore so do the parents. All the questions that Americans ask and answer in terms of the number and variety of courses a student has taken we ask and answer in terms of the examinations he has passed.

I HAVE left to the last what is the sharpest difference of all between our two systems. This is our system of specialization, in which England is, I think, unique in the world. A student will take the examination for the Ordinary Level of the General Certificate of Education at the age of fifteen or sixteen in a wide range of subjects drawn both from the humanities and from the natural sciences. But once he has passed that examination, he will specialize. That is to say, he will devote two thirds, or perhaps even more, of his time in school to a narrow range of subjects. In one boy's case it may be physics, chemistry, and mathematics; in another's it may be chemistry and biology, or it may be history or modern languages and literature, or classical languages and philosophy. But, whatever the choice, the greater part of the pupil's attention, in the classroom and in his private study time, is given to his specialty, and he will take the advanced level examination at eighteen in his special subjects only. When he gets to the university, the specialization is even more intense. The range of subjects does not usually get any narrower, but the student gives 100 per cent of his time to it.

I have found that to Americans, and indeed to educationalists from every country in the world except England, this seems a very strange system indeed. Perhaps you will have difficulty in believing that I really mean what I say. So let me cite my own case, though it is now more than thirty years old. I was a modern languages specialist. For my last three years at school, from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, I studied mostly French and German language and literature, perhaps three or four hours a week of history, and one hour of Scripture on Sundays. For another two years at Cambridge, even the history and the Scripture were cut out, and I studied French and German exclusively. Five years of my life were given to those languages. My experience was

perhaps a little extreme; I think the admixture of general and contrasting subjects would nowadays, in a good school, be a little bigger. But the difference would not be great. The English boy or girl is a specialist from the age of fifteen or sixteen.

The advisory council of which I am chairman was specifically requested by the Minister of Education to review this system of specialization. We examined it most carefully and discussed it at great length, both with witnesses and among ourselves. In the end we came to the conclusion that we wanted to see it continued. We found that it was being pushed too far, and we have made a number of suggestions for removing what we think are abuses. But we have reported in favor of this system of specialization. And that is a unanimous conclusion reached by a council made up of educators of all kinds. Perhaps you will find that fact as extraordinary as the system itself, and I must try to give you some of our reasons for thinking that, in this matter, we in England are in step and the whole of the rest of the world is out of step.

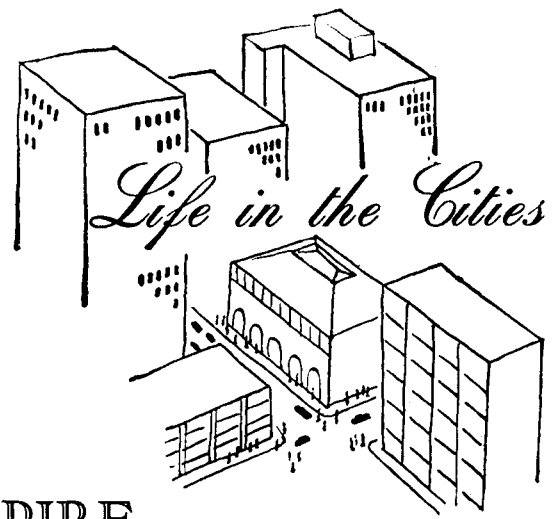
Let me begin by telling you of one argument that we reject. This is the argument that every intelligent citizen, or every educated man, ought to know something about each subject in a range so wide that it compels a balanced curriculum; that no one can afford to be ignorant of history, government, science, languages, and so forth. To this, we would give our answer in two parts. First, it is true that there are certain elementary skills and knowledges that everyone must have — reading, writing, arithmetic, and several more. But these essential elements can be, and should be, provided by the age of sixteen. If you go on with them after that age, you will be wasting your time, because the knowledge you instill will be forgotten unless it can be attached to the main intellectual interest of a boy's or girl's life, which begins to emerge at about that age.

The second part of the answer is that it is only when you have got these essential elementary skills and knowledges out of the way that you can confront the real task of education. The acquisition of factual knowledge is by itself a poor test of any education and a lamentably poor test of the education of boys and girls of seventeen and eighteen. It has been said that the process of education is not to be compared to that of filling up an empty pot, but rather to that of lighting a

fire. The proper test of an education is whether it teaches the pupil to think and whether it awakens his interest in applying his brain to the various problems and opportunities that life presents. If these have once been done, then factual knowledge can easily be assimilated. If these have not been done, then no amount of nodding acquaintance with widely varying fields of human knowledge will equip a boy or girl with an educated mind. We in England argue the case for specialization not primarily on the score of the information it provides but because it awakens interest, teaches clear thinking, and induces self-discipline in study.

We believe that, if you can find which of the recognized intellectual disciplines most arouses a boy's interest — and we confine his choice to five or six recognized disciplines, chosen for their intellectual content, not for their vocational value — if you can let him spend his time on what interests him, but insist that he must work hard at it, go deep into it, follow it up in the library or the laboratory, get around behind the stage scenery that defines the formal academic subject, you will really be teaching him how to use the mind that God has given him. This sort of intensive study takes a great deal of time, and that is why it can only be applied, for any one student, to a restricted range of subjects. No doubt you will say that the boy must be very narrow as a result. That may be. Are you sure that being narrow is worse than being shallow?

I find that English education has a high reputation among Americans. I am often asked, for example, whether it is not true that the eighteen-year-old boy in England is a year or two ahead of his American contemporary. I always answer that question, or assertion, by asking some others. What boy? If an English boy is still at school at eighteen, he is necessarily in the upper quartile in intelligence. Are you comparing him with the average American high school graduate, who is of average intelligence? And ahead in what? In the subjects to which he has been giving nearly all his time and attention for two years? It would be strange if he were not a long way ahead in those. Or over the whole range of a broad curriculum? He has been taught different things, by different methods, with a different purpose in view, in a different sort of school. There is no fair basis for a comparative judgment.



DETROIT'S WELFARE EMPIRE

BY RAY MOSELEY

The wholesale migration of labor from the Southern states to the North has frequently been accompanied by a sharp rise in welfare cases in the cities where new residence is established. For a look at the critical situation in Detroit we have turned to RAY MOSELEY, a 27-year-old native of Texas, a graduate of North Texas State College, and a reporter for the Detroit FREE PRESS.

DURING World War II, when people on the lower rungs of the social scale began migrating to the cities in wholesale lots, they were welcomed nowhere more than in Detroit. The automobile plants that had turned to defense production and needed workers desperately published advertisements throughout the country urging people to come to Detroit. In some cases, buses were sent into the South to help round up those willing to come. Today there are 45,000 people on the city's welfare rolls, 75 per cent of whom are migrants and 80 per cent of whom are Negroes. The cost of supporting them is almost \$30 million a year. The state and county governments spend another \$30 million or so throughout Wayne County on general relief and Aid to Dependent Children, and total welfare spending in the state in these two areas runs to about \$114 million a year.

With Michigan now facing the most severe financial crisis in its history, public officials at all levels of government have been looking for ways to reduce welfare costs so that other essential services will not be crippled, and some important economies have been effected in the past year. But the task is not easy, because unemployment in Michigan still is more than twice the normal rate — 95,000 unemployed in the Detroit area alone.

Most of the migrants who come to cities such

as Detroit from the South generally find that it is much easier to get public assistance in their new homes than it was in the places they left behind. If they are Negroes, they find that as potential voters they have far more political power than they could dream of possessing in the South. Political officeholders are anxious to cultivate them in every way possible. Public welfare is one way, and politicians as a rule do not like to see it burdened with restrictions.

In Michigan, migrants technically must live in the state for one year to be eligible for public assistance, but the law provides that "temporary assistance" may be given to those with less than a year's residence. They cannot add to the length of their residence while they are receiving temporary aid, and the law fails to define "temporary." So hundreds of welfare clients have been getting temporary assistance for years, rendering the residence requirement useless. Last year temporary relief in Wayne County cost the taxpayers \$450,000.

The policies of the State Welfare Commission are no less charitable to the needy than the laws of the state. They permit a woman with illegitimate children to qualify for ADC, as long as she has no more children born out of wedlock. But one who violates this restriction cannot be dropped until ADC workers find some other plan for her support. In Detroit the other plan is the City

Welfare Department. Thus, each month about sixty mothers are cut off the ADC rolls in Detroit because they have had another illegitimate child, and promptly are added to the city welfare rolls. The taxpayers continue to pay the bill.

In 1958 the number of Aid to Dependent Children cases increased 40 per cent in the county that includes Pittsburgh, 33 per cent in the Chicago area, 22 per cent in Los Angeles, and 11 per cent in Detroit. The increase nationally averaged 14.8 per cent.

A recent survey shows that since 1958 the costs of serving welfare clients in many cases do not stop with the monthly welfare checks. They pyramid into other areas of direct local responsibility and impose heavy strains on budgets that for the most part are tottering.

Take, for example, the case of Tom and Lucy and its costs to the taxpayers of Detroit, Wayne County, and the State of Michigan. Tom and Lucy, who came to Detroit from Georgia, are alcoholics, and life for them is quiet and restful. They get drunk at night and sleep it off during the day. The Detroit Public Welfare Department sends them a check every month.

Tom was a truck driver before he quit several years ago. The Welfare Department requires Tom to do some work in various public agencies occasionally to help compensate the taxpayers for supporting him. Lately he has not bothered to keep his job appointments. He says he has high blood pressure and cannot work.

Lucy complains that she has had no new dresses in three years and no shoes in six months. Social workers have advised her to get a job, but apparently she does not think much of their suggestion. "Every time I go out there," says one worker, "she's snoozing." No one has figured out where Tom and Lucy get money for whisky. The Welfare Department has them on a restricted budget and does not let them handle any cash.

Tom and Lucy have two boys, fourteen and eleven years old, who are not on welfare any more because they were committed recently to a training school, at state expense, as habitual thieves. They have a fifteen-year-old daughter who had an illegitimate baby last June. The baby is now on welfare. They have a thirteen-year-old daughter who expects to add an illegitimate baby to the welfare rolls in two months.

Steps are being taken, at county expense, to initiate a paternity suit to require the father of the older girl's baby to support the child. The thirteen-year-old girl, who will not name the father of her unborn child, has been placed in a maternity home, at county expense, to await delivery. After the child is born, she will be committed to a girls' training school, at state expense.

Social workers are convinced that the illegitimate grandchildren of Tom and Lucy will follow the behavior pattern outlined for them and someday will add illegitimate children of their own to the welfare rolls. This is what Wayne County Juvenile Judge Nathan J. Kaufman calls a "welfare empire." It will go on and on, probably into several generations, and it will not easily be brought under control.

PROBABLY the worst offense of the welfare clients, one that shows up particularly among the migrants, is illegitimacy. Forty-seven per cent of the 68,700 children on Aid to Dependent Children rolls in Michigan are illegitimate, and the figure is even higher in other states.

Charlotte, who came to Detroit from Tennessee, is an extreme example of the type of people responsible for this problem. A Negro woman of thirty-six, she lives in a ramshackle but tidy house in one of the factory districts on Detroit's West Side. Living with her are her fourteen children, ten of whom, or possibly eleven, are offspring of three men she never married. There is some confusion about the number because she is not sure whether her fifth child belongs to her one legal husband or to a man she met about the time she and her husband separated in 1945.

Charlotte is a welfare client, one of the most unusual in the history of the Detroit Welfare Department. At present she holds the record for the number of children on welfare rolls. She will let almost any man live with her, and he can be sure that, so long as he chooses to stay, she will be faithful to him. This is a cardinal precept of the strange moral code by which she lives.

None of the four men responsible for Charlotte's children contributes anything to their support, and she cannot work herself because she has to take care of the youngest members of her brood. For fourteen years the family has existed entirely on the \$300 monthly welfare check, and Charlotte is prone to complain a little if her clothing allowance arrives late or she cannot get money for furniture.

So far it has cost the taxpayers between \$40,000 and \$50,000 to support Charlotte and her children, and before the last of them reaches maturity the bill will have increased by about \$30,000.

Maude, a North Carolina farm girl who came to Detroit in 1942, has not lagged far behind Charlotte. Seven men have passed through her life in a dizzying procession, fathered nine children, and then gone their separate ways. One of the men married her but never got a divorce after he left. None of the others ever stayed around

long enough for his children to get to know him.

Maude, who quit school after the sixth grade without learning to read or write, had her first child when she was only eighteen and newly arrived in Detroit. It was illegitimate. She married in 1946 and had two children in the next two years. Her husband, who had a third-grade education, was mentally defective, psychopathic, and an alcoholic. They fought constantly and separated several times.

Once, when he left her for a long stretch, Maude took in another man and had two more children. When her husband came back, the other man departed. But in 1953, the husband left again and never returned. He has served a term in a federal penitentiary since then for transporting stolen goods across a state line and now has dropped out of sight.

Maude has had four "husbands" since he left. In 1953, she started drawing Aid to Dependent Children allotments amounting to more than \$200 a month, and for two years the family lived on that. But by 1955 the number of children had increased from five to seven, and ADC dropped the case. The Detroit Welfare Department took over so quickly that Maude did not miss even one monthly check. The welfare payments were less than those she had received from ADC, but they were adequate. They increased when two more children were born.

The nine children, their mother, and her various "husbands" shared a filthy four-room shack in Detroit's lower West Side factory district. Only one bed in the house had any linens or blankets, and the two adults and the youngest child slept there. The others put on extra clothing at night during the winter months and huddled together for warmth. They went to school irregularly, ill-clothed and dirty. Frequently the older children were forced to baby-sit with the younger ones so that Maude could go out with her men friends and enjoy herself.

The Welfare Department warned her several times that she would have to change her ways or the welfare checks would stop. She promised to reform, but nothing changed. So, a few months ago, the Welfare Department stopped bluffing. It went into juvenile court and had four of the children committed to foster homes and two committed to a training school for the mentally retarded. The total cost of these commitments will exceed \$9000 a year. Two of the remaining children were allowed to stay with Maude on the condition that she go to work to support them. The ninth is now old enough to support himself.

Clearly, the costs of this case now exceed by a considerable margin the amount that went to Maude in welfare payments, and the average

taxpayer may fear that more solutions of this sort will cost him his shirt. But juvenile court and welfare officials believe that money will be saved in the long run by getting most of the children away from their mother. In the environment she created, the probability existed that the children would adopt her standards of behavior and someday add illegitimate children of their own to the welfare rolls. In foster homes, they have a chance to grow up as useful citizens who will not perpetuate the burden on the taxpayers started by their mother.

Some form of public support is almost inescapable for people like Maude and Charlotte, because laws requiring fathers to support their own children do not apply in their cases. Michigan laws provide that children born to a woman after she is separated from her husband are as much his children as if he were still living with her, and he is required to support them. The natural fathers get off without having to pay a penny.

One major flaw in this is that many of the legal fathers cannot be located without a long investigation at public expense, and sometimes not even then. Some public officials in Michigan are trying to have the laws changed so that the natural fathers of children will have to assume the normal legal responsibilities of parenthood. The justification for the present laws is that they give legitimacy to children who might otherwise carry a stigma with them all their lives. Some church leaders, in particular, feel it is more important to give these children a claim to legitimacy, dubious though it may seem, than to try to discourage men from fathering them.

WELFARE cheating weighs heavily on the public consciousness, causing many people to assume that the panacea for the entire welfare problem is stricter policing. But this is not a sound assumption. An independent research agency recently studied the ADC program in Detroit and concluded that no more than 10 per cent of ADC costs, and probably much less, would be saved if all cheating were eliminated. If staffs were to be enlarged solely to catch cheaters, the agency said, the costs of hiring additional workers would exceed by a substantial margin the money saved.

Most of the cases of cheating that are uncovered are turned up by police rather than welfare case-workers. Recently, Detroit police were called to a home on a complaint that a man was beating his daughter. When they arrived, they found the man drunk and babbling wildly. He told them that earlier in the day a \$105 ADC check had arrived for support of his wife and an illegitimate

grandchild. He paid bills, bought whisky, and brought the remaining \$70 back to his wife. She immediately left to invest it at a gambling spot down the street, and when police arrived at three A.M. she was still there.

The home contained a combination 21-inch television and high fidelity set. The man said he did not have a job, and when police asked him why he was not looking for one, he protested indignantly that he did not have carfare.

Along Hastings Street, the heart of Detroit's worst slum area, the first day of each month has become known as Mother's Day in the bars and bottle stores. This is the day that ADC checks arrive in the mails, and it is the start of a week of riotous partying. It does not take much imagination to know how these women support themselves and their children after spending the ADC checks in this fashion. Detroit police say that half of the 600 to 800 prostitutes they arrest each month are ADC clients.

A few months ago, a woman filed suit in Detroit for \$25,000 damages, claiming that a man killed in an automobile accident was her common-law husband. This was a revelation not only to the court but also to ADC officials who had been carrying the woman on their rolls for four years. They immediately filed suit against her to recover \$5514.

One of the worst cases of moral depravity in the police files on welfare cheaters is that of Bernice, who came from Arkansas and lives in a slum just beyond the shadows of Detroit's downtown skyscrapers.

Bernice weighs 300 pounds, and that alone has been enough to keep her from working. But she has had to support a big family, the six children she had by the husband who deserted her plus five more by the man who lived with her until he went to prison for killing his brother.

For a time, Bernice thought she had solved her support problem simply. She applied for welfare and was accepted. Then she turned her home into a flourishing business enterprise catering strictly to men. She detailed several of her boys to buy liquor with the welfare money so that she could retail it to the customers, while another son entertained them by operating a dice game. She taught the boys to roll drunks and cheat at cards. As the girls became old enough, they helped out too. They became prostitutes, charging ten dollars a customer and splitting the fees with their mother.

The children were dutiful and Bernice presided over her enterprise in comfort for several months before Detroit police intervened. She has had nothing but problems ever since, and so have the taxpayers.

Four of her children were placed in foster homes, and so far it has cost about \$8000 to keep them there. They probably will remain in the homes until they are seventeen, and the final cost of their care will be about \$20,000.

A fifth child, a fourteen-year-old girl, was in a foster home but recently was transferred to a maternity home to await the birth of an illegitimate child. She will not talk about how she became pregnant, so authorities are unable to try to get money from the father of her unborn child. When it is born it will be placed in a foster home, and the young mother will be sent to another foster home.

Two of Bernice's oldest boys were in foster homes at one time, but they could not adjust to life there and were returned home on probation. So far they have not been in trouble. A nineteen-year-old girl also lives at home. She is busy caring for her two illegitimate children.

Three others of Bernice's children pose no tax problem at present. One girl became pregnant at thirteen, but Bernice persuaded the young man responsible to marry her rather than face a statutory rape charge. A five-year-old child lives with an uncle in another state. One boy ran away from home and joined the Navy. He now provides most of the support for Bernice, her remaining children, and her illegitimate grandchildren.

The case of Bernice demonstrates that the drain on the public pocketbook does not cease when a welfare cheater is apprehended. It is more likely, as in her case, to become even larger. In almost all such cases, the children must be taken from the parents and placed in foster homes, and this involves expenses for the police, the courts, the psychiatric clinics, and other agencies and institutions. Each year the direct cost of foster-home care to Wayne County taxpayers is \$2 million.

All of this, of course, is not a justification for letting cheating continue. In the long run, the costs that result from such unwholesome home situations as Bernice's would far exceed the immediate costs of rehabilitative programs such as foster-home care. Meantime, more Charlottes, Toms and Lucys, and Bernices are marching on the cities and adding their crushing burden to the mountain of economic difficulties that seem to become less manageable every year.

What is particularly disturbing to social workers, judges, and other public officials is not simply the failure of these people to support themselves but the complete breakdown of moral values that is found in a large number of the cases. The homes of many welfare clients are nothing more than breeding grounds for crime, immorality, and severe emotional illnesses, all being subsidized with public money.

COMPULSIVE SUBURBIA

BY JOHN KEATS

Housing and living habits of the rising American generation have long interested JOHN KEATS, who now considers the social consequences of the warrenlike settlements outside some of our metropolitan centers. Mr. Keats is the author of THE CRACK IN THE PICTURE WINDOW, an account of the construction industry, and THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS, a scrutiny of American automobiles.

NICK and Fran Baxter live, so to speak, with their three children in one of the five hundred three-bedroom houses of a real-estate nightmare we shall call Apple Drive. Neat, clean, wholesome, slightly vacuous, the Baxters look like one of those idealized suburban families you see in the full-color advertisements of the women's magazines. They bought their house because a) they were told that a family should own one, and b) they imagined it would be cheaper to buy a house in the suburbs than to rent in the city. This was thoughtless of them, and they are now beginning to discover the hidden prices: the years wasted in commuting, the rising assessments. Together with all others trapped in this development miles from nowhere, the Baxters are the prey of pressures less readily apparent to them, but which conspire to make suburban life somewhat disappointing. For one thing, Apple Drive, like most developments, is a jail of the soul, a wasteland of look-alike boxes stuffed with look-alike neighbors.

Here are no facilities for human life, other than bedrooms and bathrooms. Here is a place that lacks the advantages of both city and country but retains the disadvantages of each. Each suburban family is somehow a broken home, consisting of a father who appears as an overnight guest, a put-upon housewife with too much to do, and children necessarily brought up in a kind of communism. For Apple Drive children, life is play

school at age three, preschool at age four, kindergarten at age five. Thus do suburban mothers force their primary responsibilities upon someone else as soon as they can, in order to cope with the lesser but insistent needs to drive to the supermarket, clean the house, gabble on the telephone, and attend the *Kaffeeklatsch*. So, suburban children learn the dreary steaminess of group life as soon as they can walk, and after school they are plunked down before the television set to watch the slaughter in the late afternoon while mom thaws supper. In the evening the baby sitters arrive.

In addition, the families who live in our nation's Apple Drives are divided by the rifts in interest between mothers and fathers; they encounter the schizoid experience of the boring workday and the glittery weekend, the problems of shopping in person by automobile at the low-quality stores of the anonymous shopping centers, the eternal chauffeuring of the children, the pressure of having to be friends with the folks next door simply because they live next door. Then they try to reconcile the fact that this is a man's world with the obvious fact that suburbia is a world of women without men, a matriarchy by default. Uneasily, some suburbanites suspect — along with many psychiatrists — that a matriarchy is no fit place to raise a child.

Moreover, suburban developments are stratified societies — stratified by difference in price. All

families in the \$14,000 ranch houses are very much like each other but are different from the families in the \$7500 Cape Cods and different again from the people in the \$17,000 split levels. Specific effects of this stratification will be seen in a moment, but meanwhile it should be remarked that nearly everyone in suburbia is in transit between one and another of America's social classes. The residents believe they are either on their way up or that they have taken a step down. For instance, there is a current argument over the local school that serves one sprawling Pennsylvania development area. No racial question is involved. The problem is that some of the people in the \$17,000 houses do not want their children to attend the same school that children from the \$14,000 houses attend.

HERE is certainly a milieu that shrieks for mitigation. It is absolutely different from any other society that America has ever produced, and it is new since the last world war. Its pressures are great, but rather than attempting to deal with these uncomfortable realities in any constructive way, most suburbanites, like the Baxters, try to drift away from them. The most prevalent form of escape can be called compulsive buying, and Nick is a practitioner and victim of it.

Easygoing and affable, Nick wears a grin and is generally regarded as a good guy. Of course, he pads his expense account, an act which makes him a liar and a thief, but Nick sees nothing wrong with doing what everybody else does. At the end of his working day, Nick drives home in his new, unpaid-for car. He mows the lawn with his encumbered power mower, then relaxes in his mortgaged house to watch a program on his not-entirely-paid-for television set. Last summer he hitched his still-unpaid-for outboard cruiser behind the old car that he has not yet finished buying and, using his gasoline credit card at filling stations and his hotel credit card at restaurants and motels, enjoyed three weeks of family fun in America's Northwest. He allows Fran charge accounts at the shopping center's clothing and furniture shops and is thinking about a fly-now pay-later vacation in the Caribbean next Christmas. His \$8200 a year just meets all the monthly payments.

What is wrong with this? And how does this make Nick immoral? Frankly, Nick doesn't see a thing in the world wrong with it; as he says, "I'm feeling no pain."

The answer is that Nick is immoral because he has no sense of obligation. Morality pertains to action with reference to right and wrong, with reference to duty. Credit, after all, is a promise.

The too-easy acceptance of too-easy credit is clearly immoral, for there is nothing behind such promises except naked, hopeful greed on the part of both debtor and creditor. Morality, by definition, implies hard thought and conscious choice, but Nick neither thinks nor chooses.

Nick and Fran Baxter never ask each other, "Do we really need this or do we just want it?" Nor do the sellers, who batten on customers like the Baxters, nor do the credit agencies, who batten even more, ask themselves, "Should I sell to *this* guy or do I just want to make a sale?" Instead, the Baxters simply wonder, "What will the payments be?" and the merchants tell them.

Neither Nick nor Fran ever wonders what would happen if, for any reason, that \$8200 stopped coming in. Their basic immorality is that they not only have mortgaged their own future but, worse, are also trifling with their children's future. They have mortgaged that, too, when it is their clear responsibility to do exactly otherwise. If it is immoral to shirk responsibility, surely it is even less moral to accept implied responsibility without being able to distinguish between a sound value and a passing fad.

It is precisely here that suburbia's basic immorality begins. It is not lurid but rather a kind of garden, or crab grass, immorality, and the occasional drunks and adulterers of suburbia may be regarded as the logical end products of a consistent failure to act thoughtfully and choose wisely in homely things.

Living on credit and buying compulsively are by no means limited to suburbia; indeed, this sort of drift is a national failure. In suburbia, however, the drift is seen at its flaccid worst, because nowhere else in America do people drift together in such huge, homogeneous clots, so moored to nothing. This homogeneous grouping, together with the physical deficiency of cluttered isolation, is what makes suburbia such a special place, so inviting to the anthropologist. Both the homogeneity and the isolation occur because housing developments do not grow out of life's conditions and needs, as a city or a country village grows. Developments are simply collections of cubicles that rise out of a bulldozed plain at a real-estate promoter's desire; they are connected with no reality but a bank and have no roots but mortgages that are valuable solely to the builder. Because America still tends to stratify itself by income, the difference in the prices of development homes works to create populations that share the same basic tastes and ideas; within each development people hold the same kinds of jobs, enjoy the same incomes, meet the same problems, have the same number of children, and, possibly, have a common blood type.

Proof of suburban homogeneity is pathetically obvious. In one housing development, for example, nearly every house has a peculiar lamp, with an enormous shade, in the exact center of each picture window. In another, a couple of miles away, nearly everyone has built little shelves across his picture window and has filled these shelves with small glass animals. In enterprising Apple Drive, nearly everyone has thrown out the old sling chairs and has gone in for French Provincial. In these barrack communes, where nearly everyone is alike to begin with and where all are subjected to the same advertisements and limited to the same shopping centers, compulsive thing-purchase becomes an attempt to escape in lock step. Fran didn't buy new chairs because the old chairs wore out; she bought them because they were the new thing. Her chandelier does not light her life but represents her joining in the new fad for chandeliers.

When any activity reaches fad proportions, sociologists remark that it is evidence of public boredom and an attempt to escape from boredom. But the sociologists add that, because a fad is by its own nature boring, it is quickly exhausted; the boredom returns increased, and the stage is set for the new fad. Thus it is that the French Provincial and the chandeliers will be gone tomorrow from Fran's life.

BEING segregated populations, suburbanites may have a natural tendency to conformity, but, more than any other group of people, they tend to look anxiously around to see what their neighbors are doing and buying. In a sense, this is a rather pathetic clutching at a mutual straw; at any rate, suburbanites seem to think they must have whatever anyone else has, not because they need it but because other people have it, and they seem to want very much to be part of the group. It is not altogether clear just why suburbanites want to be groupy. Perhaps, being largely the generation now in its late thirties and early forties, they inherit a legacy of groupiness from the Depression days, or from the New Deal, or from the experience of the war, or, more prosaically, it may be because they share a feeling of inadequacy. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that suburbia's watchword is "Get with it." Heresy is the worst suburban sin, ostracism the worst fate, adjustment to the group is held to be the highest good; and suburbia's factorylike new schools are generally temples to this creed.

Getting along with the group is a good thing only if it can be generally established that what everyone is doing is good. Suburbia is immoral in that it applies no such test. Nick Baxter, as noted,

pads his expense account because this is a general practice. Since everybody else does it, he says, he would be silly not to. His wife, Fran, unthinkingly goes along with the party game that nearly everyone plays in Apple Drive. A simple game, it goes like this: The men gather in the kitchen for another drink while the wives cover themselves with sheets and lie on the floor. Then the men try to find their proper mates by a careful, prolonged feeling of the forms under the sheets. They call this "Braille." The big switch is for the women to grovel around on the floor, blindfolded, trying to identify their husbands by feeling bared male legs.

"It's just fun," Fran explained, "I guess."

The fact that Fran was moved to guess whether such a pastime was fun or not is the best news from suburbia since the bulldozers batted down all the trees. One by one, an increasing number of suburbanites are beginning to wonder whether their communal life is good. Fran's neighbor Sarah Howard, for instance, questions the second most prevalent form of suburban escape, the weekend cocktail party. Her objection is important, for it goes past a simple loathing for the games played on these occasions and strikes at the basic reason for the parties. "The trouble with us," she said, "is that we drink too much."

Sarah made her discovery after nursing a single Martini through a Saturday night. It was purely an experiment. Cold sober, she saw the emptiness of her life for the first time, or, rather, she discovered that nobody had anything to say to anybody else.

"Everybody was standing around yakking and laughing," she said. "It was all gabble, gabble, gabble. People would say the same things over and over again, never finishing sentences. Nobody really listened to anybody. Everybody stood around dumb and happy with a big, fat smile, talking louder and louder about nothing at all. A big, fat nothing is what it was."

"I tell you," Sarah said, "next time I'm going to drink. At least you think you're having a good time when you're half crocked."

She said this quite simply, as though it made perfectly good sense. She saw nothing fantastic in the idea that a group of young American parents, like herself and her husband and the Baxters, could find only the illusion of happiness when they gathered together, and then only when half stoned. At the same time she realized a) that everyone drank too much, and b) that no one had anything to say. Asked why she intended to go to another such affair, Sarah explained, "We have to live with these people." Only to an outsider would this suburban proposition seem open to question.

What hope for suburbia there is lies in such

twinges of healthful doubt as are now beginning to assail Fran and Sarah. Nothing can be done to cut the commuting time that produces the daily divorce. A little, but not much, can be done to relieve the physical monotony; something can be done now and again to make the development more than a collection of bedrooms. For instance, one group of suburbanites bought one house when it came on the market and converted it into a library. In the main, however, a development is an environment that cannot be altered for the better by any means short of dynamite and bulldozing; if anything is to be salvaged out of suburbia, it must be the people who live there.

Since salvation is always acutely personal, dependent upon self-examination and self-imposed tasks, you will find no detailed formulas here under the heading "How To Be Yourself." On the other hand, we can make a general observation: It is fairly obvious that suburbanites will have to dispense with their drive toward groupiness if they are to be saved, that each must conclude for himself that group activity is generally so much back-scratching, that any group is most often merely the infinite reflection you see in the distorting mirrors of the glass house at the amusement park.

The chances are nil that suburbia will come to any such conclusions in the immediate future, however, because most suburbanites are apt to join Nick Baxter in saying, "What are you crab-

bing about? We never had it so good." Then off they'll go, drifting from one vague disappointment to the next, deep in the narcotic trance of advertised promise, never thinking of themselves but always of their diversions, entirely unaware that they are neither giving nor receiving anything of value. Feeling no part of the city where they work and uninterested in the monotonous bedroom area where they sleep, moored to nothing, they make no decisions. They say neither yes nor no when their Martinis are replenished, and it is a short step from this kind of acceptance to acceptance of crime in the cities, thievery in government, knavery in labor unions, unconscionable business practices, mindlessness in the public schools, and the disappearance of anything that could remotely be called the national will. Such are the penalties of drift; such are the results of moral failure around the house.

At the moment, suburbia has a long way to go if it wishes to head in the direction of reality, for as one suburbanite said, "If the networks were smart, *they'd* take the payola from the record companies instead of letting the disc jockeys get it."

When you hear remarks like this, you sometimes think that maybe fire should be fought with fire. For instance, could suburbia's immoral groupiness be turned to advantage? It is interesting to speculate that suburbia's salvation may depend on Sarah Howard's ability to make a fad out of not getting drunk at cocktail parties.

SURGICAL WARD: MEN

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Something occurred after the operation
To scare the surgeons (though no fault of theirs),
Whose reassurance did not fool me long.
Beyond the shy, concerned faces of nurses
A single white hot eye, focusing on me,
Forced sweat in rivers down from scalp to belly.
I whistled, gasped, or sang, with whitening knuckles
Clutched at my bed grip almost till it cracked:
Too proud, still, to let loose Bedlamite screeches
And bring the charge nurse scuttling down the aisle
With morphia needle leveled. . . .

Lady Morphia —

Her scorpion kiss and dark gyrating dreams —
She in mistrust of whom I dared outdare,
Two minutes longer than seemed possible,
Pain, that unpurposed, matchless elemental
Stronger than fear or grief, stranger than love.

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HOW THE MOUNTAINS ARE

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD

An ATLANTIC discovery whose story, "The Surest Thing in Show Business," won first prize among the Atlantic "Firsts" published last year, JESSE HILL FORD is a graduate of Vanderbilt University, studied under Andrew Lytle at the University of Florida, and is now in the process of establishing himself in Tennessee. He was awarded an Atlantic Grant of \$2500 in 1959 to assist him in the completion of his novel.

MARY was forty years old and she was nursing an invalid lady when she heard of a summer position with a family going away to the North Carolina mountains. There would be two small boys for her to take care of, and because the old lady Mary was nursing was cranky and because Mary had no children of her own she told her brother Albert, who had informed her of the job, that she would take it. And right away she began to wonder what the mountains would be like, for she had never seen them.

She asked Albert. He was a driver for Mrs. Parmer St. John, the lady whose children Mary would nurse. All Albert could explain was that the mountains were different. It would make the tenth summer he had gone there with the St. Johns, and that was all he would say. "The mountains, they is a very different place; so high, you know." Albert was not very imaginative. He told her other things, about how the colored servants lived in at each place and were thus separated like the whites by the distance between the summer homes. A person needed a car to get

anyplace up there. There was no bus line. But a night off was rare. "Always parties, dinners, drinks to mix, and you have to work late and serve and then help clean up afterwards. Only now and then you gets a night off and can have maybe some beers and play a little cards with the other colored peoples. But if you nurse children, you won't even get *that* night off," Albert said, meaning the very rare night when the other Negro servants were free to socialize a little. Mary wanted to know why. "Because the St. Johns, they requires the children's nurse to sleep in the room with the kids, that's why," Albert explained. But Mary took the job anyway. She wanted to get away from the cranky old invalid lady. She wanted some children to love, even if it were only for the summer, even if it meant she would have no time off. And more than that, she wanted to see the mountains and to know how they were.

Early in June they left Nashville. Mr. St. John drove the convertible, packed with golf clubs and cases of whisky, his thermos of ice cubes and his basket of Swiss cheese on rye bread sandwiches,

Pencil drawing by Charles H. Woodbury. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

and a suitcase or two. Mrs. St. John drove the sedan with her maid on the front seat beside her. And Albert brought up the rear with the station wagon, which carried Mary and the two boys, Went and little Phil, and the St. Johns' poodle dogs, Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke. The dogs were black and had their hair clipped so they looked like lions with curly manes. They sat up on the front seat of the station wagon beside Albert and rode like people. There were also sandwiches and suitcases and an ice chest with bottles of grape soda getting cold for the children.

I guess I don't have no more neurotic crazy people to worry about, Mary thought, as they left Nashville behind, speeding toward the east. When little Phil, who was a chubby child of three, got sleepy, she took him happily in her arms and held him against herself. Presently his eyes closed and his head sagged trustingly against her arm. And on their caravan sped, toward the mountains. Went, who was five, counted the cows and horses he saw. Twice they stopped for Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke to get out and be excused. One place was on a winding part of the highway leading into Cookeville. Nearby was a waterfall drifting down into a gorge. Mary thought she had never seen anything so beautiful before. They stopped in Johnson City for everyone to be excused at a brand-spanking-new filling station, and there they all had a sandwich out of the basket and a cold soda pop out of the ice chest. Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke had a chicken sandwich each. Chicken was their favorite, Albert said.

It was late when they pulled out of Johnson City, and the sun was riding low in the sky behind them. And far ahead Mary had her first glimpse of the mountains. They were gigantic, and they were wreathed in mist like the spumy stuff she had seen spinning out of the waterfall back there beside the road outside of Cookeville. She held her breath and looked, feasting her eyes on what she saw.

Albert said these mountains were nothing compared to the Rockies, out West. He had been in the Army and had been all the way out to California and back. Mary didn't believe him. She didn't believe anything could be as fine as those mountains she saw lying there ahead of them, like a distant bank of clouds. And suddenly, while she looked, the air got colder, so that they had to close the windows of the station wagon. Mr. St. John turned on his parking lights and the red tail lights moved on, speeding ahead of them into the dusk. They were climbing now, and soon it was dark. They were spiraling up into the mountains, and Mary could see Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke, sitting erect like soldiers in the front seat, when they met an oncoming car with its bright lights flashing

around a curve. Went and little Phil were asleep. She held little Phil close and cherished her thoughts and feelings. She had never felt so grand, nor had she ever felt so loved as she did now, riding into the mountains. Albert lit a cigarette. Mr. Marmaduke sneezed. Albert said they were into North Carolina now. Good-by, Tennessee, Mary thought. Her ears popped when they went down the long slow curves and popped again when they began to climb. Albert said his ears always popped that way. It was nothing to worry about. She was proud of Albert, her brother, for being so smart. He had made a good record driving with the St. Johns, and they thought very highly of him.

At the bottom of a great mountain they hit a winding narrow road, and at first the lights in the houses on top of it seemed so high that she thought they must be stars. In the headlights' glare she could see that the road passed alongside a steep gorge, and giant treetops thrust themselves up beside the road just like hedges. They kept winding and climbing until they were clean to the top of that mountain and on a long ridge. Where the treetops parted she could see other cars far down on the road that their own station wagon had come over, and those cars far below just starting the climb looked no bigger than bugs. They seemed to be crawling like lightning bugs down there in the night. And she thought, So this is how the mountains are. And a few minutes later they were at Point Rock, with the children sleepy and hungry and crying. Little Phil had a small husky way of crying, and Went whined. The air was so cold they all needed coats. Beelah, the gardener, had turned on the lights and laid the fires, Albert said. Beelah was white and was a native. They called the white folks who lived in the mountains all year around "natives," Albert explained.

Soon the cars were all unloaded, and she gave the boys each a bowl of cereal in the kitchen. But they were too tired to eat much, and finally she took them back to the room she was to share with them. It had two little beds for the boys and a big bed for her. She piled on the covers, so they would all be warm, and soon she fell asleep, breathing the cold, delicious air of the mountains deep into her lungs.

WHEN she woke the next morning, Mary had already made her first mistake. Went and little Phil had waked up early and gone outside and had a frolic in the dewy grass with Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke. Mrs. St. John's maid had told Mrs. St. John about it, and Mrs. St. John came to Mary, who had rounded up the boys by then and

had bathed them and was trying to scrub the grass stains out of their pajamas.

Mrs. St. John was very nice. "We mustn't ever leave the children alone, Mary," she said. "From now on, let's make sure they don't get out before you are awake."

"Yes, ma'am, I will, Mrs. St. John," said Mary. "I'm sorry, ma'am." And she felt bad the entire rest of that day for having made such a foolish mistake. She stayed with the children constantly, trying to keep them happy, determined that she would make up for her error. But when they went to bed that second night, she discovered there wasn't a lock on the door to their room. She wondered how she would keep the boys from slipping out on her in the morning. But when the boys were asleep, she figured out what she must do. She pushed the head of her own heavy bed against the door to keep it closed. And the next day when she saw Albert for a moment, he told her that the other maids before her had solved the problem that same way, shoving the big bed against the door. That way the children couldn't slip out in the night and try to go get into bed with their mother. That way they couldn't get away from the maid in the morning. "You have to watch the little boys close. This is a real dangerous place, built mainly for grown-up adults, not children," Albert warned her. Mary promised to be careful.

By July the days had taken on a rhythm. In the morning after breakfast she and the boys went for a long walk. At ten thirty, when they came back from walking, Mary had her only break for a rest. She could lie down an hour then while Mrs. St. John took the children to the lake. When they came back she gave them their lunch, bathed them, and stayed in the room while they took their naps. The job was exactly as Albert had said it would be. It was a hard job. But she loved the children and they loved her. She read them little storybooks about trains and merry-go-rounds and roller coasters and fire engines. There was no one to help her and she had to watch the children constantly. And now that she knew what the house was like, she shivered when she thought about that first morning when the children had escaped her. There were long steps leading to the ground from the back hallway. One slip going down those high steep steps and Went or little Phil might have fallen dead with a broken neck. When she thought about it she put her arms around the children and hugged them close to her.

ONE morning near the end of July, Mary pushed the bed aside and took the children down to breakfast. Then they set out on their walk.

Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke went along, frisking about in the wet morning grass. They passed Beelah, who had started the lawn mower and was beginning to mow the pretty light-green grass. He always mowed about the edges of the grounds in the morning, down near the hedge, so no one in the house would be disturbed and awakened. The mower had thrown grass all over his shoes and bits of it were sticking to his trousers.

The engine whirled and clacked as the mower moved along with Beelah behind it. He was a tall lean mountain man with hair that grew up straight from his head, and he wore it in an Army G.I. haircut, only it seemed somehow thicker and different, less raw than a soldier's haircut. He stopped the mower when Mary came down the drive with the boys. Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke, who were very gay and wide-awake, rushed impatiently ahead of them. He walked over to the drive, and when they reached him he squatted down to talk to the boys. "Hello, little chaps," he said. It was always this way. The boys always spoke to him shyly. He never looked at Mary and she never looked at him. They both looked at the boys or at Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke. The dogs now sat down restlessly. Stopping bored them, for they were anxious to be bounding on with the morning walk. The walk was the first adventure of the day for the poodles.

"Have you been good little chaps?" Beelah said in his soft voice.

Mary remembered that Albert had said the natives were all queer people. Beelah was a native, and so she did not look at him. Instead she looked at Went's serious face. Went was telling Beelah that they had been good boys.

"Then I'll take you fishing," Beelah said. "This afternoon I'll take you to the brook. I'm going to dig us some worms."

Little Phil clapped his hands and danced. The dogs began frisking over the grass again and rushed through the hedge into the road. Without another word, Beelah stood up and turned back toward the lawn mower. Mary and the boys continued on their walk, going outside the grounds along the road, where the mountains could be seen all about them, misty with the morning. And way ahead, Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke bounded along like small black reindeer. Mary felt little Phil's hand reach up into her own, and just then the lawn mower started again. The smoke of all the morning fires had scented the cool air, and she walked slowly with the boys, past one summer house after another, looking above them at the tall peaks and at the treetops, which soon began to wave in the freshening wind.

The boys were anxious about the fishing. They talked about fish and wanted to know how fish

breathed under the water. Fish were just made that way, Mary explained. The boys were getting warmed up for the day by the time they came back from the walk. But Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke were tired and they were panting and rolling their long pink tongues about. Mrs. St. John was waiting for the children, and Mary dressed them quickly in their swimming trunks, and then they were gone and she was alone.

She had a wild West comic book Albert had given her, and she sat in her room and read it. The story was about one cowboy tracking another one down. There were many adventures before the comic book ended, and then the inside back cover had an offer for building muscles on men that were puny weaklings. Mary read the offer and looked at the pictures of puny weaklings before and strong he-men afterwards. They always stood on the sandy beach at the ocean, and looking at the advertisement set her wondering how the ocean must be. For Albert had brought his mother a bottle of California ocean water when he had come from the West Coast. The bottle had some sand in it too, and when you shook it up and held it to the light, little flecks of gold could be seen glinting in the swirling sand. "But it too costly to *remove* the gold from the ocean, Mama," Albert always explained to their mother. She treasured the bottle and kept it on the mantel in her little house on Division Street in Nashville so that Mary or any of the other children could shake it up and look at the ocean water and the grains of sand and the gold flecks. Poor Mama, getting so old, Mary thought. It distressed her to think her mama someday had to die. And then she nodded and almost fell asleep where she was, for the mountains all about were quiet.

SHE couldn't have slept more than a few minutes before Mrs. St. John was back with the boys. It was time for lunch, and Mary fed them and gave them their baths. Little Phil was still chubby, for his baby fat had not yet begun to wear off, and he howled and splashed in the tub and tried to get Mary wet. But he was so cute-looking she could not be mad at him. After their baths she put them to bed and little Phil went right off to sleep. But Went wanted to hear a story, so Mary made up one about the people and how it was in slavery times. She told how this slave escaped and how the whites lit out after him with dogs, but anyway he hid in the hollow of a tree and waded the river branch and was finally taken in at a kindly humble farmhouse to be fed and to rest until he could get ready to go on again. She told how sleepy the poor old slave got after all his running and how he fell

asleep out in the hayloft of the barn after they had fed him his lunch. "How come he was a slave?" said Went, yawning.

"Because he was just naturally black and they had the papers on him; because. . . ." She tried to think why. "Well," she said finally, "because that's the way things were way back there."

"Are you a slave, Mary?"

"Naw, they don't have that no more," she said. And she went on telling how tired and sleepy the slave was, and pretty soon Went was sawing logs too, and she pulled the covers over him and slipped in to take her bath. But she hadn't any more than got in the tub before she heard fingernails on the door. It was Mrs. St. John's way, rattling her long pretty fingernails on the door wood so the sound came through to Mary but didn't wake the children. Mary dried herself quickly and shoved the bed aside, opening the door a crack to explain that she had been in the tub.

"Excuse me!" Mrs. St. John whispered. "The Brassfields are here from Birmingham. They want to see the boys. Are they asleep?"

"It's all right," Mary said. "I can get them up."

Mrs. St. John smiled. She had already had her bath and her first drink after lunch. She was cool and soft and sun-tanned. "You dress the children and bring them up. We'll keep them with us until you finish your bath."

"Thank you, Mrs. St. John," Mary said, and Mrs. St. John went away, back to the high porch where they played bridge in the afternoons. It looked out over a steep cliff and had a very fine view of the mountains — the best view in Point Rock was Albert's way of putting it.

Mary quickly dressed herself. The boys woke up wondering why their naps had been interrupted. Little Phil yawned and then began to cry. He didn't want to see any people, he said.

"But they want to see us, Phil," Went said. "They like us, you'll see."

But Phil kept crying until he was almost dressed. Then they heard Fritz and Mr. Marmaduke barking and the lawn mower purring away, close to the house now. It reminded them of Beelah and the fishing trip, and little Phil hushed.

Mary took them out to the high porch, where the bridge tables were set up.

"What have we here?" said Mr. St. John. "Say 'How do you do' to Mr. and Mrs. Brassfield, Went."

Mary stayed where she was until Mrs. St. John winked at her. Then she turned and went back to her room. As she left, she heard Went saying that Beelah was going to take them fishing, and Mr. Brassfield said, "Who is Beelah?" He was a

square-looking man in a tan sport coat and his face was very red and jolly. As she closed the door to her room she could hear them talking on the high porch and then she heard the lawn mower. She stepped back in the tub and tried to rest her mind, thinking how the mountains really were, and in this little extra time to herself lazily retelling inside all the new and fine things she had seen.

After her bath she polished her white shoes and slipped into a fresh white uniform. As she entered the hall she once more heard the voices on the porch, but now the tone was different. They were playing bridge. Mr. Brassfield laughed and shouted, "I'll be damned!"

At first Mary could not see Went and little Phil. She saw only the couples playing bridge. Then beyond them, at the rail, she caught a glimpse of the boys, both of them reaching up their hands high above them to the single smooth sapling rail and poking their bellies out over the gorge. They pulled themselves in, giggled in their secret little way, and once more bowed themselves out. Little Phil could barely reach the rail. He tottered once uncertainly.

"Three hearts," said Mrs. St. John firmly.

"By me," said Mr. Brassfield.

"Pass," said Mr. St. John.

Mary leaned against the rough shingled wall. There was no way to get past the table. Mr. Brassfield was sitting back in his chair. She would have to ask someone to move. She opened her mouth to say "Little Phil?" But the words didn't come. He was at the edge, he and Went, they were going to fall. The vision swept before her eyes of little bodies falling, falling down through the treetops and smashing on the rocks. Little Phil and Went swung out again, grinning now and looking at each other.

"And I said to him," said Mr. Brassfield, "if you can't keep these greens watered we can damned well find someone who will. . . ."

And Mary felt herself spinning and dizzy. She wanted to say, "Mr. Brassfield, sir, could you excuse me?" but instead she started moving and when Mr. Brassfield looked up from his cards she was already upon him. He shrank away, but not before she had bumped into him and had hit the card table. Then she was crawling across the floor bruising her knees, and behind her Mrs. St.

John, who had said, "Well, now!" at first, had begun to shriek.

Startled, the boys turned. Little Phil slipped but Mary was there. With a final lunge she caught them both in her arms. Some of the adults helped her up, and she saw that Mr. Brassfield's chair was tipped over and the table was pushed aside. Playing cards were on the floor, and now they were trying to take the boys away from her. Little Phil held her neck tightly, crying huskily and loudly against her ear. Once again she moved, going forward now, her strength surging with a nervous determined explosiveness, its terror knotting in her breast and clouding her eyes. Still holding the children, she broke away and went back down the hall, running now. She opened the door to their room and shoved the bed against it.

At first they knocked and asked her to open the door. But then someone calmly said that it would be best to leave her alone, that she would soon come out of her own accord. Besides, the children trusted her, and she could do more with them. And finally they went away.

She didn't know how long she had been sitting there, holding little Phil and patting Went where he lay on his bed. But soon Went hushed and fell asleep, and in her lap little Phil sobbed only occasionally in his sleep and the tears dried on his long delicate eyelashes. When she was sure he was asleep, she put him down on his bed and watched him snuggle into his pillow. And then because she couldn't help it, she lay on her own bed and gritted her teeth, forcing back the inner swells of cold anger. And finally she turned into her pillow and cried until she was weary. She hadn't cried that way since she was a little girl. She couldn't remember the last time, it had been so long ago.

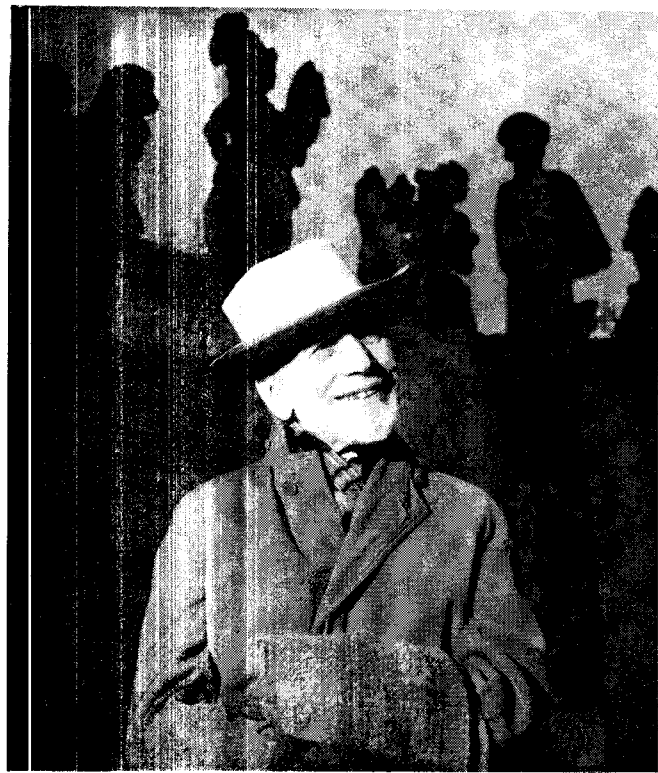
She was lying face up, looking at the ceiling, when Beelah came. He had come quietly up the hall like a cat; it was his way of walking. And the first thing she knew he was knocking at the door, softly saying, "It's me, Beelah. Are the little chaps ready?"

She went quickly to the bathroom then and rinsed her face. "Just a minute, Mr. Beelah," she called brightly. Drying her face, she rushed back to where the boys were, still holding her towel. "Went? Little Phil?" she cried, shaking them awake. "Mr. Beelah's here. Mr. Beelah's here to take you fishing!"

IRIS ORIGO

THE INSATIABLE TRAVELER

BERNARD
BERENSON'S
QUEST



An American by birth who with her husband, the Marchese Antonio Origo, took a daring part in the Italian underground during the war, IRIS ORIGO was an admirer and dear friend of Bernard Berenson. A biographer by choice, her books include a life of Leopardi, a short study of Byron's daughter, and THE LAST ATTACHMENT, an account of Byron's love affair with Countess Guiccioli.

MY FIRST recollection of B.B. dates from nearly fifty years ago, when he was in his early forties and I a child of eight. As I drove with my mother up to the little Tuscan wood of aromatic cypress and pine which was that day's meeting place, he was waiting, with thinly veiled impatience, beneath a tree; a slight, trim figure in a pale-gray suit, with a pointed beard and a red carnation in his buttonhole.

"Come quick," he said. "I want you to see the view before the light fades."

As we climbed over the slippery pine needles — our guide as sure-footed as any of the little black goats we encountered — I thought that I had never seen any grown-up man skip up a hill so lightly, but when, having reached the ledge, we looked down over the valley of the Sieve, I also thought that I seldom had seen anyone stand so still. Later on I realized that he had been just gazing upon the scene below with a delight as fresh and keen as if he were still the young art student who had come to Italy more than twenty years before, but with an eye enriched and sharpened by every undertone of knowledge and comparison which the intervening years had brought.

"Look," he said, pointing to a happily placed farmhouse on a low knoll, with its dovecot and group of cypresses, "look, a Corot."

Of all the facets of that complex personality, this is the one that I remember best — the way in which he would look at what lay before him. One day in my childhood, when he had taken me to see some frescoes, he told me the Indian tale of how the God of Bow and Arrow taught his little boy how to hit a mark. "He took him into a wood and asked him what he saw. The boy said, 'I see a tree.' 'Look again.' 'I see a bird.' 'Look again.' 'I see its head.' 'Again.' 'I see its eye.' 'Then shoot!'" It was the same, B.B. said, in looking. "One moment is enough, if the concentration is absolute."

This concentration was not confined to works of art; it was extended to any and every form of beauty. In some moods he would say, "The study of art is only a preparation for the enjoyment of landscape." But, indeed, for him the two pleasures were so closely interwoven, so enriched by constant cross references to each other, that it would have been difficult to say which was the starting point. "You don't know," he wrote in 1890 to his future wife, after his first visit to Murano, "all that sun and sky and water and light mean to me." And she herself has described how, on their first visit to Verona together, they would spend the whole morning in churches and picture galleries but set out every afternoon into the hills to see how

Unpublished photograph by Fosco Maraini.

the landscape illuminated the background of their favorite pictures "and seemed to stab us with the poignant realization, 'This is Italy!'"

B.B.'s letters and his travel diaries are constantly enriched by his comparisons between other scenes and other works of art, spontaneously welling up to complete a new experience. When he first saw Monte Oliveto, the ash-gray hills and steep, bare canyons at once reminded him of Doré's wildernesses; many years later, the ruins of Ostia Antica appeared to him as "living Hubert Roberts"; the landscape between Barca and Cyrene brought back "the grey-green Claude Lorrains that we admire so much." In the oasis of Tagiura in Tripolitania, he was constantly aware, for all the immediate exoticism of the palm trees and mud huts, of the closeness of the ancient world, not only in the Roman columns of the mosque, "like those in the Cathedral of Cordova or the Great Mosque of Kairouan," but even in the garments of the Arabs. "Often I have wondered," he wrote, "how a Roman wore his toga. Here rich and poor wear it, new or in rags, and stride on utterly unaware of how Antique they look to us." A group of old men waiting on a bench for the hour of prayer recalled the figures of Giovanni Bellini's *Transfiguration*, and when, in the Museum of Tripoli, he was shown a small, exquisite ivory, possibly Alexandrian, of a man crouching in a ritual posture, he was at once reminded of Queequeg, in *Moby Dick*, crouching in ecstatic prayer before a wooden idol.

It was this richness of mind, as revealed in such wholly personal and often unexpected associations and images, layer upon layer, like the fine pastry called *mille-feuilles*, that made him so enchanting a companion in travel or even on an afternoon's country drive, to which he would impart as great a sense of adventure as to a distant journey. "I could follow up any road, any bypath," he wrote, "with the same zest that I would read a story, for the fun of going on and on. I have not yet got over the small boy's dream of a journey coming to an end." And to this his wife has added that there were occasions, at the end of a long day's drive, when he would become "actually deceitful, pretending that something he wanted to see was only 'just round the corner' . . . which proved to be 35 or 40 miles away."

This passion for travel for its own sake, entirely irrespective of its value to his work, was closely allied to what he called his "intemperate lust for reading." "I can get absorbed," he wrote, "in any historical work regarding any people, any period, any movement in religion or in thought, any anthropological or ethnological publication, the more detailed the better. I can read any book of travel. . . . Something within my range of

interest that I have not yet known makes me happy with an almost voluptuous happiness." (His friends will remember the gusto with which he greeted any such novelty with the phrase "*Questo mancava alla mia cultura!*") All this knowledge came to form, thanks to his phenomenal memory, the rich and varied tapestry against which his journeys were unrolled. During a brief journey to Calabria at the age of almost ninety, he wrote that he had not needed to read any books about the region before starting, since his mind was already stocked with impressions from the history and travel books read many years before. He traveled with Lear and Lenormant, with Gissing and Norman Douglas. His present journey was enriched by images of the past; his knowledge of the past quickened by the scene before his eyes. As curious, persistent, and imaginative as a child, as agile as a chamois, as sensitive as a poet, as learned as a sage — that was B.B. upon his travels.

THE taste dated from early childhood. "I recall," he wrote during a journey to Sicily in his old age, "how as a boy of six or seven at most I longed, yearned to go and see what was beyond the horizon. Moving, going towards another town, another village even, used to make me feverish with excitement. And now that I am almost eighty-eight, why am I here, suffering fatigue, discomfort and even boredom, if not from the animal urge 'to go on pilgrimage'?"

It was in 1888, when Berenson was twenty-three, that the journey began. The young, brilliant Jewish art student from Harvard, with little in his pocket but with an indefatigable industry and insatiable curiosity, came back to the Europe which he had left at the age of ten and first of all, in the full tide of the classical enthusiasm acquired at Harvard, made his way to Greece. For his whole life the recollection of those days at Olympia remained bathed in a golden light; he looked back on it as the place where he had first been "utterly cut off from the world, perfectly at one with my natural surroundings." The next year brought him to Sicily and Italy, and thenceforth all his journeys became only, in one sense, roads leading to Rome. He spent several months at Oxford, Berlin, and the Sorbonne and the spring and summer of 1890 in England, meeting his future wife, then Mary Costelloe, and, in her own words, acting "like a catalyst precipitating the various elements held in solution in our family group. . . . Fascinated we listened to his talk about Provençal poetry, the Greek anthology, Russian novels and Wagner's operas. Even my dear Quaker mother [who told her daughter that she had always asso-

ciated the word *pleasure* only with *vice*] listened to his strange doctrines in admiring silence, and we all ordered large photographs of the pictures of Giorgione and Botticelli."

The following winter was spent in the galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, but it was always Italian pictures that the young man turned to and thoughts of Italy that filled his mind. From Berlin he was writing to Mary: "A day in Italy is worth more than a week elsewhere. To get the perfume of a flower so as to be able to tell others what it is, you must go where it grows. The structure one can perhaps study in a herbarium." And he went on to wonder whether it was not this lack of a return to the fountainhead that sometimes produced "the mere scholasticism of directors of galleries. . . . They chew their cud over and over and eat no fresh grass."

The Italy to which he was drawn was one which none of us has ever known. "I knew a Rome," he wrote at eighty-two, "where the country not only embraced the town, but invaded it almost to Piazza di Spagna. From the terrace before San Giovanni in Laterano, the fields stretched out uncontaminated, with only an ancient wine-shop here and there, to the Sleeping Beauty of the Alban Hills." In Sicily in 1889 there was only a single hotel at Taormina, a small pink house below the Roman Theater; and at Girgenti, where he had walked down to the temples to enjoy their beauty by moonlight, his meditations were interrupted by two *carabinieri* on horseback who had galloped down to tell him to return at once, for his own safety, within the city walls.

In 1893 he was preparing his work on Lorenzo Lotto by pursuing Lotto's paintings throughout the smallest and least-known churches of Bergamo and the surroundings, as well as in remote villages of the Marches. Sixty years later, on visiting the Lotto exhibition in Venice in 1953, he recalled with delight the hardships and excitements of that journey, comparing them with those of a medieval pilgrim. Avoiding the crowded horse buses, he traveled mostly on foot or by hiring a light *bagher* (buggy). The inns were scarce and dirty, his food often little more than stale bread and onions with a handful of anchovies, but every morning he woke to "a glamorous adventure," and when at last he found himself before the altarpiece he was seeking, "in the place for which it was made," he felt as great a joy as if, like those earlier pilgrims, he had fulfilled a vow. "It [the picture] remained fixed in memory as a crystalline individuality, and not as a mere particle in the *oeuvre* of a painter. Its overtones lingered in the recollection and its taste on the palate."

By then, the needle of his compass was already set. The three great books which first made his

name, *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, and *The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance*, all appeared between 1894 and 1897, before he was 32. The profession of *expertise* and the partnership with Duveen came some years later, and later still, from the resulting prosperity, the luxurious life of I Tatti. But all this cannot be told here, even if I could. The orientalist, the aesthete, the scholar; the fragile dandy in the exquisite gray suits; the expert whom the dealers, in Kenneth Clark's happy phrase, turned "from a poacher into a game-keeper"; the suave and generous host; the passionate collector of pictures and books; the talker — always witty, sometimes merciless, unfailingly life-giving, who was yet "as easily put off as mediumistic performers by the presence of doubters"; the vehement and sometimes prejudiced politician; the omnivorous, but not always discriminating, reader; the guru of the young; the candid autobiographer; the spoiled child, the lover, and the sage: how could one draw so intricate a pattern, how discriminate fact from legend, in a few pages? To dwell upon a single facet is in itself misleading, but it is the only possibility. The B.B. of whom I shall try to catch a glimpse is the one who happens to appeal to me most — the ardent and insatiable traveler. In the course of seventy years, he became familiar with almost every museum and church, as well as with the most beautiful landscapes, in Europe, but it was always to the Mediterranean that he returned. "Almost everything that sets us above savages," he would quote from Dr. Johnson, "has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."

THE quest was always a double one, an outer journey toward a new scene and an inner one into the perceiving self. He noted, for instance, that the enjoyment of color was a pleasure acquired comparatively late. "I was not born with a feeling for it, and in Boston sixty-five years ago there was little to generate and educate a sense of it." It was only after the revelation of "the atmosphere of disembodied colour" in the Upper Church at Assisi that his eyes were opened, and he gradually came "to enjoy colour as much as smell, almost as much as taste, and as sensuously." With each such acquisition, he felt "as if born to a new kingdom, to an enlarged life," which every passing year only intensified. "I am always increasingly aware," he wrote at eighty-seven, "of what a sum of previously acquired knowledge is injected into those complex perceptions, hearing, taste and sight."

His unpublished letters to his future wife in 1890 and 1891 are fascinating reading, and so are Mary's accounts of their first journeys in Italy

together. The young man revealed is one to whom the years were to bring very few essential changes in character, though many in opinion. We find in his letters, for instance, a wholly disproportionate appreciation of the minor painters of the Veronese school, of whom he said in later years, "They taste like vinegar." Sodoma was also accorded a measureless admiration, while all other Sienese painters after 1400 were dismissed as "simply dull and meaningless."

"When you meet Berenson a second time," his old friend Israel Zangwill used to say, "you are beaten over the head for admiring what he taught you to admire the first," and his wife's phrase, "But, Bernard, you *used* to think . . ." became so well worn as to rouse all their friends to laughter and cause him to retort that his daily prayer had become "Give us this day our daily idea, and forgive us all we thought yesterday!"

What, however, remained wholly unchanged was the zest of those first discoveries. "To be forever learning — never to petrify — that is what I yearn for," he wrote at twenty-four, and the wish was granted. He possessed to the highest degree that most enviable of talents. "the power of seeing everything each day as if it had never been seen before." His wife wrote that, in all their years together, she could never remember his saying of any picture, "Oh, I've already seen that!"

In his letters he shows a constant awareness of the dangers of treading new ground. The Berlin gallery, he wrote, made him feel "almost helplessly ignorant. Pictures tell you so much that you have to take care that they tell you no lies. . . . You can scarcely have an idea how little we really know about the history of Italian Painting, and how very much there is still left for the 'mere' scholar to accomplish."

What gives life to all the letters is the writer's unflinching capacity for delight. "What a wonderful thing it is," Berenson writes from Dresden, "to be on a ladder, face to face with Giorgione's Venus!" His first glimpse of Piazza San Marco is utterly overwhelming. "When I passed through the arch and had my first look at the Campanile and at San Marco, I thought they would fall on me. I have read since that blind people suddenly restored to sight feel so about their first glimpses of the world." At Montepulciano, after seeing for the first time San Biagio, he is "quite dizzy with happiness." Even finding himself locked out of Siena after sundown has its own charm. "A city with walls and gates that really shut is a definite unit, not a mere conglomeration of houses." Even in sleep his adventures do not end: he dreams one night that he is being shown "two unknown Giorgiones. I can see them at this minute, in colour and tone."

Such letters could hardly fail to kindle an answering flame, and when at last Mary joined him on his travels, it is plain that, in spite of the storms and difficulties that lay before them, two happier and more absorbed young sightseers have seldom paced the Italian streets. In the Uffizi, Bernard insisted on leading Mary blindfold to the spot in the adjoining room from which she could best see, for the first time, the *Primavera*. In Rome they walked up the steep, narrow road leading to the Aventine "so intoxicated with new enchantments of thought and feeling" (I am quoting Mary) that a peasant who passed them said to his companions, "*Stanno per baciarsi*" — "They are just going to kiss."

IN THE autumn of 1891, in Verona, their life was as hard-working as it was frugal. They lived on five lire a day each, with Mary wearing her sister's old clothes, breakfasted early at a café in Piazza delle Erbe, and went sightseeing unceasingly all day, their greatest delight consisting in changing the doubtful attributions of many of the pictures. "What a passion it was for us in those days," wrote Mary, "to whisper to each other a new name for an old thing! I can hardly understand it now, for it has become so much the *thing* we care for, and not the name. But then! we used to wonder if Adam had half as much pleasure from naming the animals as we from naming those ancient paintings."

Not that they were always in agreement. Mary would complain of "the spiritual emptiness" of Paolo Veronese; Bernard would rail at her "*oeil dénigrant*"; they would part in anger, eat at separate restaurants, and then meet again to make it up, before the same picture over which they had quarreled. Moreover, Mary's Quaker conscience would not allow her to leave Bernard alone. From their first acquaintance, it had driven her to influence him to "do something" with his work, to impart his conclusions, "in the name of Duty," to others, while he found the effort of writing, which he disliked all his life, extremely distasteful, and besides felt very doubtful as to its value. "I still question," he had written to Mary in early days, "whether it is at all possible to communicate a feeling for art to people, except by personal contact." He dreaded what he called "the danger of falling into literature — I mean of getting to look at pictures as material for writing, of attempting to put great painting into bad prose." He was, at this time, almost wholly without personal ambition. "Even if I went back to America," he wrote to Mary in 1890, "and just earned enough to live quietly somewhere with my sister I should be very happy, because I should have gathered enough

impressions to occupy a whole lifetime." Whether this was true may well be questioned, but it was undoubtedly sincere. And finally, his reluctance to write about art was based on an acute dislike of what he called "humbugology." "Aside from the mere difficulty of composition is the fact that *au fond* — don't be surprised — I am too honest, and too much in earnest. I am so deadly sick of lying and lies. . . . All I really know is once in a while the impression a picture makes upon me. . . ."

Mary won; the books were written, their author's name was made. But now and again, as she herself has recorded, "in moments of conjugal tension," B.B. would complain that she had "ruined his life by turning him from the disinterested contemplator of beauty into its vulgariser." And when, toward the end of his life, he published a revised edition of his *Italian Painters of the Renaissance* (1952), he reaffirmed in the Preface his old tenet that what matters is not reading about pictures, but looking at them. "We must look and look and look till we live in the painting and for a fleeting moment become identified with it. If we do not succeed in loving what through the ages has been loved, it is useless to lie ourselves into believing that we do. A good rough test is whether we feel that it is reconciling us with life."

IT WAS this search for a total self-identification with beauty, a Goethian reconciliation with the whole of life, that marked B.B.'s later journeys, as it had those of his youth. In the years between sixty-two and seventy-three — the years in which, according to his own account, he began to be haunted by a wholly new "feeling of hurry" — he embarked upon another series of journeys, of which one might well write what he himself had said about his first trips to the Italian hill towns: "All the days carried to the evening the buoyancy of morning." With his secretary, Nicky Mariano, as Angel to his Tobit — for Mary was too ill to travel in her last years, and died in Florence in 1946 — he went to Scandinavia, Turkey, Spain, Palestine and Syria, Tunisia and Algeria, Tripolitania, Yugoslavia, and Asia Minor. Once again, after all the years of specialization and fame, he traveled as he had in the 1890s, just "to look and look and look." Once again, he was caught up by the magic of what he called "*Dahin*-ness."

There were some external changes, of course; one does not travel at seventy on five lire a day, or live on bread and onions. Mary Berenson has described the preparations: the letters of introduction "drifting in by every post," the inoculations and the pills and the packing — overcoats of three different weights, glasses and sunglasses, um-

brellas and sunshades, sticks and fly whisks, brandy and camomile and Bengel's Food, and even jam and honey. "But the heaviest part of the luggage is books," not only about the country the travelers were bound for, but "escape books, meant to be read when ruins and archaeology begin to pall: the Bible, poetry, biography."

But, for all this paraphernalia, the traveler's spirit had not changed. When he drove over the rocky desert track from Tripoli to Gadames, all that he cared for, in spite of the torrid heat, the sirocco, the suffocating dust, was the increase in his own awareness. "It has afforded me," he wrote, "sensations of the desert such as I never got, even in Egypt or Algeria." As, at twilight, they passed some campfires of the Touaregs, he remembered the description of an early Arab poet "of how the cinders of such fires recalled to him this or that love of the past, and renewed the ache and longing for the days of his youth." At Gadames, where the whole little city is built within the oasis, around a large pool, he was completely enchanted. "The water bubbles and glitters as at the Clitumnus. The tunnelled alleys form a maze with frequent openings to the sky. Occasionally these widen, and settees, like those of Roman *triclinia*, lie there, and there, against carved columns and ornamented stone walls, sit beggars, children, elders, notables. . . . Here at last I do get an impression of Africa."

At Leptis Magna, and later on at Cyrene, he was able to yield fully to his romantic love of ruins. "They are evocative and romantic," he wrote at Leptis, "to a degree that it would be hard to exaggerate." At Cyrene, in spite of cold so great that he sat writing indoors in a fur-lined coat, he wandered for hours among the rock-cut tombs of the acropolis. "The sentiment of all these invisible ghosts who lived and died in Cyrene down thousands of years, the silence of the ruins accentuated by the distant murmur of the sea, is more impressive than words can express." And the last day before his departure closes on a note of triumph: "So I have been to Cyrene, *und das kann mir Niemand wegnehmen!*" — "and that no one can take away from me!"

After this, the range of B.B.'s journeys, except for a brief return to Tripolitania at nearly ninety, began gradually to draw in, though only geographically. Always he had maintained that a voyage of rediscovery was even better than one of discovery: "The more I do a thing, the more I want to do it." And so, in his eighties, it was with delight that he returned to the places in Italy he had loved most, to Rome and Venice, to Sicily, Calabria, and Romagna. His curiosity was as green as ever, his mind as open to any new idea. He was fascinated, "though I soon have enough of

it," by the new floodlighting of the Forum and the Capitol. "It satisfies our demand for 'otherness,' our childish pleasure in the out of the way." At Reggio, he was willing to admire the new sea front, with its prosperous buildings and public gardens. And at Venice he had no praise too high for Count Cini's restoration of the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the old monastic buildings had been turned into a great cultural foundation and the rest of the island into a training school for poor boys. He saw in it "a neo-monastic establishment" which, perhaps, "in the darkling, noisy and warring world into which we are already plunged, may play the same part that they had for centuries in our past." Even when he could only deplore, as with regard to the tearing down of old buildings to produce wide highways, he asked himself whether his discomfort, in terms of the future, was not perhaps because "we attach our own survival (in a measure at least) to things looking the way that we have always known them."

A friend whom he went to see in Rome has set down, from what he told her, his day's routine at eighty-two. Morning tea at 6:30, writing until 8:45, followed by breakfast with Nicky Mariano, and reading and writing with her until 9:45. Then, after dressing, a morning's sightseeing — generally a single sight, savored at leisure — until 12:30, lunch with friends, a rest, and then out again for another sight or drive from 4 to 6. People to tea, rest, other friends to dinner, and talk until 11:15. Then bed, with Nicky reading aloud until 12:30. And to this I must add that it was not infrequently that some busy ambassador or scholar would be fitted in for breakfast.

When asked whether he did not find it too great a dispersal of his energies to see so many people, he replied that to talk to them was a way of paying one's ticket, one's passage through life. He considered himself a "life-enhancer," and this could only be achieved by talk, not writing. Besides, he himself still received a great deal from people, a sense of usefulness, a vital warmth, the knowledge of the point which his mind had reached. His body told him that he was old, but his mind was still working as if he had before him a hundred years of work, study, adventure.

His last voyage of rediscovery, in his eighty-eighth year, took place very near home; he decided to use the little strength still left to him in visiting the sights of Florence and its surroundings once again and "discovering my present relation to them."

It was then that he began to feel that all the beauty he needed could be found at his own door, not only in the landscape but in the "young people as lovely as flowers" whom he could see whenever he went out for a drive. "among the peasants

working in the fields, the soldiers returning to barracks, the small townspeople out for a stroll." He even sometimes then enjoyed what once had irritated him beyond bearing, the din of what he called "the human hive" — carts going to market, workmen hammering and sawing, children shouting — "because it spelt the presence of other human creatures."

This return to a feeling of sympathy with people of all kinds, instead of with only an elite, which had been markedly lacking during most of his life, was not wholly new. He had known it once before, as a very young man, at the time of his conversion to Catholicism at Monte Oliveto. A few days after his acceptance into the Church, he went to Perugia and from there sent Mary a glowing description of the people strolling down the Corso in their Sunday best, listening to the band. "The sun was so bright, the people looked so merry, I felt such a love for them all. I even felt reconciled to the brass band. There it was playing, why not walk in step with it sweetly and gladly, instead of paralysing my legs by trying to march in a different step?"

The time came when, for all the beauty he required, there was no need to go beyond his own garden. He found in its flowers and trees a beauty and a variety unequaled by any work of art; he discovered there, every morning, "more than enough newness to suffice for the day." "Each day, as I look, I wonder where my eyes were yesterday. . . . I do not even have to look at pictures, for I have become my own painter. . . . I require no sculpture, because my imagination has become so moulding that, having about me such models as the Tuscan peasantry, I can visualize them as statues in movement."

So it was that Berenson's long pilgrimage came to an end. "This self, what is it? For nearly seventy years I have been asking that question." The figure he had presented to other people, he decided, had been merely "an image to which others approach as to a trading-port in old China"; but what of the person he presented to himself? "After so long a run" it seemed to him that he had come to live so much "in people, books, works of art, the landscape . . . that of self little is left over." Whether this was so or not, I should hesitate to say. So vivid, so complex a personality, one in which the ego had been called forth so readily by the vibrations of his interlocutors; could it really become, as its owner at last stated, merely "a perceiving subject"? Certainly the desire was not a new one. "As I look back on seventy years of awareness," he wrote, "and recall the moments of

greatest happiness, they were moments when I lost myself all but completely in some instant of perfect harmony."

His first experience of this nature, of the ecstasy to which he gave the name of "It-ness," had come to him as a child of six, under a lime tree in early summer. It was this that he had sought in his first Italian journeys ("I am sure," he wrote to Mary, "that much of my love for Italy derives from the fact that it makes me completely forget myself") and had found during his conversion — though only very briefly. His wife indeed suggested that it was precisely for this reason that he gradually slipped away from religion. "It was too personal to give him what he needed: it drove him in upon himself . . . while Art drove him out of himself, made him ask, not 'What am I?' but 'What is it?'" In the end he had come to think of "a complete life" as one "ending in so full an identification with the non-self that there is no self left to die."

In the last pages of his *Self-Portrait* he exclaimed, "It is easy now to live in ecstasy." Was it this self-annihilation that he meant? Those times of total abstraction which we all sometimes witnessed in his last years, that disconcerting fall of a shutter, almost in the midst of a sentence; was it merely physical exhaustion, or a more deliberate withdrawal, not only from his friends but from himself?

These were, I think, questions haunting the mind of many as he lay on that last day — wrapped, like a figure in one of his own Renaissance pictures, in a winding sheet made of his soft white cashmere shawl — on the great central table in the library, which was, for all who had sat with him there, the very core of his house. He himself, indeed, had written of the whole house as "a library with living-rooms attached." The body that lay there was so small, so frail, the exquisite long hands were worn to so fine a transparency, the face bore a look of such withdrawn serenity

that it seemed easy to believe that there had been "no self left to die."

It was a still, golden day, and as we followed the coffin to the austere little Renaissance church of San Martino a Mensola, the scene was one of great harmony: the gentleness of the evening light, the pealing bells, the olives outlined against the sky, the country road on which he had started out for so many autumn drives. It felt like a farewell, not only to our old friend but to a whole world, perhaps to the last steady light of humanism in Europe. It seemed very natural, too, to imagine B.B.'s own glance falling — not, perhaps, without a flicker of amusement — upon the scene and upon the very diverse group of people who were gathered there, with no attempt at hierarchy: old friends and new, devoted nurses and faithful servants, royalties and diplomats and literary men, pretty young girls and old women in black shawls, the notables of Florence and the butcher and baker of Ponte a Mensola, the *valletti del Comune* in their scarlet liveries, with the banners of Fiesole and Florence, and the school children in their pinafores, carrying country posies.

A few days later, I returned to I Tatti to see Nicky and went up with her to the working part of the library. Everything was as it had always been: the stillness, the neat and crowded shelves, the papers and photographs upon the tables, the stepladder onto which Nicky climbed to hand down to me B.B.'s last travel diaries. And suddenly we were both overcome by a tremendous sense of continuity, a consciousness of his presence almost greater than if, as so many times before, these books were about to be taken down to him for his own use. "If survival after death were conceivable," he wrote, "I should wish to be the in-dwelling soul of my house and library," the library already bequeathed to the scholars who would come after him. "To speak more grossly, I should like to haunt it." Perhaps he will.

A-Wishing Well

by ROBERT FROST

A poet would a-wishing go,
And he wished love were thus and so.
"If but it were," he said, said he,
"And one thing more that may not be,
This world were good enough for me."
I quote him with respect verbatim.
Some quaint dissatisfaction ate him.
I would give anything to learn
The one thing more of his concern.
But listen to me register
The one thing more I wish there were.
As a confirmed astronomer
I'm always for a better sky.
(I don't care how the world gets by.)
I'm tempted to let go restraint
Like splashing phosphorescent paint,
And fill the sky as full of moons
As circus day of toy balloons.
That ought to make the Sunday Press.
But that's not like me. On much less
And much much easier to get
From childhood has my heart been set.
Some planets, the unblinking four,
Are seen to juggle moons galore.
A lot would be a lot of fun.
But all I ask's an extra one.
Let's get my incantation right:
"I wish I may I wish I might"
Give earth another satellite.
Where would we get another? Come,
Don't you know where new moons are from?
When clever people ask me where
I get a poem, I despair.
I'm apt to tell them in New York
I think I get it via stork
From some extinct old chimney pot.
Believe the Arcadians or not,
They claim they recollect the morn
When unto Earth her first was born.
It cost the Earth as fierce a pang
As Keats (or was it Milton?) sang
It cost her for Enormous Caf.
It came near splitting her in half.
'Twas torn from her Pacific side.

All the sea water in one tide
And all the air rushed to the spot.
Believe the Arcadians or not,
They saved themselves by hanging on
To a plant called the silphion,
Which has for its great attribute
It can't be pulled up by the root.
Men's legs and bodies in the gale
Streamed out like pennants swallow-tail.
Most of them let go and were gone.
But there was this phenomenon:
Some of them gave way at the wrist
Before they gave way at the fist.
In branches of the silphion
Is sometimes found a skeleton
Of desperately clutching hand
Science has failed to understand.
One has been lately all the talk
In the museum of Antioch.
That's how it was from the Pacific.
It needn't be quite so terrific
To get another from the Atlantic.
It needn't be quite so gigantic
As coming from a lesser ocean.
Good liberals will object my notion
Is too hard on the human race.
That's something I'm prepared to face.
It merely would entail the purge
That the just pausing Demiurge
Asks of himself once in so often
So the firm firmament won't soften.
I am assured at any rate
Man's practically inexterminate.
Someday I must go into that.
There's always been an Ararat
Where someone, someone else begat
To start the world all over at.

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JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS



MEMO TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT

This is the third and final article in a series which has dealt with the fatal gap between the presidency and the Congress. Professor of political science at Williams College who served as combat historian in the Pacific during the war, JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS has been active in Massachusetts and national politics since his college days. He is the author of ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX; his new book, JOHN KENNEDY: A POLITICAL PROFILE, was published in January by Harcourt, Brace.

THE next President will win office this fall on a platform pledging hard leadership, leadership that will rally Americans during the early 1960s behind a rigorous program for national strength and survival. Such a program will embrace expanded public services, a more balanced military effort, increased aid to underdeveloped areas, educational equality and excellence, more realistic policies toward China, steady extension of desegregation and voting in the South, broadened medical, housing, and social security programs, urban improvement, modernized farm and labor policies, better development of water and other resources, more coordinated transportation policy, and, not least, the efficiency of the federal government.

This is a long and demanding list, but by no means a new one. Indeed, it is precisely because so many Americans in both parties agree on the contents of this list that we can expect the victor this fall to enter the White House with a heavier burden of specific commitments than any other President in history.

The 1960s will call for drastic political reforms and for an audacity not less than that which Truman exerted in his foreign policies of the 1940s. But the decade will call, too, for something more difficult — a steady flow of power to do the jobs that have been postponed during the 1950s. It is

one thing to spearhead a bold new policy; it is something else, day after day and month after month, to marshal support all along the line behind a program designed essentially to do one crucial thing: to shift expenditures from nonessential private consumption to the public sector. This means stiff fiscal policies and hard political decisions; for example, asking Congress to tax more rather than less, and dealing with the tricky congressional system that requires first an authorizing bill and weeks later an appropriations bill in order to spend money. All this will call for leadership.

For the mandate of 1960 will not be a total one. Winning office with the new President will be a Congress that, no matter what the party ratio, will lean toward far more tepid and conservative policies than his own. Within a few months of the inauguration next January, the new President will face the inevitable chasm between White House and Capitol Hill, with most of his promises still to be redeemed. What then?

All Presidents, even Harding, have encountered this problem in one form or another. Some of them have seen their differences with Congress as simply a matter of poor communication; if only they could explain the problem to some balky committee chairman, they seem to have felt, the

misunderstanding would disappear. So they have breakfasted with congressmen, held weekly meetings with Senate and House leaders, delivered speeches to joint sessions, sent up bulky recommendations and even drafts of bills. Rarely have such methods won over the President's real opponents. For the real problem is that congressional leaders, whether conservative or liberal, hold office on different assumptions, different mandates, different expectations from the President's.

Inevitably the strong Presidents have used the routine weapons of presidential power — patronage, deals, personal pressure, even the pardoning power — vigorously and even cynically. But the routine weapons have not been enough, and beleaguered Presidents have tried to mobilize popular support behind their programs, particularly when congressmen came up for re-election. From Andrew Johnson's effort in 1866 to defend his reconstruction program against the Radicals to Eisenhower and Nixon's attempt in 1958 to win back a Republican Congress, Presidents have made the long whistle-stop trips across the nation in order to force Congress into line.

Johnson failed, so did Eisenhower and Nixon, and so did virtually every President in between, most notably and tragically Woodrow Wilson in 1918. Even masterful Presidents who had pulled into office a Congress of their own party found their power at low ebb halfway through their terms. Almost every mid-term election has seen a diminution of the President's strength on Capitol Hill at the hands of either or both of the congressional parties. The main exception was Franklin Roosevelt, who actually increased his congressional support in 1934. But the inexorable counterforce was only delayed; four years later, despite overwhelming Democratic margins in both chambers, Roosevelt was forced into the most desperate political venture in presidential history, an attempt to purge out of office the leaders of the congressional Democratic Party. And he too failed.

How will the next President tackle the problem that has perplexed and thwarted so many of his predecessors? That this question is already on the minds of at least two presidential candidates became clear in mid-January in a remarkable speech by Senator John F. Kennedy and in a swift rejoinder by Vice President Nixon. Kennedy's statement is worth pondering. Not only did he assert that the President must exercise the fullest powers of his office, "all that are specified and some that are not," but he called for forceful political leadership in the White House. "Legislative leadership is not possible without party

leadership," Kennedy said. "No President, it seems to me, can escape politics. He has not only been chosen by the nation — he has been chosen by his party. And if he insists that he is 'President of all the people' and should therefore offend none of them — if he blurs the issues and differences between the two parties — if he neglects the party machinery and avoids his party's leadership — then he has not only weakened the political party as an instrument of the democratic process — he has dealt a blow to the democratic process itself." Two days later, Nixon took issue with Kennedy's views. Too often people who clamored for more leadership were actually looking for someone to "lead the people to the mountaintop," he said. Some Presidents achieved results by table pounding, others worked more quietly by persuasion.

Perhaps Nixon could afford to take a less activist view of the presidency than Kennedy, for, if elected President this fall, he would probably have an easier time with Congress than would a Democratic chief executive. Such a prediction might seem paradoxical in view of the near-certainty that the Senate will be Democratic next year, and the House may stay Democratic too. But the paradox disappears if we remember that men like Nixon can easily work with men like Lyndon Johnson, because the parties they lead — the presidential Republicans and the congressional Democrats — are close to each other in ideology and program.

Nixon would not enjoy President Eisenhower's personal popularity with most factions of Congress. But he would possess something perhaps as important — a knack for manipulation, for making deals, for exploiting to the full the President's traditional powers of bargain and barter. No detached observer can underestimate that knack, matured in the Vice President's eight years of brokerage operations between Capitol Hill and White House and dramatically displayed in his mediation of the steel strike. Indeed, the darkest failing that Democrats impute to Nixon — his ideological and policy flexibility — would be a positive advantage in his negotiations with congressional blocs and leaders. But even with Nixon, the question insistently arises as to whether traditional higgling and dickering with Congress would be enough.

But what if Nixon loses this fall? Then the victorious Democrats would face a new peril, for the Republican attack would be directed by Nelson Rockefeller. During the next four years, he would serve as both a nagging conscience and political threat to the Democrats. He could seize eagerly on any failure of a Democratic President to deliver on his pledges. As governor of New York, moreover, Rockefeller could offer a striking

contrast to a divided, faltering, or paralyzed Democratic regime in Washington. New York's political system is notably easy on its chief executive: the governor has ample constitutional power; the legislature, usually rather docile, quits the capital after a gratifyingly short session; and the state is wealthy enough to support a vigorous and progressive state administration. Nothing would sharpen the dilemma of the national Democratic Party so much as a liberal and smoothly operating Republican administration in Albany. How would the Democrats avoid such a dilemma?

Clearly, the only way to avoid it would be to put through the Democratic Party program, which would mean overcoming the inertia and opposition of the congressional party. How? The Democratic President who answers this question will not only immensely strengthen his chances for re-election in 1964; he will have succeeded, by a brilliant stroke of political creativity, in modernizing the American party system. For only such a stroke will produce the necessary support for his party and presidential program. The human materials for such political creativity will lie at the President's hand if he has the wit and will to use them.

Those materials will consist of the millions of Americans who vote for him this fall and then have no place to go, politically, after the election. What if the new President, anticipating his need for popular and legislative support, consciously organized his supporters to provide active, continuing backing for his program? What if he consciously created a coherent, organized national party amid the sprawling, impotent political holding companies that make up each of our present major parties? In short, what if he converted his fleeting electoral majority of 1960 into a permanent, organized majority supporting, and to some extent controlling, the government?

The nub of the problem is, of course, Congress, and this is also the President's great opportunity. Past Presidents, thwarted by the congressional parties, have tried to coax, bribe, or threaten their legislative opponents. They have not understood that what most congressmen need is not threats but political help. Many a senator or representative would take a national position instead of a parochial one if he could be assured of local support for that national position. Few congressmen on their own could organize such support, for that takes compelling national leadership, money, and organizational machinery. This is where the President comes in. He could, as party leader, mobilize support for a congressman, assuming that the President led a national party that was organized in the congressman's district. In converting his personal following into organi-

zational support for the congressman, he would unite the presidential and congressional parties behind his policies. Ultimately, if pursued systematically throughout the country, this strategy would create a new party, backing national candidates and somewhat removed from the medley of state and local candidate organizations that now dominate our party organizations.

SUCH a new party would be composed, in broad terms, of a rejuvenated national organization much more representative of the rank and file than the present national committees; of statewide parties representing the state membership and organized behind the party's United States senators; of congressional parties supporting its representatives; and of local clubs. A new national council would meet at least annually to debate and decide party policy. Unlike the Democratic Advisory Council today, it would speak for the party in Congress as well as the Administration, and its statements of policy would be authoritative for the party. A smaller executive committee would meet more frequently, and the party's national head would have far more scope and power than the national chairman has today. The party's paid staff in Washington would be greatly expanded, and it would work closely with volunteers in the states and congressional districts. National party operations at the grass roots would become as professional and vigorous as those of effective labor unions.

The state and congressional units of the national party would have one central concern: electing senators and representatives who would support the party's platform. To do this, the national parties would have to control the nomination of Senate and House candidates as thoroughly as they now control the nomination of presidential candidates at the national conventions. Our present state and local parties simply abdicate this function. And because of its power to grant or deny nominations, the party would be able to stand behind its promises to the people. Those members of Congress who ignored the platform would be denied renomination.

The new parties would become agencies for translating party platforms into national policy. Hence, the majority party would become a governing organization led by the President and the party's congressional leaders. By the same token, the outs would become an agency for more effective and responsible opposition to the ins; more effective because they would speak for a united party, more responsible because they would deliver on the promises once they took office, or take

the consequences. At last we would see an opposition worthy of this rugged role.

Even more important than the structure of the new party would be the spirit that informed it. First, it would be a *membership* party, with privates as well as sergeants and colonels. I do not mean a mass party; I mean a much more widely based party than we have today, organized locally in clubs composed of men and women concerned about national policies and leadership. Today our party committees, in contrast to the Legion and the League of Women Voters, for example, have no rank-and-file dues-paying membership. A substantial card-carrying membership would not only magnify the new party's political power at the grass roots; it would also help solve such problems as the present dependence for money on a few angels.

Second, it would be a *national* party. Instead of trying to nationalize the present jumble of state and local committees — an impossible task — a whole new party must be built. Hence, the new party would avoid the fatal drawback of most party reform proposals, which underestimate the extent to which existing party committees are organized around state and local politicians and therefore cannot be the material for nationally oriented parties. The problems that concerned the new parties would be national problems; hence its organization must be national. While maintaining amicable relations with existing local and state committees, it would avoid local party entanglements that might twist apart the national association.

Third, it would be a *responsible* party; responsible to its membership, to its program, to its historic tradition. This does not mean a meticulously democratic, representative organization; a party needs leadership and discipline to compete with the opposition, and its leaders must be free on occasion to move ahead of the rank and file. It does mean vigorous, informed participation by the rank and file in the party's decisions. Everything would turn on the readiness of voters to take part in local party clubs as energetically as they do now in a host of other civic and fraternal organizations.

The cardinal object of the new national parties, then, would be to draw up a set of national policies, to present them to the voters at election time, and to marshal a steady flow of power behind those policies in Washington in order ultimately to push them through Congress.

To push these policies through Congress: this brings us to the heart of the problem, for the new national party as pictured above could not coexist for long with the present devices that support the congressional parties and nurture

drift and deadlock on Capitol Hill. The seniority system, the filibuster power, archaic committee arrangements, all the encrusted layers of horse-and-buggy government ought to go. There would be a new brand of congressional leadership, working closely with the President and truly representing the legislative rank and file.

Nor could the new party coexist with the present inequitable congressional districts. The gerrymander, which fosters one-party districts and artificially buttresses conservatism in Congress, would have to be legislated out of our national politics. The urban and suburban population of the nation would finally gain in Congress the representation that its numbers warrant, so that the popular majority that elected the President would have a far better chance of winning a majority, at least in the House of Representatives. Congress would at last control the process of electing its own members, a power that it now leaves in the hands of state legislatures.

IS THE coming of such a national party possible, even under the auspices of the strongest and most determined President? Many obstacles come to mind: for example, our aversion to political change and experimentation, our intractable sectionalism and localism, the checks and balances and division of powers that splinter our governmental system. Yet strong tides are running in the direction of a more centralized and responsible national politics. One is the confluence of various nationalizing forces shown in my article in the February *Atlantic*. Another is the conviction of millions of Americans that this decade will see a climactic struggle for national supremacy, if not survival — a conviction hardened by Soviet rivalry in every sector of international competition — and that our political system must therefore be strengthened to perform at peak effectiveness. Another is the fact that, for perhaps the first time in American history, a volunteer presidential campaign group, Citizens for Eisenhower, continued in being *after* the campaign. Finally, there is the rise of the political party club movement, most notably in California and New York. These clubs, composed mainly of people who are interested in issues rather than jobs and who are thirsting for political leadership and national direction, could be sources of mass political backing for the national party.

These trends make national party reorganization possible if party leaders are willing to pay the price. For the Democrats, that price might be steep — a bolt by Democrats in the Solid South. There has been much loose talk about a Southern

bolt in any event in 1960 — perhaps a walk from the national convention — though the Southerners will never quit the party en bloc as long as they hold so much congressional power by staying in. But a reform of congressional procedure would break the grip of conservative Southerners on the legislative machinery, and thus it would destroy their main reason for sticking with the party. In the long run, of course, the Democrats could create a new basis of power in the South, yet the short-term results of a Southern bolt could be painful.

The Republicans would have to pay a price too; like the British Tories, they would have to take their place as the party of steadfast, responsible, moderate conservatism. This might mean losing the services of such senators as Jacob Javits of New York and Clifford Case of New Jersey and others of the small band of Republican liberals. But in the long run the Republicans might more than make up for this loss by gaining the support of responsible conservatives in the Democratic Party. While a man like Harry Byrd of Virginia, ideologically a Taft Republican, will never desert his brand of democracy, the rising business and industrial class in the South will slowly strengthen Republicanism there. But only a party of responsible conservatism — that is, a party able to back up conservative promises, such as a balanced budget, with performance — deserves the support of the conservatives honest enough to desert a realigned Democratic Party.

The main obstacle to national parties through reorganization and realignment, however, will not be political but intellectual. For years both liberals and conservatives have preached the doctrine that our liberties are best protected under a decentralized and ambiguous party system, that party realignment would produce a doctrinaire party of the left and an extremist party of the right, with no place for the independent and moderate voters to go, and that party realignment might even cause a civil war. These arguments can be easily refuted: a weak party system can sap our national determination and strength and thus imperil *all* our liberties; a two-party system in a vast continental nation like ours cannot be anything but moderate and stable; and it was with our present decentralized and disorganized type of party, after all, that we *did* have a civil war. Still, most Americans would theoretically oppose a more clear-cut division of the parties along liberal and conservative lines.

It seems clear, then, that party reorganization and realignment will come about as a result not of academic speculation but of the felt necessities

of practical politicians, especially the politicians in the White House. The initiative for a new party system must come from the top, but it will fail unless there is response among the people. It will be a case of the politicians' being ahead of the theorists in recognizing the need for change.

Just how the new President might direct the building of national parties will depend on many circumstances. At a minimum he would have to put his campaign organization on a continuing basis, to help establish new party leadership at the state and district level, to devote a good deal of attention to party organizational matters, including finance, to mobilize his party's rank-and-file senators and representatives behind new and representative party councils in Congress, to work closely with these councils in enacting legislation — in short, to act as the national leader of a truly national party.

Such a party will not, of course, emerge full-blown in the next Administration. Political change and reform is a tortuous business. It would probably come in piecemeal fashion, rising first in states like New York, California, and Michigan, where the potential for new parties is the greatest. It may be, too, that in the 1960s, as so often in the past, the President will deal with governmental inertia or paralysis by seizing and wielding emergency powers. But how practicable will emergency government be in the 1960s? Given the terrifying possibilities of deepening crisis in the years ahead, statesmanship for this decade will consist not of exploiting crisis but of averting it by mobilizing a steady supply of power to accomplish the scores of immediate tasks that may prevent extreme crisis from ever arising.

One thing is certain: no party reconstruction is possible unless it meets the political needs of the man in the White House. I have talked about the coming of a new party in terms of practical politics because it will be the President glimpsing and exploiting the underlying political tendencies of the nation who will put through his program, and in doing so will win a place for himself in history as a creative political leader. But the problem and possibilities are much bigger than one President's ambitions and program. The man who modernizes our political system, the man who helps establish a majority party able to govern and a minority party able to oppose, will have put an end to the dangerous cycle of drift and deadlock in our national affairs. Hence he will have enabled Americans to regain control of their national politics and reassert their national purpose.

A Nebraska librarian, KATHRYN J. GESTERFIELD received her professional training at the University of Denver and worked for three years in the Denver Public Library before entering the WAC in 1942. For the past thirteen years she has been attached to the Scottsbluff Public Library, where she has had an opportunity to observe the changes in the reading needs of the community she serves. We find her experiences particularly appropriate for the celebration of National Library Week, April 3 to 9.



THE LIBRARY'S NEW ROLE

BY KATHRYN J. GESTERFIELD

As I lock the door of the library on this, the thirteenth anniversary of the day I came to work here, I think of the changes that have taken place in the library, the town, and in me during these years.

Outside, the library does not appear to have changed much, although this coat of paint on the door is one of several that have worn out. The landscaping is new, the bicycle racks are outgrown again, and the universal parking problem has moved to this block too.

Inside, however, the library has changed. The crowded children's room has been converted into a work-storage room, and the present children's room, with its bright tile floor and new stacks, is across the hall in the room formerly used for the auditorium. Weekly story hours and an exciting vacation reading program are held in this new area.

We are equipped with a record collection now and a record player for background music. An art exhibit with pictures by local artists is available for rental by our patrons. We have some of the same old books and many new ones. We have some of the same borrowers that I met the first day I came to work and many new ones. We have had others who moved into our community briefly and then moved on.

We are reading some of the same kind of books, but also new kinds, as the interest of the community changes. Discovery of oil in the area changed the reading, thinking, and economy of the community for a while. When the discovery proved to be a minor one, some of our interest in it lagged. Television came and, after a brief monopoly, began to arouse reading interest in new fields. Chil-

dren we knew at first in high school have been away to college, married, and now bring their children to the library. It is fun to introduce books to the second generation.

Sometimes we think we have done too good a job in interesting young people in the library. As one of my friends said when she came to pick up her daughter, who was working on her term paper, "I never thought the library would be the place for high school kids to get together. It's wonderful." Some of our readers, disturbed by the confusion and crowding which results from this patronage, do not agree. But they do agree with me that we need more room.

Through the years we have seen changes in the kind of reading required by the students and changes in the hours when they need the library most. Split shifts in the schools bring the after-school rush much earlier in the day. Changes in personnel in the schools bring new demands. Whereas the history classes once read biography extensively, now the socio-economic aspect of history is most popular. Shakespeare and the Globe Theatre get a workout from the students of one English teacher each year, while another changes her emphasis frequently, and we must remember to check with her each semester to see what her students will be looking for. What seems to be an adequate supply of books on myths and legends suddenly disappears from the shelves for another assignment. Happily, we have splendid inter-library loan relations with the State Library Commission, so we are able to supplement our waning supply in a hurry.

But all these changes, however interesting from

an administrative view, are not so exciting as the people who use our library. There is one patron who will not read a mystery story set in England. On those rare occasions when she is persuaded to try one and then, amazingly, likes it, we consider it a major victory. There is the teacher who, with her family, visits the library several times each week, and together they read almost everything. They talk about the good books, too, and her students and her children's friends ask for them. There are the people with special interests for whom we never have enough new books — the rock hounds, the art guild, the coin club, and the nature club. All of them add a challenge and a reward to the work of the day.

Most of all, memories of two families stand out. They are ideal library users. One of them stopped in our town all too briefly. The father is a science teacher and was at our college. He was interested in books and magazines in his field, but also in travel books, modern novels, and many other types of literature. His wife, who is an art teacher and an artist in pottery, enameling, and oil, did much to start the first exhibits in the library. But most exciting of all was the task of finding reading material for their son. When he first began to visit the library — a quiet, serious little fellow with bright eyes and a delightful smile — we had a pet chipmunk, and Gregg's first act upon arriving was to feed Scatter. Then, every other week he checked out *Charlotte's Web*. This was his favorite book. His parents read to him, of course, and we knew they were kindred spirits when they enjoyed Charlotte as much as he did and did not object when he went directly to the shelf for it almost every time he came in. His little sister was too small for books when the family was here, and they have gone on now to better opportunities in teaching, but a recent letter tells us that they love books more than ever, and no doubt they are as great a joy to their present librarian as they were to me.

Our other favorite library family shares our hopes and plans, and we share theirs. When they came to town, the daughter was a fifth grader. Together we lived through her horse phase and her science-fiction phase, and we rejoiced together as she developed into an omnivorous reader with wide interests. We were not surprised that she won a scholarship to a large Eastern school. Now we look forward to her vacations, when she tells us of the exciting intellectual challenges she has there. We also welcome her to the library in the summer, because she helps us with various ill-paid but necessary projects, to which she contributes a great deal.

Then along came Trent, who started kindergarten the same year his sister started college. Maybe he is even more fun. We watched him become a library user. His sister could hardly wait to show him the wonder of the books she had known as a child, and she was very successful in her efforts to interest him in them. Great discussions took place about when to read him this book or that. Was he too young for this? How would he feel about *The Long Winter* now? Probably the most serious problem was when he should have *The Wind in the Willows*. Extensive post-mortems have forced us to decide that April had heard it when she was too young. Her mother could not wait to share it with her. As a consequence, she is one who may yet grow into it. She must, regretfully, be likened to the young woman whose letters (according to A. A. Milne) would have to be returned because of her failure to communicate with Kenneth Grahame. So we tried Trent cautiously with Mr. Toad. He liked it! We were exultant. Then he learned to read for himself, and the discovery of the reading process was a great thing in his life. "Mother," he said, "here is a word I've learned." "Yes, and you know this one too." "Oh, yes, I know that one, but I've *learned* this one."

Of course, the parents of such children would have to be charming too. Their house is full of books on every subject from literary criticism to fossil hunting. They use our records and make valuable suggestions for purchases to enhance our collection. They know and worry with us about the library's problems — the budget, the need for more room. In short, they are real friends of the library.

Obviously, these people I have mentioned are personal friends of mine too, as they would be the friends of any librarian. Gregg's family and Trent's family are people you like the first time you meet them, and as time goes on you realize how invaluable they are in this hurried world. They have time to read, to live, to teach their children the values to be found in books and the great enjoyment to be derived from them. Wherever they are, they are good library families.

But what about the people I don't know so well? In our community we have four kinds of people.

First, in terms of age, there are those who came to this country in the days of early settlement, the late 1880s. These people talk about the hardships of early ranching years before this valley became a checkerboard of irrigated farms. Since my grandfather was one of them, I listen to their stories with interest as we select their books. Perhaps today they will take a Western novel, or maybe they are in the mood for Mari Sandoz's *Old Jules*, or *The Cattleman*.

We talk about the range cattle, still going through here when the first settlers came; the cattle and sheep wars, when Tom Horn terrorized western Nebraska as well as Wyoming; the coming of the railroad; and the beginning of this town. We are all bothered by the fact that soon these stories are going to be forgotten, and if they are not written down, one primary source of the history of the West will be lost. These people, along with their descendants, make up the bulk of our community.

Next are the German-Russian farmers, who were attracted to our area in large numbers by the kind of agriculture with which they were familiar — the cultivation of sugar beets. They progressed from hired-hand labor to tenant farming. Now they are the owners and operators of the rich farms surrounding our town, where many crops besides sugar beets are grown. Books on the latest agricultural methods are useful to them, but in many cases the experiments are done here and the books are written after the farming improvements have been adopted by the farmers. The library has a deeper obligation to these people than furnishing the latest books on their business, and it is an obligation we neglected thirty years ago.

Today we have books in German, which are attractive to the older people as well as to the high school students learning German under the new science-propelled program. But we should have had these books for their pleasure years ago. Now many of their colorful Old World customs have been lost, and the best we can do is to suggest to them books for the complete integration of their culture with ours.

Our Spanish-Americans fare slightly better, only because they are more recent arrivals, and we accept them as a different but valuable contribution to our community. We attend their Mexican dinners and watch their folk dances with enjoyment. We have Spanish books for their older readers; two of their girls work at our library; and we are aware that their soft, south-of-the-

border culture warms our sterner northern reality.

We are especially fond of Francisco, who came to this country when he was twelve from a rural area of Mexico. He had never been to school. By the time he was seventeen he had completed grade school and now, two years later, he is finishing high school and taking some courses in college at the same time. He endeared himself to us by coming especially to ask for instruction in the use of the library. It was impossible to fit the orientation course in college into his busy schedule, so we gave him private instruction, which he puts to very good use. He is self-reliant and rarely has to appeal to us for help in finding material for his needs. He is losing some of his accent now, but I am sure that he will always retain his gentle, polite manner of speaking and that the sparkle in his dark eyes is here to stay. We look forward to the day when he can read for fun. He is so busy studying now that he has little time for anything else, but maybe next summer. . . .

Our other large group of citizens were really here before anyone else. The Pine Ridge Reservation is only 150 miles from our town, so we have many transient Sioux Indians as well as permanent residents who have found a place in this community. We are pleased at the success of their children in our schools, and we are happy when Mr. King, the president of the Platte Valley Indian Council, comes in to read the new books about his people. He uses the legends and stories in some of our collections to refresh his memory for the talks he gives each time the council dances. Everyone enjoys these dances, spectators and dancers alike, and we are happy when it is time for the round dance or the "rabbit dance," when non-Indians are invited to share in the fun.

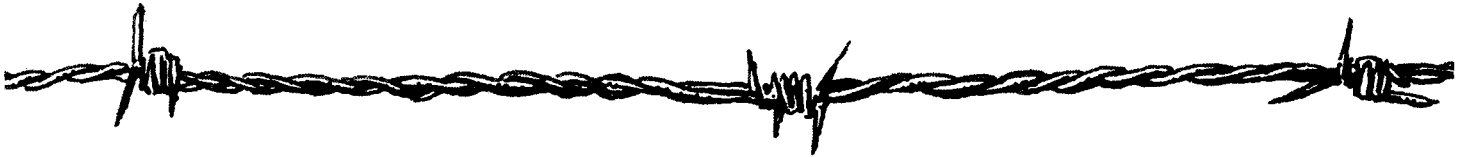
These are the people who have made our community. They are the people who run our businesses, our farms, and our town. They are the teachers and the students in our schools, the members of our churches and clubs. They are the people who have worked with me to help the library progress.



THE SEASON OF THE HATS

by Irene Jerison

An Ohio housewife now in her early thirties, IRENE JERISON was born in Lodz, Poland, spent four years in the ghetto and six months in a German concentration camp before being liberated by the Russians in the spring of 1945. She finally left Poland with a group of refugee children and young people, came to the United States in 1947, attended the University of South Dakota, and received her M.A. from the University of Chicago.



I REMEMBER the spring of 1943 as the season of the hats. Actually, in the Nazi-conceived ghetto in the Polish city of Lodz, where we, the Jews, had been imprisoned for over three years now, season melted into season with gray monotony. I might have missed spring's coming in that huge slum cage of brick and ragged cobblestones, where a budding tree was as rare as a meal and a flower a fable from the past. But as I waded through a slippery mess of melting snow one morning in March, I knew that spring had come.

Early spring in the ghetto was a time of slush, of thick, dirty mud that trickled into my worn shoes, sending up my spine a shiver of cold that was more penetrating than the northern bite of Polish winter. It was a season of wet feet and walls dripping with dampness, of sickness and further weakening. It was not a time of rebirth, either in 1943 or any other year of the war. We were a lot hungrier than the year before, a little shabbier, more worn out. And there were fewer of us. Many died; more had gone in the sporadic deportation drives to destinations one shuddered to guess at. Those who were left had less hope.

Thus, spring in the ghetto may hardly seem the time and place in which to nourish the desire for a new bonnet, and yet this was exactly what happened. The bright ribbons and feathers on multi-colored felt that suddenly sprang up in the squalor that season seem as out of place to me now as a

bunch of bright balloons bobbing over the heads of a funeral procession. But at the time, I, along with many others, dreamed of a new hat.

I was sixteen that year and working in a corsetry shop, one of the many plants that comprised, by virtue of our slave labor for the German industry, the *raison d'être* of the ghetto in Nazi eyes. My boss in the notions supply room of the shop was a young woman, Leah, who had been a milliner before the war. It was she who put the idea of a new hat in my mind when she came to work that first day of the thaw, sporting a jaunty green Tyrolean over her red hair.

"Leah," I gasped when she walked in. "You look marvelous. You look almost pre-war!"

Leah turned slowly in front of me, primping, tilting her head first to the right, then to the left, then facing me fully. I had never thought her a pretty girl. Three and a half years of the war had worked to emphasize the beaky sharpness of her nose and chin to witchlike proportions. Her coat was shapeless with age and wear, and her clumsy shoes gray with mud. But the green hat transformed her appearance to a vision of elegance.

"Do you like it?" she asked as she took the hat off and set it carefully on a shelf behind her desk, on top of a stack of salmon-colored hook-and-eye tape. The hat glimmered darkly in its pink surroundings like a young fir tree thriving in a sun-baked desert.

I didn't answer right away. I stared at the hat with a sudden yearning to own one like it, accepting the desire without question, as I had learned to accept the illogic of the world around me since the outbreak of war. By 1943, life in the ghetto had assumed a macabre permanence for me, and the old cliché that one can get used to anything had almost become a truism. I say *almost* because one never quite gets used to hunger or torture or death. And yet, such as it was, the ghetto was my life, the here and now without conceivable future. After an initial period of stunned indifference, we had all begun to pick up, one by one, the severed threads of busy trivia that make up so much of living. At sixteen, I had never owned a real lady's hat. Spring was here, and soon I would be able to peel off the layers of rags that hadn't quite kept me warm in winter. My summer wardrobe, consisting of a couple of faded, badly fitting cotton dresses, was only more of the same. But a hat!

"Do you like it, Felicia?" There was a hint of impatience in Leah's repetition of the question.

"Like it?" I sighed. "I love it. I, I . . . May I try it on, Leah?"

"Sure. Go ahead." Leah waved toward the hat expansively. "But don't be long at it," she added brusquely. "There is the inventory to finish, and Rosenberg isn't here yet."

OLD Mr. Rosenberg, who completed the staff of the supply room, strolled in with his heavy-footed gait just as I was admiring myself in a piece of mirror which I kept in my desk drawer.

"Good morning, Miss Kohn." As usual he addressed himself only to Leah, using her last name, as befitted a mere employee addressing his boss. He took off his coat and hung it near his favorite table, then sat down. Being an Orthodox Jew, he never parted with his old black hat. He glanced at me and said, "Ah, a new hat, Miss Felicia. Rather becoming." His voice was exceedingly polite, as if it took special effort to speak to me because there was nothing in it for him.

"The hat is not mine," I answered, more abruptly than was necessary. "It's Leah's." I took it off and regretfully put it back on its pink resting place. Rosenberg almost spoiled my pleasure in it.

"Oh." Rosenberg ignored my abruptness. "I thought," he continued in a bittersweet tone, "I thought that perhaps one of your influential friends. . . ."

The sentence remained unfinished. Rosenberg stooped over his table, counting buttons, arranging them in piles of a gross each, tilting back in his chair now and then to admire his accomplishment.

"What about that inventory, Leah?" I asked, pointedly ignoring the old duffer, and walked over to the supply-laden shelves that lined the room on all four sides.

Leah joined me, commanding tolerance with her eyes. We worked quietly, I counting the rolls and bundles, she checking them off in her ledger. But Rosenberg's barb had struck home. He had resented my presence in the supply room from the day I was transferred there, after less than a week's work as a machine operator's apprentice, because my mother knew somebody who knew somebody who knew the Jewish manager of the plant. And I remained sensitive to his resentment. The way of connections was the natural order of things in the ghetto, and we both should have accepted it. It was an order of favors through acquaintances, an order of what the ghetto called "backs." Only the Nazis' backs were immeasurable. Immediately below them was the mad old man whom they had appointed the Eldest of the Jews. His was the broadest back of all, and his favor was considered a personal life line to surviving the war. Immediately below were his henchmen, heads of departments, plants, and the police, their backs still broad and strong, since they controlled all the goods and jobs in the ghetto, dispensing only those for which they had no use themselves. The size of the back of the rest of us was a function of how many life-giving favors we were able to procure. It was truly a man-eat-man society, and the broad backs grew broader under necks that grew thicker and redder with the sparse fat of the land, that never reached the backless mass at the bottom of the ghetto pyramid.

Rosenberg's back was very narrow, and his neck thin and wrinkled. That was why he was the way he was, I knew. He was a harmless old fool, I tried to convince myself, a sometimes amusing bore. I looked at him more kindly.

He stopped counting buttons, leaned back in his chair, balancing it on two legs, and tucked both thumbs under his vest, slowly fanning his fingers back and forth, like a huge insect with tiny wings on the wrong side of the body. He cleared his throat, looking at Leah very seriously, until she stopped her bookkeeping. Then he turned his eyes on me. Mr. Rosenberg was about to speak.

"Miss Kohn," he opened pompously. "Miss Kohn," he repeated. "About that hat. In the spring of 1939, my daughter had a hat just like it, but what felt, what styling! It was imported from Paris — from Paris, mind you." He stopped and looked from Leah to me, his fingers drumming on his vest, letting the import of his pronouncement sink in. "But, of course, I could afford it then. In my corsetry business in Nowomiejska Street I had ten people working for me, you know. . . ."

Oh, yes, we knew, we knew indeed. The corsetry business in Nowomiejska Street figured in every speech of Rosenberg's.

He sighed, looking far across the room. "She looked beautiful in the hat, my daughter did. You should have seen her. . . ."

His fingers stopped drumming in his contemplation of a vision from that bygone world on the other side of the ghetto wire fences, a world that was finished, gone as completely as if it had never existed. But he came back to it again and again, in story after banal story, picking up piece after piece of a structure that had fallen apart as irreparably as Humpty Dumpty. Only Rosenberg refused to see it broken.

"I can imagine," Leah said, much more gently than I ever could, winking at me at the same time. Rosenberg's daughter, who worked at a machine in our shop, was definitely no beauty. But that was old Rosenberg.

"Come on, Felicia," Leah said. "Let's go back to that tape."

Rosenberg took the hint and faced the buttons with a slight sigh. Leah and I came to the shelf on which the green hat blossomed. I lifted it off the roll of tape tenderly and set it down on the next shelf.

Leah was watching me. She put her pencil behind her ear thoughtfully. "Say, doesn't your mother have some old hat she doesn't wear? I could make it over for you just like this one, or any way you like. That's what I used for mine. Just an old hat that was all out of shape."

I lost count of the tape. "Would you? Would you really? Oh, Leah, that would be wonderful! But you must let me pay for it."

"Oh, it's nothing," Leah dismissed my offer with a shrug. "It won't be necessary."

But in the end she yielded to my insistence. As a matter of fact, I was making a rather empty gesture. A price I could afford would be of little use to Leah. Paradoxically, in that time of want money was plentiful. The Nazis paid us in special ghetto currency, and most of us had more cash than the food rations and noontime soups at the plant cost, but not nearly enough to buy extra food on the black market. My payment to Leah wouldn't even buy an ounce of sugar or a slice of bread.

I didn't waste much time speculating on the ironies of ghetto commerce. That was something one took for granted, whereas a new hat was grown-upness, and springtime, and style. I worked on, exhilarated, until Rosenberg broke the silence. "It's very nice of you, Miss Kohn, to make that hat for Felicia," he said. "You are such a busy person."

Leah dismissed the remark with a wave of her

hand. It wasn't nice of Leah, I thought, but only natural. She had somehow managed to keep a characteristic that belonged on the outside of the ghetto wires as much as Rosenberg's corsetry business. Leah was generous. I knew it, but it was Rosenberg who paid it a tribute. Rosenberg, the flatterer of bosses and would-be builder of a "back." And I had thought that he hadn't even heard our conversation, so absorbed had he seemed in the little mother-of-pearl disks that he poured slowly from hand to hand, like grains of sand in an hourglass, while his lips mouthed the figures soundlessly.

MY MOTHER found for me a shapeless brown felt hat which Leah decided would look best on me sailor-style. A few days and two fittings later, Leah came into the supply room one morning carrying a basket covered with a head scarf, from which she proudly took out my new sailor hat, trimmed with a maroon ribbon. The two ends of the ribbon hung loose at the back of the hat, tickling my neck when I tried it on. Wearing it, I felt as Rosenberg's daughter must have felt in her Paris model, and the old man's admiration, whether a tribute to Leah's skill or my appearance, was as extravagant as it must have been on that proud occasion. Since I hadn't enough money with me that day to pay Leah, we agreed that I should do so the following payday. The hat was put on a pile of bias tape next to her green Tyrolean, where I could steal a glance at it now and then as I filled the notions orders of the day.

On my way home, I hardly noticed the slush under my feet or the trickle of water into my shoes. I walked with my head turned toward the dirty windows of empty stores along the street, looking at my fuzzy reflection. Passers-by muttered in anger as I bumped them, walking along, but I didn't even see them. All I saw was my head in the windows, crowned by the hat, its maroon ribbons bobbing at the nape of my neck, the head of a young lady, springlike and dressed up.

Minia, who also worked in the corsetry shop, caught up with me just as I was reaching home. "Sa-a-ay, where did you get that?" she asked, admiration in both her voice and her eyes.

I told her about Leah and her talents, and a day or two later Minia too found an old hat and Leah had another order. By payday, several remodeled hats brightened the shelves of the corsetry shop, while Leah's purse bulged with bulky ghetto money. Even Rosenberg's daughter sported a new hat, paid for from her father's paycheck.

The day was lovely, the first really balmy spring day. Leah was in a good mood, and so was Rosen-

berg, the memories of other lovely days crowding his mind to be spilled over and shared with us at great length.

"Now, for Passover, Miss Kohn, for Passover Mrs. Rosenberg had all the employees and their families to the second Seder. What a table! What a meal! Gefüllte fish, a pike the size of this shelf, and the matzo balls. . . ." He swallowed audibly, droplets of moisture still gathering around his lips as he continued. "Mrs. Rosenberg's matzo balls were famous — light as a feather, with just a touch of ginger and bitter almonds." He stopped, swallowing again, and Leah and I swallowed simultaneously.

The sound of the buzzer for the noon soup-break interrupted the reminiscence just as my hunger rose to an unbearable pitch, excited by the almost tangible taste in my mouth of plump matzo balls complemented by the golden delicacy of chicken broth. It was Rosenberg's turn to fetch the soup for all of us, and as he left the supply room with our three canteens, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't know why it is," I confided to Leah. "We all talk about food, heaven knows, but I just can't take it from Rosenberg. In fact, I can't take Rosenberg at all. I don't know why. I think maybe it is because he is so much like all of us, only more so."

"Oh, leave him alone," Leah said. "He is old, he is hungry. It is harder on him than on us."

Rosenberg rushed in carrying the canteens half filled with a gray liquid in which a few pieces of potato hugged the bottom. He handed Leah's canteen to her, set mine on my worktable, glancing inside before he put it down, and rushed to his favorite chair, stirring the soup with a tin spoon.

"I think it's thick today," he remarked with satisfaction. "I managed to wait till the bottom of the kettle." He began to eat, slowly yet greedily, slurping the liquid, carefully avoiding the potatoes till the end.

"You know what we should do?" Leah asked eagerly between spoonfuls. "I'll buy some sugar with the hat money, and if we each bring a potato, we could bake a grated potato cake in the stove in here, and we could have a party. Remember, you bring a potato each, and I'll take care of the rest. How about that?" She looked from one of us to the other for agreement, smiling.

Before I had time to protest that the hat profits were hers alone, Rosenberg shook his head, shocked. "I am sorry, Miss Leah, not I. I couldn't bring a potato. It's very nice of you, of course, but a potato! I can't do that. All I have is my ration." He glanced at me, the person with connections, pointedly. "But I'll tell you what: I could manage a rutabaga, and I know a new recipe —"

"Forget it," Leah interrupted with an abruptness that startled him. "Forget the whole thing."

Her spirits sank visibly, although to me Rosenberg's reaction was as natural as that of any creature of the ghetto, where food was as private a matter as sex life in a monogamous society. It was she who was out of character. She sighed as she scraped the last bits of potato from the bottom of her canteen. She pushed the canteen away from her angrily and said, "Come on, Felicia. Let's go outside for a few minutes. It really smells like spring today, even in this dump."

WE WALKED out into the pebbled courtyard outside the shop and sat down on the stoop, sunning ourselves. Leah was fidgety and got up after a few moments. "Say," she said, "let's go and see if Rosenberg is through eating. I want to ask him to come out too. I really shouldn't have jumped at him like that."

I got up and walked with her to the supply room window, where she lifted herself onto a ledge. She looked in. In the next moment she was back on the ground, her face white. She tried to pull me away from the window, but I forced her hand off my waist and climbed onto the ledge. I had to see what had shaken her. I looked inside. With trembling hands, Rosenberg was snapping shut Leah's purse, clutching something in his right hand at the same time. He slid the purse back into the desk drawer, looked around cautiously, and tiptoed back to his worktable, stuffing a wad of bills into his vest pocket. It was obvious that he hadn't seen me. I sprang back to life after my shocked contemplation of the silent scene and raised my arm with the intention of knocking on the window when Leah, who had been tugging at me all the time I was watching, firmly pulled me to the ground and held me.

Her paleness was gone and she looked quite composed. "Not a word to anybody," she whispered.

I exploded. "But, Leah," I shouted, "you can't let him get away with it! He is a thief, a dirty, rotten thief. 'How nice of you, Miss Kohn,' " I mimicked. "You must do something, Leah, or — or I will!"

Leah retained her composure. She opened her palms in a resigned gesture. "He is an old man, Felicia. And what good is the money to me anyway? And what can I do about this? What good is a quarter pound of sugar in the long run? It can't give me what I want, what you want, what he wants." She swept the air with a wide motion of her arm as if reaching out beyond the barbed-wire fences surrounding the ghetto. "And if he

thinks a smidgen of sugar will get him closer to it, well. . . ." She paused. "What is there to do?" she reiterated sadly. She turned toward the supply room and I followed her meekly.

Leah was right, I thought. There was little one could do. It was the Germans who had made thieves of us all, and thieves we were. This was something I knew well, a basic tenet for me, a girl who was growing up in the ghetto, whose ethics were being shaped and twisted by the amorality rampant in that cage in which I lived. I was a knowledgeable cynic with the best of them. I was quite aware that the Germans were stealing from us — our property, our work, our food, our very lives. And so on down the line it went: the broad-backed big shots stole from both the Germans and other Jews; those with connections were thieving the due of those who knew nobody. Some husbands stole from wives, and children from parents. And those who had stolen nothing so far would do so without thinking at the first opportunity. Hence Rosenberg, bluntly and directly applying the working philosophy of a denizen of the ghetto, in the manner of a common pickpocket. Hence Leah, accepting his deed without a whisper of protest. How shocking, both. A concept stale with lack of use crept into my mind, pushing to the forefront, forcing expression. Justice! Justice had to be done.

The afternoon dragged endlessly, heavy with the evasive maneuvers of each of us to weave the thin threads of our separate purposes, unbroken through the hours, until the end of the working day.

Rosenberg's voice buzzed unabated. Stories of business coups in Nowomiejska Street chased one another, as if suddenly it had become essential to him to remember how great life had been, as if suddenly he had caught a glimpse of that life waiting for him just around the corner. Once in a while I would see him glancing down to where his waistcoat pocket bulged, touching the bulge surreptitiously, hardly able to wait till his loot was safe. Then the stories continued.

Leah nodded to him absent-mindedly, working in a fever of energy, as if letting up would somehow disrupt her purpose of condonation. She stopped working only long enough to thwart, by gesture or command to another unnecessary job, my every attempt to burst out my knowledge of Rosenberg's deed. She succeeded. All that long afternoon, I sought justice in vain.

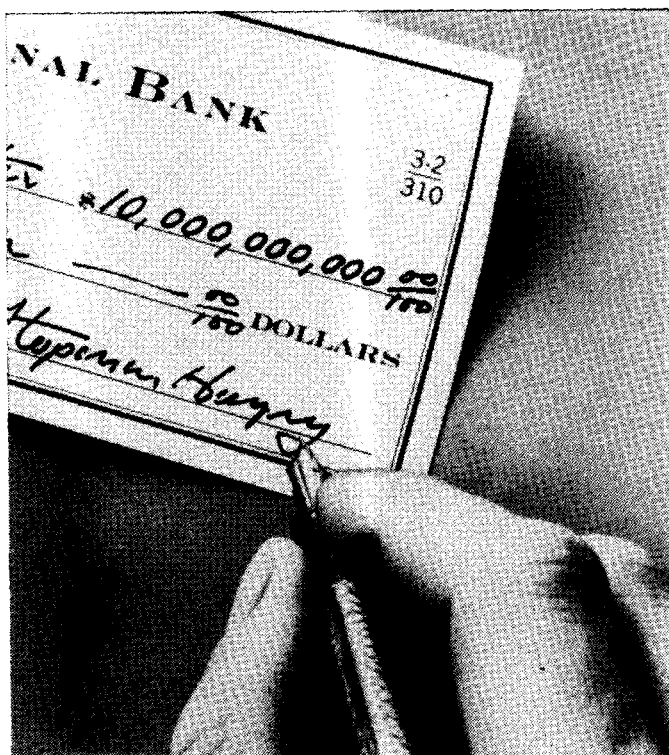
At last closing time came.

"So you see, Miss Kohn —" Rosenberg's voice broke off the moment the sound of the five-o'clock buzzer joined it. He cocked his head toward the buzz, half up from his chair already. Leah grabbed her hat and set it on her head carelessly, then put on her coat, fussing with the buttons.

I walked toward the shelf on which I kept my hat. At the same time, Rosenberg shuffled in the opposite direction to put away his inevitable box of buttons. I brushed against him — purposely or not, I couldn't tell. The open box tipped and the buttons showered onto the floor with a delicate rustle. Instinctively, I crouched down to pick them up. Next to me, Rosenberg bent down laboriously, and as he did the packet of money slipped out of his vest pocket and fell between us. I was younger, and my movements quicker. I covered the bills with my hand, staring into Rosenberg's eyes. Clutching the money, I rose slowly, brushing against Leah, immobile right behind me. I hadn't been aware of her approach. I thrust the bills into her hand, pressing her fingers around the packet. Leah stared at the bills, then slipped them into her coat pocket mechanically, her face unhappy, as if hypnotized by the pantomime in which she was made to take her assigned part. I reached for my hat. As I turned toward the door, I could see Rosenberg straightening up slowly, his fingers grabbing a shelf for support. I fled the supply room, ran along the hall, and stumbled down the front steps, out into the sunshine.

I wore my sailor hat with little pleasure that day, in spite of the glorious weather. Walking along a border street between the ghetto and the rest of the city, I, the instrument of justice in the supply room, could congratulate myself. I had seen dishonesty punished and virtue rewarded. But where was the satisfaction of seeing it happen? Dishonesty, justice. Virtue and justice. Beautiful words, but discordant, like a solemn hymn sung at the Bacchanalia. I looked through the barbed-wire fence between me and the world on the other side of the street, me and the outside.

I might have raised my head too abruptly, or a sudden breeze might have started up, or I might have forgotten to fasten the hatpin. Whatever the reason, I suddenly saw my hat wafted between the strands of barbed wire and across the road, gathering mud as it moved, until it settled on the opposite sidewalk. I started after it, then stopped short, because, of course, I had nowhere to go. The German guard who had been pacing in the middle of the street noticed the hat, made a motion toward it, then shrugged. I took a step, turned, walked on. The hat was lying in the mud where it fell. I too shrugged, hoping that somebody would rescue it on the outside. I had no more use for it. The ghetto was the ghetto, and the outside was the world, and hats, like justice, belonged in one but not the other. I walked on home, my hatless head bent low, idly noticing the splotchy patterns the mud traced on my boots.



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HOLIFIELD



OF CALIFORNIA

by Warren Unna

WARREN UNNA has recently traveled for more than a year on a grant from the Institute of Current World Affairs, studying neutralism in countries that are not allied with either the Soviet Union or the West. Previously, Mr. Unna had for three years covered the Atomic Energy Commission for the Washington POST and during that period had come to know Chet Holifield, the vigorous and popular congressman from California.

CONGRESSMAN Chet Holifield did not bother to go home to campaign in California's last primary: he thought his constituents knew enough about his work in Washington during the preceding sixteen years and did not have to be told. They justified his faith in November, 1958, when they voted 134,000 to 26,000 to return him to Congress for another term.

Holifield is a senior member and one of the most active participants in two key committees, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and the House Government Operations Committee. As a member of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, he is also one of the few congressmen to have a third committee assignment. Holifield pushed hard for the development of the H-bomb, drew up the legislation creating the General Services Administration, served as one of the two House representatives on the second Hoover Commission, initiated the fight to squelch the Eisenhower Administration's now abortive Dixon-Yates power contract, has plugged for years — unheeded — for an adequate federal civil defense program, and conceived and chaired the first full-scale investigation of radioactive fall-out.

Chester Earl Holifield, the 56-year-old Los Angeles congressman, was born in Mayfield, Kentucky. His family stayed there only a year and then moved to Arkansas. After his mother died and his father remarried, Holifield at fifteen made a permanent break with home and high school in favor of Kansas wheat fields, Oklahoma oil diggings, the rails, and the hitchhiker's road.

He was not surprised to find himself in California: "I'd read of the romance of the forty-niners and, as a boy, wanted to go out there. Then, like ten million other people, I went."

Holifield's first job was as a presser in a Pasadena cleaning and dyeing shop. Before he was nineteen, he had married Vernice Caneer ("Cam") and started his own cleaning and pressing business in Montebello, one of the many subcommunities in central Los Angeles.

By 1927, with the boom in full swing, Holifield borrowed \$1750 and converted his pressing business into a men's wear shop. Within four years, he had a double reverse. He was hunting wild goats on Catalina Island with a friend when a stray shot — origin still unknown — shattered his leg bone. That stray shot from nowhere kept him bedridden or in a wheel chair for four years.

The store was Holifield's second reverse. Soon after his hunting accident, in 1931, the Depression reached the West, closed his bank, and made worthless the checks he carefully had made out to his creditors. Holifield mortgaged his five-room house and finally lost it. When he was finally able to get back to work, he found that his liabilities were about twice his assets.

It was then that haberdasher Holifield started to turn political philosopher. "I realized that, regardless of a man's personal ability, economic depression could take away all of his gains through years of hard work." He began to read and speak out. He became a close friend of Jerry Voorhis, a man Holifield came to look upon as "the ideal

public servant,” and managed Voorhis’ successful campaign for Congress. Following the 1940 census, southern California had such a population increase that a new 19th Congressional District was carved out, part from Voorhis’ area, part from an adjoining one. At Voorhis’ suggestion, Holifield decided to take a flier in the 1942 election. He beat out thirteen other Democrats for the primary nomination. In the general election, he managed to defeat his Republican opponent, Max Ward, a Huntington Park newspaper publisher, by a vote of nearly 35,000 to 20,000.

Holifield has won with increasing pluralities ever since, three times secured both the Republican and Democratic endorsement in the primaries, and thinks he could have done this again in 1958 and avoided the bother of the November election. But instead he decided to run only on the Democratic ticket, “in an effort to bring some order out of the chaotic cross-filing situation in California. I was hoping that there would be a clear-cut line drawn between the Republican and Democratic parties in order to give the voters a decisive choice.”

BECAUSE of his leg, not right to this day, Holifield was never able to get into uniform during World War II. As second-best choice, when he got to Congress, he sought and gained membership on the Military Affairs Committee. After the war and in the course of committee business, Holifield came across the May-Johnson Bill, a measure jointly sponsored by former Senator Edwin C. Johnson (Democrat, Colorado) and the late Representative Andrew J. May (Democrat, Kentucky), which would have turned the nation’s new atomic energy program over to the military.

“I thought this source of energy should be developed along other than military lines and tried to get civilian control,” Holifield commented. Although this was only 1945 and Holifield was but a second-term congressman, he strode into the office of Chairman May and thumped on his desk to demand extended hearings. He found May’s interest confined to what the bill would do for his Kentucky coal miners. The chairman gave him what Holifield now describes as “summary” treatment and held only a day or two of hearings on the May-Johnson Bill.

Holifield also became aware of tremendous pressure from the Pentagon to nab this new atomic area for the military. Accordingly, he and Representatives Voorhis, Helen Gahagan Douglas (Democrat, California), George E. Outland (Democrat, California), and Andrew J. Biemiller (Democrat, Wisconsin) publicly appealed to the nation’s scientists to come to Washington and state

their case. Several hundred jammed the caucus room of the old House Office Building, including such renowned physicists as Leo Szilard and Harold Urey. The scientists backed Holifield and insisted that the great research and development which lay ahead for nuclear physics could not properly be conducted under military discipline.

May took a committee vote anyway. All but two of the members of the House Military Affairs Committee, Holifield and his close friend Melvin Price (Democrat, Illinois), voted for military control of the atom.

But the furor engendered by the scientists’ meeting did succeed in delaying the vote in the Senate. And then came a jurisdictional dispute in which Senator Johnson wanted to claim atomic energy matters for his Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and Senator Millard Tydings (Democrat, Maryland) wanted it for his Armed Services Committee. A year of wrangling followed, time enough for a freshman senator, Brien McMahon (Democrat, Connecticut), to introduce a bill calling for a study of atomic jurisdiction. Vice President Barkley, presiding over the Senate, assigned the matter to McMahon under a special select committee, which a year later became the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

The scientists by now had organized themselves into the Federation of American Scientists. “This really brought them out from the laboratories and into public life. They became public speakers,” Holifield recalls. And in the end, a bill which had been greased to roll through both House and Senate in a matter of days and hand the atom to the military ended up with atomic energy under civilian control.

Holifield has been with the atom ever since, and in recognition of his vanguard work, Speaker Sam Rayburn made him a charter member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

Holifield was a strong defender of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, yet he was completely opposed to the decision of Oppenheimer, chairman of the AEC’s General Advisory Committee, and of the majority of the commission itself not to go ahead with the H-bomb. Chairman McMahon appointed Holifield head of a special Joint Atomic Energy Subcommittee to gather testimony from scientists around the country, particularly from those at Los Alamos familiar with the thermonuclear theories of Edward Teller and Stanislaw Ulam. Holifield found himself in agreement with the majority of the scientists in believing that an H-bomb could and must be made. With the backing of the full Joint Committee, he and McMahon went to President Truman in late 1949 and told him that he should disregard the advice of his experts, Oppenheimer and the AEC, and go

ahead with a project which would cost the nation \$1 billion and absorb most of the fissionable Uranium 235 then on hand. Mr. Truman had the National Security Council take a new look at the problem and then, with the strong backing of Secretary of State Dean Acheson, the President made his decision.

On August 13, 1953, nine months after this country had tested its first thermonuclear device, the Soviets exploded their first H-bomb. Says Holifield, "If Mr. Truman had not made the decision to go ahead, we would have faced a Soviet weapon a thousand times more powerful than the one we had."

Some consider Holifield to be too much of a militarist. Yet it was Holifield who first warned of the danger of creating a "fourth atomic power" — in addition to the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain — when the Administration sought wide nuclear exchange authority in 1958. Holifield stubbornly held out against nuclear promiscuity. A majority of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy finally rallied around him. And in the end, the Administration had to content itself with a nuclear exchange bill that was pretty much geared to Britain alone — and to congressional check-back at almost every stage.

THE California congressman also has been very much concerned with the development of atomic power for peaceful uses. He and Senator Albert Gore (Democrat, Tennessee) have repeatedly introduced bills for massive government assistance to get this country's atomic power program going. The Eisenhower Administration, particularly under former AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss, has feared future TVAs in such assistance. The Republicans have been convinced that once the government set the precedent for constructing, operating, and owning prototype power plants, the socialistic foot would be in the door. Accordingly, the Administration has preferred to let private industry develop atomic power at its own pace.

Holifield finds this a bit ironic. As ranking minority member (now chairman) of the Joint Committee's powerful Legislative Subcommittee, a group which supervises an annual budget in the hundreds of millions, Holifield saw to it that the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 — the then-Republican Congress' go-ahead to private industry — contained Section 261, a no-subsidy clause.

Holifield remarks: "The sponsors of the act were so sold on the fact that private enterprise would do the job that I told them surely they would be opposed to any hidden subsidies by the government. I had no trouble getting the clause

approved, and my judgment in the minority report on the act was proved right. The act was premature, and the Republicans have been trying ever since to find some means for subsidizing the industry."

Another attempt was a plutonium buy-back provision which the AEC first tried to have inserted in the government's contract with a power plant under construction on the shores of Lake Erie by the Power Reactor Development Company, headed by Walker L. Cislser of Detroit Edison. The idea was to provide a government-guaranteed price to purchase the weapons-grade plutonium which the power plant produced in the course of its nuclear power operation. When this was stopped by the Joint Committee under the no-subsidy clause, the AEC tried to have a plutonium buy-back provision inserted in this country's aid treaty with the Euratom countries. Holifield and the Joint Committee Democrats, suspecting a foreign precedent for future domestic action, spiked that one too.

It was also this shrewd congressman who first found something irregular in the Dixon-Yates power contract. Dixon-Yates involved the AEC, but no atomic power. The proposal was that the government should financially assist a private utility to build a steam-generating plant which would pump electricity into TVA lines, to replace power the AEC was using at its uranium-production plants. "The whole thing," Holifield observes, "was a devious attempt on the part of the Republican Administration to destroy the concept of TVA by using an administrative means to finance and subsidize a private utility group in the TVA customer area."

Holifield went before the House with a full-dress analysis of the lengthy contract, citing eighteen points in which he thought the government would be at a disadvantage. The California congressman's argument was picked up by Tennessee's senators, Gore and Kefauver, and the two-year fight was on. The Republican majority on the Joint Committee permitted the AEC to go ahead and sign the contract at the end of 1954. But a Democratic majority, returned by the electorate at the beginning of 1955, reversed the action. The state of Tennessee sued, the government canceled the contract and began picking up Holifield's eighteen points to avoid its breach-of-contract suit from the private utility people.

How does Holifield sniff these things out? "I'm always suspicious of a lack of frankness, either in the spoken language of a witness or in the text of a bill," he says. "When I read a draft of legislation that is not easy to understand, I usually find on investigation that the very reason for its ambiguity is that it is covering something up, something that its proponent wants to slip through."

Does the congressman always get his way?

Holifield laughs at that. "Not always. But it puts your opponent in a very difficult position when he tries to justify legislation on the testimony of witnesses' intentions."

There was one occasion in 1957 when Holifield got his way without argument from either the Administration or his colleagues. This was during the eight days of hearings on the whys and wherefores of radioactive fall-out. Holifield, disturbed by "all this fog of propaganda on radiation," went to Representative Carl T. Durham (Democrat, North Carolina), the Joint Atomic Energy Committee's then chairman, and persuaded him that there was a need for objective testimony based on what scientists, not politicians, had to say about fall-out. The Holifield hearings which followed were so successful that AEC Chairman Strauss and Commissioner Willard F. Libby complimented Holifield for his fairness — even though the Holifield hearings brought out the facts the AEC up until then had failed to provide.

Holifield's interests often parallel themselves. While the congressman was chairing a series of Joint Atomic Energy Committee hearings on fall-out, through his other capacity as chairman of the House Committee on Government Operations he was preparing a lengthy series of hearings on civil defense. His civil defense hearings are practically the only congressional record on the subject. Senator Kefauver held a series in the Senate some years back, but they petered out when Kefauver found himself the only senator in attendance.

In his own hearings, Holifield not only secured expert scientific testimony on the problem; he persuaded Federal Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson to recommend a \$32 billion federal shelter program.

The Holifield committee's civil defense recommendations contained such a tone of urgency that President Eisenhower appointed the Gaither Committee to look into the matter. The Gaither Report, never made public, then proceeded to assess the whole state of national defense in this country. And its civil defense recommendations are believed to have been almost identical with those of Holifield's committee.

House Speaker Sam Rayburn has seen to it that Holifield has been given the committee assignments of his choice and singled him out as the sole Democratic appointee from the House to the second Hoover Commission. It generally has been assumed that the Speaker and Holifield, both ardent admirers of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, hold pretty much the same political philosophy. But they part company on at least

one issue: the natural gas bill. Rayburn, of Texas, is not only for freeing natural gas producers from federal price control; he is considered by some to be the bill's strongest advocate in Congress.

Holifield has the Santa Fe Spring oil field, one of California's biggest, right within his congressional district. Another field is within five hundred yards of his Los Angeles home. For his white-collar, small-businessman constituents, the natural gas bill was not an issue; for Holifield's oil company constituents, it obviously was. They wanted freedom from federal price controls. So did Rayburn. And in the spring of 1958 the Speaker turned every trick he knew to get the bill through the House. When the vote came, he called Holifield up to the Speaker's rostrum and made no bones about what he wanted.

It was the first request Rayburn had ever made of his younger colleague in the sixteen years he had been helping him along through Congress, and Holifield knew it. Says Holifield, still squirming with the memory, "It wasn't hard to turn down the oil and gas interests in my own district. But it was hard to turn down the Speaker. I told him I had to vote against it on principle."

Does Holifield ever aspire to be a senator?

He says no. One reason is seniority. After seventeen years in the House, he will become chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, if the Democrats keep their House majority next year. He also is next in line to succeed the chairman on the House Government Operations Committee. Because of his seniority, he heads important subcommittees, has the leadership's ear, and can get his legislation through the various blockades of hearing, committee vote, and floor vote.

But an equal deterrent to running for the Senate, in Holifield's mind, is the high cost of getting elected in California. "I represent a workingman's district composed of people in the factories, railroad shops, downtown clerical jobs, and small businesses," he says. "Due to intense campaigning and the fact that the district is three-to-one Democratic, I am able to make a campaign on \$5000 or less. It takes \$500,000 to be elected to the Senate in California. This means TV time, direct mail, advertising in the papers, in newsreels, and on billboards. I cannot depend upon any of the usual sources of financing in a state-wide campaign. There is no strong Democratic Party organization in California."

Big-business backing, Holifield thinks, is out of the question. His voting record has been for his small-businessman constituent and against the bills put forth by the large utilities, the banks, and the oil companies. "I considered them detrimental to my district."



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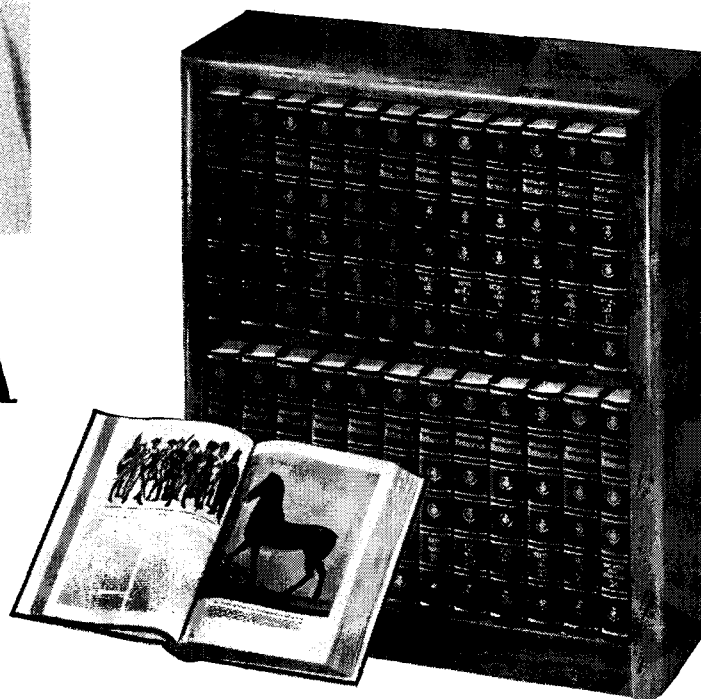
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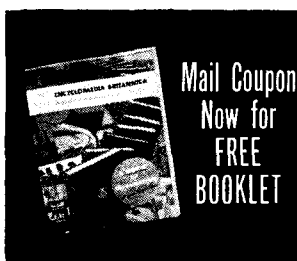
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BOOKS AND MEN

As foreign affairs reporter for the Washington POST, CHALMERS M. ROBERTS has covered many of the conferences at critical periods in our recent history and has been in a position to study closely the fluctuations in Anglo-American relationships. We have therefore turned to him for an appraisal of Sir Anthony Eden's new book, FULL CIRCLE, recently published by Houghton Mifflin.

SUEZ IN RETROSPECT

Anthony Eden's Memoirs

BY CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

ON THE afternoon of November 6, 1956, presidential election day in the United States, President Eisenhower "telephoned to me when I was in my room in the House of Commons. He was vigorous and in good spirits. He was delighted by our order to cease fire and commented that we had got what we had set out to do; the fighting was over and had not spread." The phone conversation took place on the new transatlantic cable. "The President commented on its remarkable clarity and encouraged me to keep in touch by this means and telephone to him at any time. There seemed no doubt at that moment that friendship between our two countries could be quickly reanimated." Thus writes Anthony Eden in his memoirs, *Full Circle* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95). At long last he saw a glimmer of hope that the frustrations in Anglo-American relations which followed Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal and the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt might be ended.

Next day Eden followed up the Eisenhower suggestion. He called the President. "I told him I thought it important that we should meet and have a full discussion on the situation. He agreed and asked me what date I had in mind. I said the sooner the better and suggested that M. Mollet and I might fly over that evening." The President authorized Eden to extend the invitation to Premier Guy Mollet in Paris and Mollet agreed.

But it was not to be. An hour later the President phoned back to express some doubts. A second Eisenhower call that evening brought the excuse that the President "would be much taken up in the days ahead in consultations with the leaders of Congress." Eden kept trying, but Eisenhower continued to withhold the invitation.

Eden, in telling this story for the first time, does not speculate on why Eisenhower changed his

mind. But there is no doubt of his suspicions as to who was responsible — John Foster Dulles. The late Secretary of State was Eden's *bête noire*. Thus *Full Circle* is often an account of the unhappy Eden-Dulles relationship, in the years 1953 to 1955, when Eden was Foreign Secretary under Winston Churchill, and until January, 1957, when he was Prime Minister and Dulles remained the power behind Eisenhower. In a larger sense, however, the book is a demonstration of how important are human relations in world affairs. True enough, great events occurring beyond the control of both Eden and Dulles dominated the scene in these years. But the ability of the two men to shape the course of these events was very great indeed. The tragedy here demonstrated is that they worked at opposite purposes, often with a resultant weakening of Anglo-American relationships and to the permanent injury of the Western world in the continuing East-West conflict.

To Eden, Dulles was "a preacher in a world of politics." To Eden, he "seemed sometimes to have little regard for the consequence of his words." Dulles' "cynicism toward allies destroys true partnership. It leaves only the choice of parting, or a master and vassal relationship in foreign policy." Though Eden does not say so, Dulles had no love for him, and on occasion was foolish enough to let it be known in ways that soon got back to Eden. Nor was their often strained relationship a result only of the long Suez affair. It began, as Eden writes, back in 1952, when Eden was Foreign Secretary and Dulles was Harry Truman's special envoy for the Japanese peace treaty. Dulles had agreed with Herbert Morrison, the Labor Foreign Secretary, that neither would pressure the Japanese to recognize Red China or Nationalist China. But in 1952

Dulles and the Japanese published, without prior word to Eden, a Japanese announcement that Japan would recognize the Nationalists. Eden says that Dulles and the then Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, explained that if Japan did not do so, the China Lobby in America might prevent ratification of the treaty. It was this sort of double-dealing, as Eden saw it, which was to plague the Eden-Dulles relationship to the end.

Full Circle is not an autobiography. Rather, it is an ex parte account of Eden's conduct of major foreign policy, and occasional domestic issues, with emphasis on the 1956 Suez crisis and the 1954 Indochina affair. Totally lacking is the Churchillian sweep-of-history approach. The writing is pedestrian, often dull, and the explanations on occasion are disingenuous. There are few documents — chiefly Eden's own minutes and some messages he sent Eisenhower — and very little of what he tells was not generally known. Nonetheless, *Full Circle* adds an important account in contemporary history.

As the foreign affairs reporter for the *Washington Post*, I spent many months following the course of both the Indochina and Suez affairs. Eden's Indochina account, especially those parts involving the American efforts under Dulles' leadership to bring about allied intervention in the war with the Communists, is in accord with the known facts. It is largely confirmatory. Here, for the first time, a major participant in the events tells the story of Dulles' desire to strike militarily and the willingness of Admiral Radford, then chairman of the American Joint Chiefs of Staff, to bomb Communist airfields in mainland China if the Chinese countered a United States intervention by intervening themselves.

Here is confirmation that there was an American plan for a naval air strike to save the then besieged fortress of Dien Bien Phu on April 28 and that the President was willing to go to Congress a few days in advance to ask for sanction. The whole effort collapsed because the British, led by Eden, refused to have any part in it. After the publication in the *Times* of London of this section of the Eden book, Eisenhower told a press conference that Eden had mistaken Dulles' actions, that Dulles had been talking only of "possibilities that might . . . be considered as proposals, when they were not meant [as] that at all." But this, too, is disingenuous. The record is clear and includes Dulles' own account in his famous "brink of war" interview in *Life* magazine in 1956.

THE quarrel with Eden's history centers on his account of Suez. It is not, however, a matter of

commission but of omission. Eden's reason for sending British armed forces into Egypt along with the French after the Israeli strike across Sinai, the reason he announced in the House of Commons, was to "separate the belligerents and to guarantee freedom of transit through the canal by the ships of all nations." This was, in fact, only a device to strike at Nasser in hopes of bringing him down. But Eden is stuck with the explanation, because at the time he flatly denied any connivance with Israel. He now remains silent on a critical part of the story. This is what happened when Eden, his Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, Mollet, and his Foreign Secretary, Christian Pineau, met alone in Paris on October 16. Eden contends that the four men "reviewed alternatives" and that the British asked the French to tell the Israelis, because "our relations with Israel were not close or intimate," that "an attack on Jordan would have to be resisted by us." As it turned out, the talk of an Israeli attack on Jordan helped to confuse Washington and served as a cover for the strike at Egypt.

There is, however, very strong circumstantial evidence, most of it already published in the American and foreign press, that it was at this October 16 conference that Britain and France agreed to strike at Egypt in concert with an Israeli attack. It is known, for example, that from that day until the war broke out there was what Dulles later called a "blackout" in Anglo-American diplomatic relations. American officials in London, and in Paris and Israel as well, were given the runaround. Dulles' efforts to find out what was going on not only availed nothing, but on October 28 the American ambassador in London, Winthrop Aldrich, was told by Lloyd that Britain was very hopeful of a peaceful Canal settlement. Yet Eden states in his book that it was on October 25 that the British Cabinet "discussed the specific possibility of conflict between Israel and Egypt and decided in principle how it would react if this occurred." If one or both sides refused to stop hostilities, the Cabinet decided, "then British and French forces would intervene as a temporary measure to separate the combatants." Dulles rightly felt he had been deceived when that plan was put into effect.

There is nothing in the Eden book about differences within the British Cabinet, though there are reasons to believe that Eden did not tell all its members what he had already agreed to with the French or what he knew of the Israeli plans. Also, the book fails to mention that the Israeli strike came several days earlier than had been planned, thus throwing the Anglo-French attack off schedule, because at the moment the Soviet Union was mired in the Hungarian tragedy.

The reason for the Anglo-French blackout to the United States is evident enough. Eden and his allies knew that Dulles had been working for months to prevent their going to war, that he had used numerous delaying tactics, including the abortive plan for a Canal Users' Association. But Dulles infuriated Eden because from time to time he hinted publicly that he might approve the use of force. Eden was convinced that Dulles was two-faced after he heard that Dulles, following the cease-fire and when Dulles was in the hospital, had "deplored [to Lloyd personally] that we had not managed to bring Nasser down and declared that he must be prevented from getting away with it." But Eden, the gentleman, instead of exploding in print, comments only that "the actions of the United States Government had exactly the opposite result."

After the cease-fire, the result of Eisenhower-Dulles pressure plus the Soviet rocket threat, which Eden discounts but which other sources indicate was a major factor, Eden hoped for a quick reconciliation with the United States and for American help to force a favorable settlement with Nasser. Instead, writes Eden, the Administration in Washington "seemed to be dominated at this time by one thought only, to harry their allies." Treasury Secretary George Humphrey phoned London and "made it clear that the United States would not extend help or support to Britain until after a definite statement on withdrawal had been made." The caller's point was not lost, for Britain was suffering a run on the pound.

And so, says Eden, the United Nations, "and in particular the United States," insisted "that all the advantages gained must be thrown away before serious negotiation began. This was the most calamitous of all errors. . . . As it seems to me, the major mistakes were made, not before the cease-fire or in that decision, but after it. I did not foresee them." By then, however, the American course had been set so firmly that there was no turning back. Vice President Nixon was publicly exulting in the American stance with a statement that "for the first time in history we have shown independence of Anglo-French policies towards Asia and Africa which seemed to us to reflect the colonial tradition. This declaration of independence has had an electrifying effect throughout the world."

The Eden-Dulles differences, though personal in many respects, were differences of approach and tactics. Fundamental to the troubles between the two men was the issue of colonialism. In an October press conference, barely three weeks before the fighting began, Dulles had coupled the Suez Canal issue with colonialism, and his state-

ment infuriated Eden and much of Britain as well. "The dispute over Nasser's seizure of the canal," writes Eden, "had, of course, nothing to do with colonialism, but was concerned with international rights." He adds — *touché* — that "if the United States had to defend her treaty rights in the Panama Canal, she would not regard such action as colonialism."

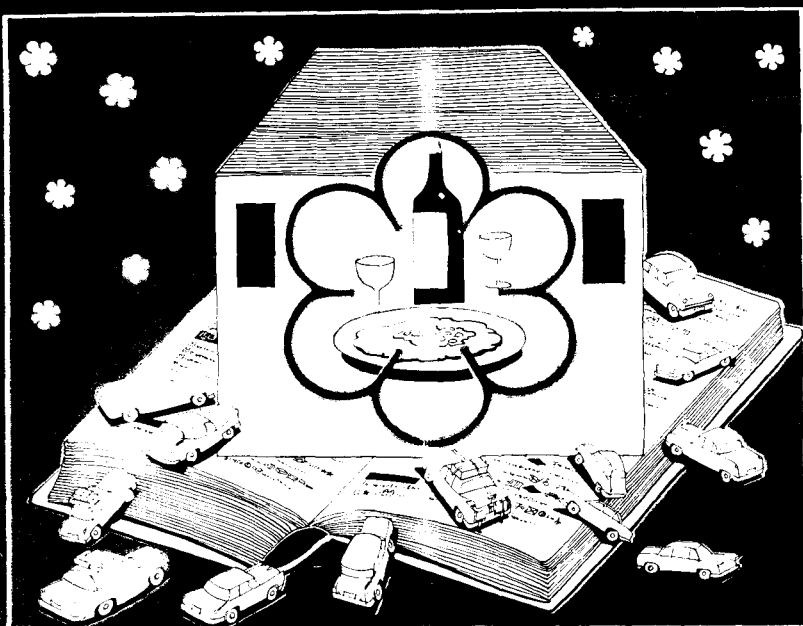
In fact, Dulles had long subdued his own belief, expressed privately at that time, that Suez was part of the American dilemma of being caught between colonialism, which is inevitably passing, and the Atlantic Alliance, which binds the United States to the colonial powers. He took the view that the United States should try to cushion the inevitable change and to act as a mediator. That, in many respects, is what he did. But there was no way to reconcile a situation in which the United States sought to mediate between Nasser and Britain and France while those two allies expected the United States to stand with them as partners against the Egyptian dictator.

Whether the conflict was inevitable is a matter of dispute. Perhaps another Secretary of State and another Administration might have avoided it. Dulles tried mightily to prevent the fighting, but every step he took, in Eden's eyes, only encouraged Nasser and made inevitable a military effort to topple him. Oddly enough, it was Dulles' privately expressed belief that Eden was wishy-washy on the question of using force but that he was being pushed by the man who succeeded him, Harold Macmillan, and by others in the Cabinet, including Lord Salisbury.

Eden was driven by a belief that Nasser was another Hitler. Dulles disagreed. Eden's remembrance of Munich was much on his mind. His French allies were beset by the Algerian rebellion, which impelled them to strike at Nasser, who had been aiding the rebels.

In the end, the Anglo-French forces were withdrawn rather ingloriously and Eden collapsed physically. Nasser played from weakness, taking advantage of the strange American-Soviet alliance at the UN council tables to hold on to his power. What might have been, had Eden got the hostile neutrality he had expected from the United States instead of the positive hostility he received, is only a matter of speculation.

Anthony Eden, a man of personal charm, long trained in diplomacy, a student of the classics who reads Persian and Arabic, probably served too long as the heir apparent to Churchill. In that role, as in the Indochina affair, he performed well. But as Prime Minister he was beyond his element. *Full Circle* in many ways is the story of a great personal tragedy.



C Living

IN THE days when automobiles were outnumbered on the French highways by horse-drawn carts and the franc stood at around twenty-three to the dollar, an overnight stop for two at a country inn, with a good dinner, wine, a comfortable room, breakfast, diligently shined shoes, and a 10 per cent boost for service, could be had for a dollar or two per person. One such stop, I recall, and a delightful one in every respect, came to \$1.40 for my wife and me, including a liqueur which we had prodigally bought for a fellow lodger who had dined with us. We made dozens of such stops, rarely paying as much as \$4.00 in all, and these were prices charged us as transients. At 19 hours, full *pension* for us both in a pleasant old house cost a shade over 10.00 a week. If these prices seem low today, they were in fact most greeably low at that time, and I believe that comparably low rates, allowing for today's higher price levels throughout the world, are still to be found in excellent French inns.

The formula for finding such inns is simplicity itself: one has only to choose a town or a region and consult the *Guide Michelin* for any hotels in that area having a dining room. The *Guide* has designated as a one-star restaurant. A fair generalization would be that any res-

taurant accorded one star by the *Guide* is a good one and that any hotel maintaining it is similarly well conducted. The *Guide Michelin* for France, as almost anyone who has used it would agree, is certainly the most comprehensive and dependable set of recommendations on food and lodging in existence in any country, and nothing remotely approaching its authority and integrity and scope has ever been even undertaken in any other. Practically every establishment in any of the *Guide's* categories is worthy of the rating it gets, and there are many restaurants below the one-star group that would delight the wayfarer. But we decided, arbitrarily, to try out last summer three of the one-star places, and here is what they proved to be, a selection in Savoie dictated solely by their proximity to our base in Megeve.

In the small industrial town of Sallanches, about thirty-five miles from Geneva and near the foot of Mont Blanc, the *Guide* gave a star to the Hotel Chaumière. We arrived there, ten in our party, at the height of the lunch hour, strangers, foreigners, without reservations. We were received with a fine air of hospitality. The only two unoccupied tables in the small dining room were put together, a fresh cloth was spread,

and in a minute or two we were ordering what proved to be a most gratifying meal. The *Guide* lists three of the specialties of any restaurant receiving one or more stars, and one is always well advised to try them out. At the Chaumière, they included a truffled pâté and a cheese omelet, which might reasonably have begun a fine luncheon in a far more expensive place. The luncheon, with a good white wine, cost slightly under \$2 each, and the general impression of well-being that one got from the Chaumière was such that we inquired about rates by the week for room and meals. This would come to \$28 per person, we learned. To judge from the luncheon, it would be a very good buy indeed.

A few miles outside of Albertville, not far to the south, we refused to be put off by the name and lunched at a pleasant inn called Chez Teddy, perched high on a hillside, which the *Michelin* gave one star. The opening course here was called, noncommittally, "Délice Savoyard," which could have meant almost anything attractive. It was no easier to identify precisely when it was served: small oblongs with a golden-brown exterior of fine crumbs; presumably fried in deep butter; firm enough to have been formed with square cor-

ners and edges, as neat as so many miniature shoe boxes. Yet the interior substance was at the melting point, a creamy-yellow Alpine cheese, lightened to a delicate jelly-like consistency by what some of us conjectured to be a white wine and honey.

The proprietress was pleased by our question but smilingly declined to tell us what was in the *Délice Savoyard*. We never did learn how her small kitchen was able to produce so many of them so quickly, for a large platter of them, smoking hot, reached our table within a few minutes of our arrival.

The third and probably the best of our one-star ventures was *Le Beauregard* in *Samoëns*, a hamlet only a short distance from an extraordinary mountain formation in a vast semicircle called *Fer de Cheval*. All sorts of buses and sightseers had pulled up to the *Fer de Cheval*, but *Samoëns* itself seemed almost like an artificial stage setting in its tranquil simplicity, with its fine old trees and ancient buildings around the village square. The *Beauregard* dining room was filled with *pensionnaires*, and we were offered a luncheon table on the

terrace. Again, all was prompt and perfect. The luncheon began with a marinated artichoke most ingeniously prepared, and continued with a fritterlike fish course of indescribable delicacy and rare roast beef — all presented by the waitresses with the well-warranted confidence that everything in the meal would be completely enjoyable. The rates at *Le Beauregard* were much the same as those at *Sallanches*: \$28.00 a week for everything, including tax and service.

Places like these have in common a true professional quality in the rosy-cheeked, self-possessed women who run them. They are skilled in pleasing the traveler and giving him something better than he expects, and they are usually abetted by an energetic female staff who take equal pride in the establishment. The plates that ought to be hot are hot, and the succession of them as they are deftly replaced is impressive. Few hotels of this sort would meet conventional ideas of what plumbing ought to be, but in other respects they represent, even at today's prices, a great value for the American tourist.

CHARLES W. MORTON



Tune, Anyone?

BY VICTOR HILL

VICTOR HILL was formerly in newspaper and advertising work and is now employed in Providence by the Rhode Island Department of Health.

Looking back — which, by the way, happens to be the title of a solemn but engaging tune current a year ago but now in limbo except in my mental phonograph, where it is being fully and endlessly rendered because I happened to write an opening phrase made up of those two words. . . .

Let's begin again.

To the best of my recollection, I once could hear a tune and it would leave me alone, up until a few weeks after my marriage. This association has nothing to do with my wife who neither sang nor hummed, ever as a bride, but rather with the fact that we spent most of our first year on the island of Jamaica, where we used to be annoyed every morning by the Spanish Rhapsody bird.

We never learned its ornithological name. It was the color of grass flannel and had an acute-isosceles tail about a foot long, twice the length of its body. Every morning it would land on a limb outside our kitchen window, awkwardly swinging its huge tail trying to find an equilibrium, and utter three trumpetlike notes — *ta-ta-ta*, *ta-ta-ta*, *ta* — right out of Chabrier's *Spanish Rhapsody*. Then it would lose its balance and fly away.

Since I knew that the other shoe was so to speak, would never drop, was put under an automatic compulsion to finish the tune. It has tricky cadence, and I had to repeat it several times trying to get it right and the first thing I knew I was spending most of the day, ever

I THINK MY SIRES WERE NOBLE

BY R. P. LISTER

I think my sires were noble, long ago;
I think they dwelt in idleness and pride,
Watching their acres and their money grow
And nobly doing nothing till they died.

Else how should I, whose father toiled all day,
Whose grandfathers were stanch, industrious men,
Be so inclined to put my pen away
When all my living rests upon that pen?

And why should I, whose father drank scant beer,
Whose grandfathers less whisky and less wine,
Hold in the most regard the drink most dear
And crave a bottle every time I dine?

And why should I, the heir of virtuous dames,
With ever-busy hands and shuttered hearts,
Have so bizarre a taste for witless games,
For folly, gossip, laughter, and the arts?

Why do I hate rewardful labor so,
Why do I loathe dim bacon and drab beans?
I think my sires were noble, long ago,
And left me all their tastes, without their means.

day, including Sunday, playing that theme over in my mind. Sometimes it got lost toward the end of the day or was superseded by another tune, but every morning the bird showed up again. Our whole sojourn there became so suffused with that excerpt that even today it begins again when I read advertisements of Jamaica or even stumble across an obscure reference to bird watching.

Ever since then this reflex has persisted, to the point of being almost pathological. I no longer need actual notes, such as the Spanish Rhapsody bird provided; a tune bursts in on me, full volume, whenever I hear an accidental title or a suggestive rhythm. Apparently I've had a compulsive and slightly masochistic memory for every tune I've ever heard, voluntarily or involuntarily, during my lifetime, and I never know what will pop up next.

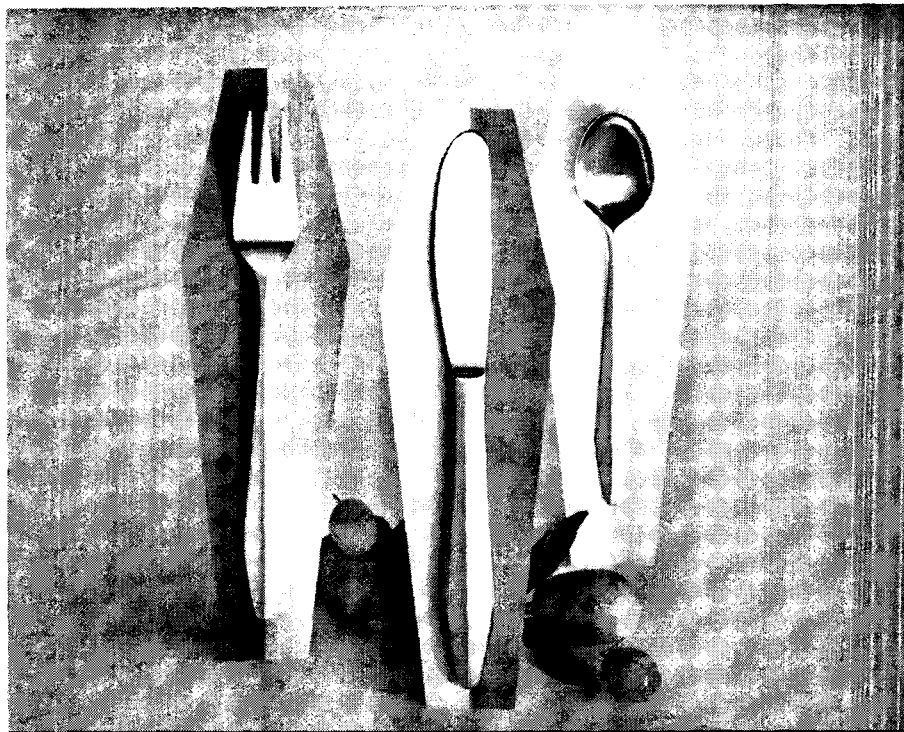
When driving in the rain I always postpone turning on the windshield wipers until I can't see a thing, because the rhythm will always start anything from that clarinet duet with kettledrums toward the end of *Marche Slave* to *El Capitan* to *The Yellow Rose of Texas*.

Driving in fair weather isn't much of a help, either. I've discovered that a great many drivers blow their horns one short and one long, which is precisely the opening rhythm of Leroy Anderson's *Saraband*.

Yesterday at a traffic light I drew up alongside an old car that had stalled. The starter was whirring and throbbing in a lively fashion, but the resistance of the crankshaft and the uneven compression and the eccentricity of the grommets all combined to give a definite beat to the process. It was a perfect samba rhythm, and by the time the light changed I was already going into the second chorus of *Tico Tico*. It continued all afternoon.

Today as I left the office and got into my car to drive home, I waited for another car to pass. The driver was one of the secretaries, a well-thought-of young lady who is generally addressed by her first name.

We waved at each other. Her windows were closed and so were mine, and there was no reason in the world why I should have given her the usual office end-of-the-day farewell. Nevertheless, as my waving hand descended to the wheel I said — innocently, I hope, but quite aloud — "Good night, Irene."



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A Star Is Born

BY GERALD WEALES

GERALD WEALES is on the staff of the English Department at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of many articles and a children's book, *MISS GRIMSBEE IS A WITCH*.

Some time ago — so I learned from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* — Joshua Logan got on the telephone and carried on a long-distance, round-table discussion with a rich cluster of movie editors all over the country. His grand gesture was his way of announcing an intensive search for an unknown actor to play the lead in the film version of Mildred Savage's novel *Parrish*. I know — and Logan knows, and the editors know — that as likely as not the actor finally chosen will have been carrying an Equity card for ten years, will have been discovered playing a psychotic adolescent on *Studio One*, will have been featured on the front of at least three fan magazines, will be at present shooting a film for De Laurentiis in Spain, and will already be able to command \$100,000 a picture.

Yet, phony as they are, there is something exciting about these searches. Somebody has to be the Dalai Lama. All of us — so Grimm and Andersen taught us long ago — are really princes in disguise, ugly ducklings about to turn into swans. There is always a movie maker, like Otto Preminger, who is willing to sacrifice George Bernard Shaw to Jean Seberg. Discovery is possible. My own adolescence was blighted by Lana Turner; I had to spend all the profits of my newspaper route buying Cokes for little girls who wanted to sit in drugstores waiting for a producer to find them.

Right there is the problem. Adolescence. Youth. Can anyone remember a movie producer ever walk-

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ing into a shoe store and discovering that the forty-seven-year-old clerk (with a son in junior college) was star material? Is there, on record, an account of a nationwide search for a graying, fiftyish matron to play, say, Gertrude in a musical version of *Hamlet*? I think not. The actor that Logan wants to play Parrish must be, besides unknown, eighteen and handsome. If you are eighteen and handsome, who needs Logan?

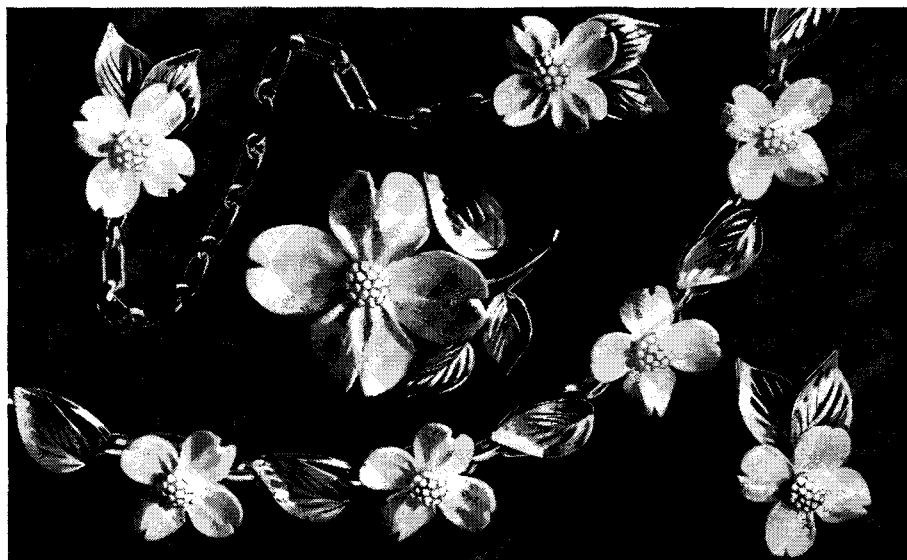
When I look around at my friends and neighbors and business associates, or into the mirror, I know that the best public service that might be offered by any film maker who is mainly concerned with publicizing a new movie would be to start a nationwide search for a man in his middle thirties, mature but with a wisp of romance still sticking to his thinning hair.

The problem is a little more complicated than it looks at first glance. The "unknown" hunters are restricted in their quarry by the kind of leading roles offered by the novels and plays that they hope to turn into movies (no one writes original scripts any more). The novelists and playwrights are all busy writing novels and plays about handsome eighteen-year-old boys discovering life in Ivy League colleges or on motorcycles, and sensitive sixteen-year-old girls unfolding like flowers before the warm sun of first love. So, comes the search, and only teen-agers are eligible. The only solution, apparently, is to write the novel first, sell it to the movies, suggest a search, and then apply for the leading part. You have to start somewhere, so why not start with the first paragraph of the novel?

It was afternoon. The summer sun washed like remembrance over the beach, but for Allen Hope there was little warmth in it. He stood on the boardwalk, his rumpled, creaseless suit hanging sadly from his thickening body. Weak blue eyes looked out of a pale, puffy face, out through strong-lensed glasses at the busy beach below. They lingered over strong young bodies—male and female created he them—romping in a sand-and-sun fight. Unthinkingly, he began to sing; his hoarse, tired voice only occasionally approximated the tune of a popular song that he had unconsciously dredged up from the waste of his youth: "I don't want to set the world on fire. . . ."

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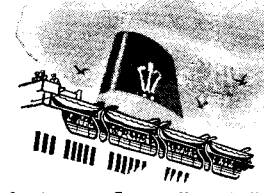
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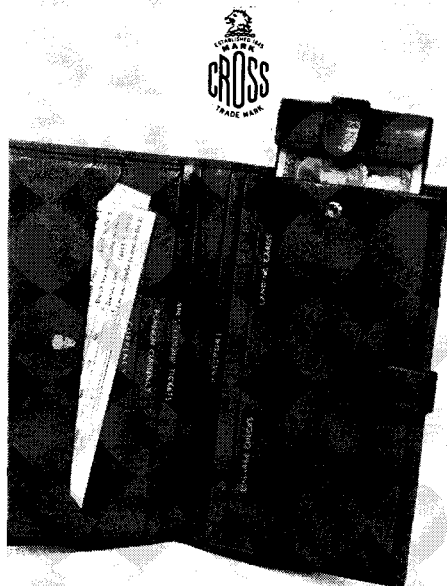
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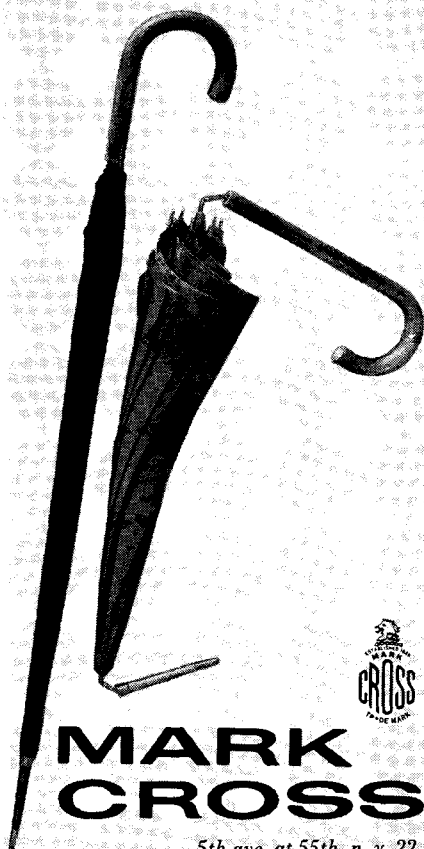
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The One-Room Suite

BY ALEX FAULKNER

ALEX FAULKNER is the New York correspondent of the London DAILY TELEGRAPH.

In the apartments and homes now being offered to the American public, an unprecedented level of comfort has been achieved, at least on paper. The new motif is "the return to gracious living."

Descriptions appearing in advertisements and brochures reflect powers of evocation which are a delight to the curious reader and should give future students of our civilization a profound respect for its achievements.

Take, for example, a block of flats now under construction in New York, "heralding a new Era of Elegance." We are told that it will stand "as a twentieth-century landmark of man's ingenuity and skill for future generations to admire and to attempt to surpass." Rising in a "setting of scenic splendor," it "presents a totally new pattern of gracious living, dramatically conceived to offer the essence of luxury and exclusiveness, the ultimate in layout and modern appointments."

This overpowering edifice is facing some tough competition from another going up not far away, which boasts that its "regal splendor and palatial elegance transcend all previous concepts of modern apartment-house luxury." Not only will it be "the most richly endowed with innovations for gracious and lavish living," but besides the attractions of a royal palace it will offer the humbler joys of a manor house. Its "exquisitely landscaped gardens, limpid pools, and sparkling fountains—a veritable fairyland of enchantment surrounding the majestic structure" will help, it is asserted, to create "an aura of manorial elegance."

Similar feats of what might be called adjectival *trompe-l'oeil* are being performed for some of the new suburban houses. Out on Long Island we find exotic dwellings in which the kitchen has become the "culinarium," the pantry a "gourmet's breakfast corner," the bedrooms "sleeping chambers," the recreation room a "fountain room," the halls "Cabana mud rooms," and the good old front porch a "captain's

deck." Naturally, the place where you put your car is styled a "two-Cadillac garage."

It seems unkind to compare these visions with the reality, but inspection of many of the actual apartments forces one to the conclusion that the people who live in them will need vivid imaginations.

The usual procedure is to wall off one corner of the main room to create a kitchen (with both window and waist-high oven, if you are lucky) and to label the adjoining corner "dining bay." Another part of the room may be marked "sleeping alcove," another "library" or "television den," and the rest "living room." In one brochure it is explained that this masterpiece of design was achieved by means of "skillful planning," and it is praised for its "livability." The dividers, however, are pure Bottom's walls.

How the return to gracious living is accomplished by reducing the ancestral dining room, inner sanctum of affluence in bygone days, to a mere bay or alcove in a sea of armchairs and sofas may puzzle the



uninitiated. The trick is to furnish it unobtrusively.

While the arriving guests divest themselves of hats and coats in a hall which is just another corner of the living room designated "foyer," and gallantly try not to catch the eye of their host and hostess and fellow guests until they are ready to make their formal entrance, and the harassed housewife bustles back and forth as graciously as she can between kitchenette and dinette, the furniture in this modest temple of

astronomy makes itself as inconspicuous as possible.

Since people still do eat, and the traditional long-legged table and its attendant troop of tall chairs are an eyesore under such cramped conditions, the furniture makers have come along with what is presumably regarded as a gracious table. It is not much higher than a coffee table, with chairs correspondingly low. As it is an awkward fact that people still have legs, difficult to dispose of when people are seated on low chairs at a low table, the interior decorators have yet another solution — a Japanese décor.

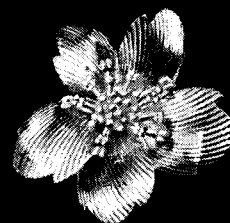
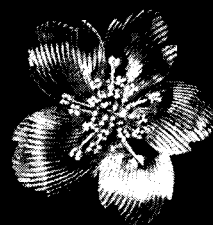
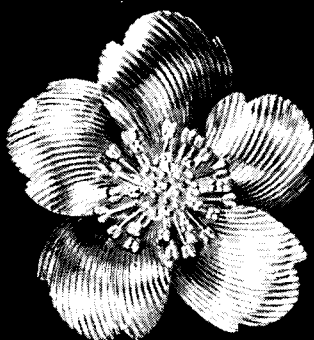
In some ways this is even more desirable than a Tom Thumb dining set, because the only things that clutter up the dining bay, alcove, or area are a table almost at floor level and an assembly of cushions, or, better still, no cushions at all, but simply a padded mat.

The crowning contribution to graciousness under such trying conditions is furniture that is almost as invisible as the partitions between the dining room, living room, sleeping alcove, and so forth. Chairs and tables made from clear plastic, with just a hint of cushion to steer the respective occupant in the right direction, have now been introduced. Nothing is better calculated to prevent any appearance of overfurnishing than furniture you cannot see.

Unhappily, these aids to gracious living have not yet been matched by the invention of inaudible noises, and it is a sad fact that the walls of not a few of the four hundred luxury apartment houses built in New York since 1947 are not altogether sound-proof. One is forced to share the gracious living of one's next-door neighbors, and I have yet to see a reference to the thickness of the walls in the advertisements. It must also be admitted that many of the splendid picture windows on which the architects so justly pride themselves open up a prospect of much brick and mortar, but we can look forward to the day when panoramic color-television screens, hung like pictures, will provide us with breathtaking views of perfect scenery.

Some people might feel that the contemporary stratagems to make a little space go a long way are more Spartan than gracious, but, then, who would ever go for an advertisement offering "a return to Spartan living"?

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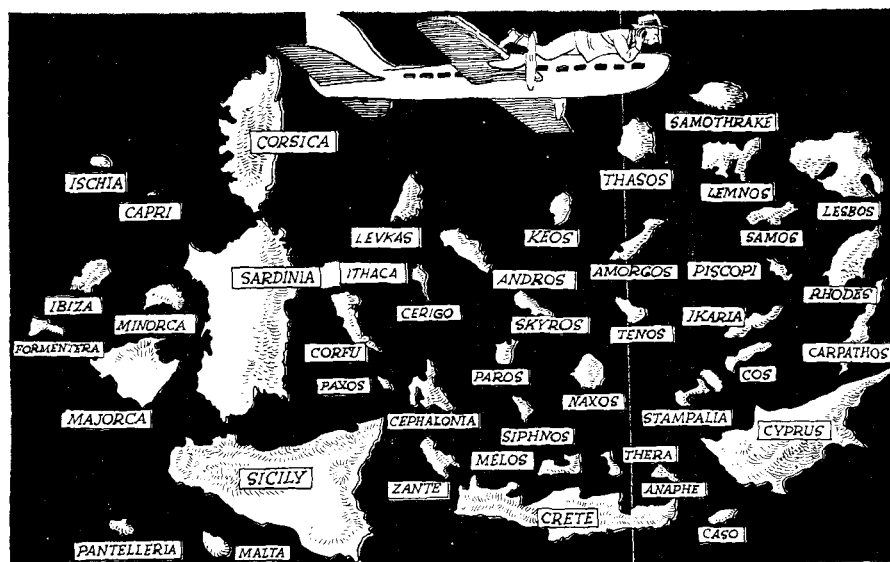
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pleasures and places



ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY MITCHELL GOODMAN

Unhurried, uncomplicated, and self-contained, the Mediterranean island worlds hold the whole range of the old cultures, from the Minoan cities of Crete to the astounding Greek temples and theaters of Sicily and the walled Venetian towns of Cyprus and Corfu. Everywhere the tourist finds a sea warm enough for winter swimming; a brilliant display of festival, folklore, handicrafts, and museums; operas and puppet shows performed in the streets; and a variety of warm, intense, spontaneous people living with the oxcart and the hand loom. Sicily, Corsica, Majorca — these most travelers have heard of and neglected. Sardinia, Ibiza, Rhodes, Crete, and Corfu remain unknown. San Pietro, Ponza, Giglio, Thera, Melos, Naxos, the Lipari Islands, and many more are unheard of — whole archipelagos beyond the horizon of tourism. No two are alike; each is a kind of city-state, a distinct entity isolated by water. And yet the islands are all of a piece, fragments of a mosaic that wait for the imaginative traveler who will assemble them.

Only a few years ago, island hopping in the Mediterranean, whether by sea or air, was not a workable

proposition. The islands were a tantalizingly scattered assortment, difficult of access from the mainland, isolated from one another, very short on hotels. Today, crossing the Mediterranean by air is almost as simple as crossing Lake Geneva by boat. Flights, by at least six airlines, are fast and frequent. No major island is now more than one and a half hours from the nearest Continental travel center, and a trip from island to island is often a matter of minutes. Even London and Paris are but three hours away and, with jets, will be much closer.

Working his way out from the island air centers, the alert traveler will find the less famous islands, compact and easy to grasp; he will find good, new hotels in all the likeliest and many of the unlikeliest places; he will find local cruise ships, freighters, and small interisland boats that will lead him from the larger ports to the smaller and to the utter tranquillity of the satellite islands that are not even shown on most maps. In any month but July and August, he can drift with his whim, without reservations, mixing air, land, and water — or hunting, fishing, skiing, café-sitting — to suit

his pleasure and his schedule. There are cars to rent; excellent tour-bus services make possible quick surveys of even the largest islands; tiny railways take one meandering with the local people to mountainous interiors complete with medieval hill towns, Greek temples, oxen, and valleys full of wine and roses.

In ten hours of flying time one can cover the Mediterranean from end to end. In as little as two weeks the island hopper can wend his way from Majorca — where the transatlantic services of American Export Lines will drop him if he likes — all the way east to Rhodes. The master keys to island travel are Rome, Sicily and the services of Alitalia, the airline that has become a major power over the Atlantic as well as in the Mediterranean. Its international routes make possible the remarkable circular dovetailing of a Continental-plus-Mediterranean itinerary that allows stopovers, outward bound, in Paris, London, Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt, Nürnberg, Munich, Venice, Florence, Rome; and, homeward bound, in Naples, Palermo and Trapani (Sicily), Tunis, Algiers, Palma (Majorca), Barcelona, Nice, Milan, Zurich, Geneva, and Dublin. All of this — or as much as you like — with unlimited time along the way to explore the other islands from strategic Sicily or from Majorca and Nice, costs the same \$591.50 as the direct fare from New York to Rome and back.

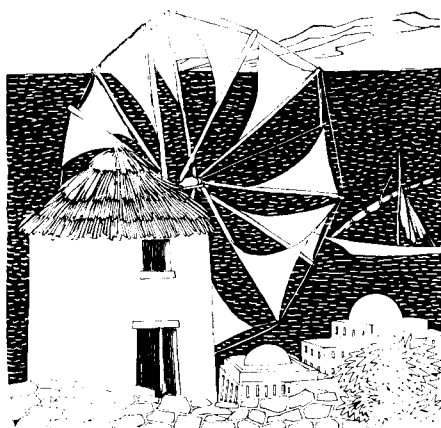
A ten-hour train or boat ride from Rome used to be the best way to Sicily. Now Alitalia flies direct to Catania in two hours, then goes on around the island (Catania, Palermo, Trapani) in two more hours — a trip well worth making for the air views alone — and on to the strange Africa-like island of Pantelleria in forty-five minutes.

Eastward from Rome, the flying time is two and a half hours by Alitalia to Brindisi, a shipping center for the Adriatic and the Aegean, then two hours by Olympic Airways, the new Greek line, to Corfu, a completely different world of Venetian castles, English colonial relics, and a cricket club. The trip from Corfu to Athens takes one and a half hours, and from Athens, Olympic flies to the two major centers of the scattered Greek islands: to Crete in an hour, and on to Rhodes in another hour.

Wherever the airlines break off o

pass by, a whole network of large and small boats takes over. Service is frequent, regular, and surprisingly comfortable. For example, the French Line sails from Marseilles and Nice to Corsica and Sardinia; the Italian Line from several ports to Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica; the Tirrenia and Adriatica Lines from Brindisi, Venice, Genoa, and Naples, stopping at most of the islands and going on to North Africa.

The Nomikos Line has an excellent and extensive service out of Brindisi and Piraeus for the Greek islands and all of the eastern Mediterranean, and its ten-day luxury cruises from Venice down through the Adriatic, Ionian, and Aegean seas as far as Cyprus and Lebanon provide a rich slice of Mediterranean life. The well-known five-day island cruise of the Semiramis from Piraeus is useful for saving time but is heavily reserved and limits itself to only six of the hundreds of Greek islands. Local Spanish and Italian companies have daily sailings from Valencia and Barcelona to the Balearics, from Leghorn and Piombino to the lovely Tuscan Archipelago, from Naples to the surprisingly numerous Neapolitan Islands and the Pontine, from Messina around Sicily and to the volcanic Lipari Islands, and from Man-



fredonia to the remote Tremiti Islands in the Adriatic.

At Agrigento, the most impressive of the ancient Greek cities in Sicily, Goethe ended his fruitless search for a hotel in a spaghetti factory — an old story in the islands, and one that held true until very recently. Today there is a Jolly Hotel in Agrigento, one of a string of well-run small hotels built in fifty Italian towns that were without good accommodations. All go by the same name and cost five to six dollars a day for a room with private bath *and meals*. Sicily

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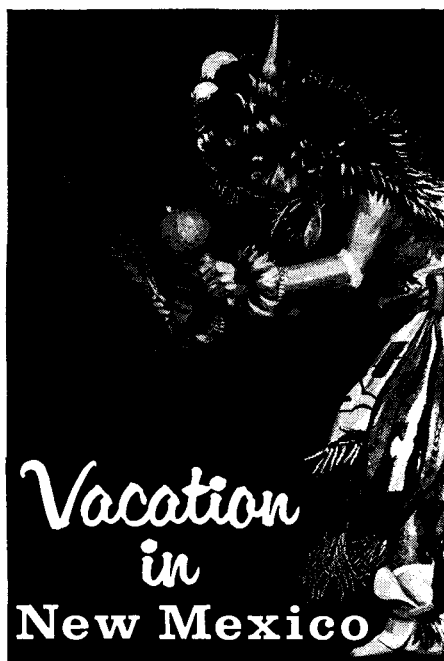
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and Sardinia between them have about fifteen of these; together with a scattering of other new hotels, they have completely changed the travel picture in these important islands.

In Sicily one can now wander at will, always within reach of a reliable hotel; and by staying in such appealing off-track "Jolly" towns as Trapani, Agrigento, Ragusa, and Cefalù, it is easy to side-step, without missing, the crucial tourist centers at Palermo, Catania, and Taormina.

In Sardinia a very discouraging hotel situation has quite suddenly brightened, with good accommodations available not only in the key towns of Cagliari, Sassari, and Nuoro but in delightful, unexpected places like Olbia, Oristano, Iglesias, and Alghero. Similar changes have taken place in the Balearics and in the Greek islands. Corfu, Mykonos, Crete, and Rhodes all have first-class hotels, and many others of the five hundred Greek islands have at least adequate accommodations.

The travel folders are right about the climate, more or less. Mediterranean climate, with all its variations on the theme of the sun, is better in the islands than along the mainland shores; it is, in fact, the closest known approximation to eternal springtime. There is a great deal of sun; year-round swimming is feasible in many mountain-shielded bays and coves; the almond blossom does bloom in January. In summer, least attractive of the island seasons, there are sea breezes to breach the heat and mountain refuges from it; in winter, there is skiing as well as swimming in Sicily, and orange groves all aglow with fruit. Almost all the islands are at their best in spring and fall—most tranquil, most festive, and least expensive.

The Balearic islands of Majorca, Ibiza, and Minorca in the western Mediterranean can be reached by air from Barcelona in fifty-five minutes. Ibiza, typically hilly, fertile, and naïve, has the best year-round climate of this group and is altogether the most inviting. Go soon;

its amiable people, intact folklore, and the many miles of superb beaches may not long withstand the overflow from popular Majorca. In summer especially, go beyond the tiny capital and the crowds to the quiet villages of Santa Eulalia, San Juan, San José, and San Antonio.

A sailboat across the channel from Ibiza to the miniature island of Formentera brings even greater serenity, simple living in fishermen's houses, marvelous swimming, pleasant local wines.

Costs here are even lower than on Ibiza, which is, in turn, much cheaper than Majorca.

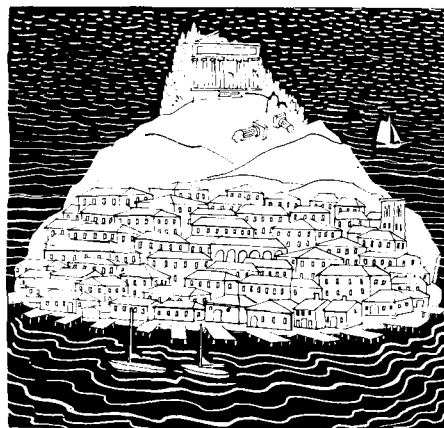
Majorca, in spite of inflation and high summer rates, is still one of the best buys in Europe: \$6 a day will buy a very decent standard

of living for two people. Majorca's 60-by-50-mile dimensions contain beaches and mountains and enough scenic drives to fill a month. Away from charming but overtouristed Palma and the few stylish beach resorts, life is subtropically uncomplicated. With at least a hundred very livable pensions scattered around the island, the tight hotel situation can easily be bypassed.

Minorca is more peaceful than Majorca, full of prehistoric remains, and a place to fish, sail, and stroll in the hills and woods. In the Balearics, as in the Greek islands, the active man's prime pleasure is to explore, afoot or by boat, from port to port and beach to beach in sixteen inhabited islands that make a world of their own.

Corsica is the most dramatic Mediterranean island, with its massive, untamed, snowy mountains; a warm, broken coastline; and a prevailing fragrance of rosemary, lavender, and myrtle. Quiet *dolce far niente* port towns perch high over blue bays; houses and boats are painted in startling blues, reds, and yellows. Two thousand miles of good road lead to half a dozen lively, unsophisticated towns and to superb hunting, fishing, and sailing facilities.

Winters are mild at Calvi, Ajaccio, and Île Rousse. From the sunny little seaside cafés of Calvi to the



remote splendor of Monte Cinto, the scene shifts with dazzling effect — wild flowers on the maquis, forests of cork and evergreen, vineyards in the valleys. The traveler who allows himself simply to roam will find adequate to good hotels, mostly of twelve to twenty rooms, in twenty-three different towns and villages, from small smiling seaside places to dark-faced mountain strongholds straight out of the Middle Ages.

Around the island are a dozen or more interesting towns little known to tourists — places like Bonifacio, Propriano, and Vizzavona. Best of all perhaps is the fishing village of Porto, reached by the highly scenic road from Ajaccio that goes to Calvi and Île Rousse. At Piana the mountains come down to the sea, and from there to Porto along the gulf are the red-hued rocks of Les Calanques, fiords filled with the deep blue of the Mediterranean.

Two hundred miles of railroad and motor launches from port to port supplement the road system. But this is an island to drive in; cars rent at about \$10 a day, and the road pattern allows for several magnificent circular tours of the island. The French Line and the National Railways (SNCF) offer a variety of well-organized motor-coach tours of from one to seven days. The Corsican hunter thinks nothing of stalking wild boar, hare, partridge, and migratory birds all in the same day; many fast mountain streams like the Golo and the Albatesco provide trout fishing as exciting as any in Europe. *Haute cuisine n'existe pas*, but good Italianate eating and likable local wines are plentiful. Prices are well below the Riviera level.

Air France flies from Nice to Ajaccio in an hour. There is no air service from Corsica to Sardinia, but he who ends his Corsican travels in Bonifacio can cross over the strait to Sardinia in less than two hours.

Sardinia is as different from Corsica as the latter is from Majorca. It is the least traveled of the larger islands. But with the coming of new hotels, luxurious touring buses, and three Alitalia flights a day from Rome, the situation is slowly changing. The Sardinians are not Italian, or French, or Spanish; they are uniquely Sardinian. One senses it at once in their costumes, festivals, archaeological sites, and, above all, in their arts and handicrafts. See

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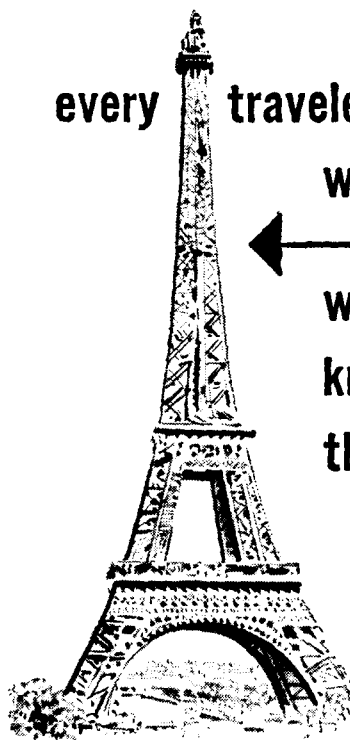
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especially the museum of antiquities in Cagliari, for the incomparable Sardinian bronzes, and the museum of regional arts in Sassari.

The archaic baskets and mats, woven rugs, pottery, leatherwork, and textiles retain, like the people themselves, a pure folk quality that has long since disappeared from most of Europe, although something like it is still to be found in Ibiza, parts of Sicily, and some of the Greek islands.

Many miles of fine-sand beach, largely undeveloped, surround Sardinia; the seaside life in good English style can be had among the villas and gardens of Alghero, where there is a comfortable new British-run hotel, or, more simply, around the Golfo degli Aranci, where one can fish and swim from a number of quiet fishing villages and come closer to the everyday life of these vigorous, hospitable people.

Sicily is the true pivot of the Mediterranean for the historian, the archaeologist, the folklorist, the collector of exotic landscapes, or for the traveler in search of diversified yet concentrated vacation possibilities. It lies at the center of the Mediterranean world, two hours by air from Rome, eighty miles from Africa, about halfway between Gibraltar and Lebanon, with sea and air connections to every corner of the sea and its coasts.

Largest, most varied, and most luxuriant of the islands, it proffers a heady and romantic brew of many cultures: Greek, Roman, Arabic, Norman, Spanish, French. Its great natural centerpiece is the live volcano of Etna (10,800 feet high and 100 miles in circumference), where skiers, from November until May, look down upon palms, orange groves, and swimmers in the wine-dark Ionian far below. There are ski lodges and alpine shelters on the high slopes and a good hotel above Paternó at 5500 feet.

Pure pleasure is the excursion up and around Etna, a four-hour jaunt by road or by the charming little railway called Circum-Aetna that rambles from Catania up past castles and hill towns, through fields of flowers and almonds and olive trees. On the audacious auto road one can ascend from Catania's beach, La Playa, to the snow fields at 6500 feet in an hour or less and then take the cableway up to the base of the central crater. An easy and rewarding ex-

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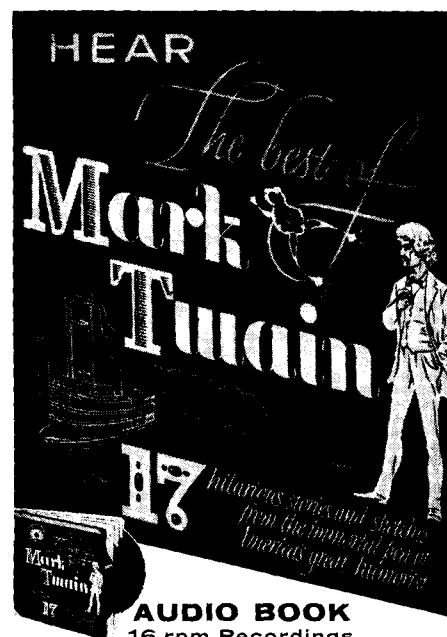
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cursion is the climb to Randazzo at 2000 feet; and there is nothing in the world like the views on the Alitalia flight that goes in one and a half hours from Catania over Etna, then over the peaks of the Madonie Mountains to Palermo.

In Syracuse, once the largest and probably the most beautiful city of antiquity, lived Theocritus, Archimedes, and Plato. Today, at Agrigento, Segesta, and Selinunte one finds the immensely moving ruins of other important Greek cities, and in the Greek theaters at Syracuse and Taormina the classical plays are performed with great seriousness (usually in May). Elsewhere in Sicily, closely juxtaposed in some of the Mediterranean's most magnificent settings, are Carthaginian ruins, Roman bridges and aqueducts, Byzantine cloisters, Norman cathedrals, Saracen mosques. The museums at Syracuse, Palermo, Catania, and Agrigento are comprehensive guides to the richness of the Sicilian past.

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Malta is almost African in its sun and terrain, very British in its golf, cricket, tennis, and yachting — and hotels. It is easily reached by a BEA jet flight from London in two hours, or from Rome or Sardinia in the same time by a BEA Viscount. It is the home of that rare polo-playing racing fan, the Mediterranean Englishman. Malta, the Arabs say, is kind, and its very likable people are the proof of the saying. There are Crusader castles and temples to look at, but this is above all a place to do nothing but live graciously and at ease.



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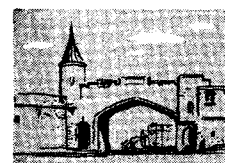
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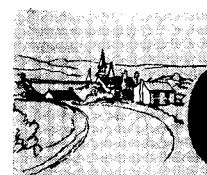
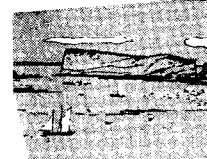
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the Music

BY JOHN M. CONLY



*I regret to say that an erroneous statement appears in my reference to the conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Krips, in *They Shall Have Music*, on page 105 of the March ATLANTIC. Mr. Krips was not "fired" by the Buffalo management. He has been continuously the conductor of the orchestra since 1954 and will remain in this position.*

— J.M.C.

Christian Ludwig's legacy

It would be easy to abominate Christian Ludwig Hohenzollern, stupidest Margrave of Brandenburg, except that we share some of his most egregious faults. Something great can be done and we will sedulously ignore it, just as he did. I have special reference to six documents delivered to him as a gift in 1721. When the boneheaded prince-ling died, the six dusty writings were auctioned off for about a dollar and a quarter. We call them the Brandenburg Concertos, an honor Christian Ludwig did not deserve. The donor had been Johann Sebastian Bach.

Bach was a sort of marvel in all ways. He once walked a week to hear his favorite organist. When he was attacked by thieves he knocked them out with a cudgel. He fathered twenty children and taught his whole

family to play the harpsichord. He wrote more incontestably great music than anyone else in the history of the world.

Back to the Brandenburgs. They have been done well on records twice before, by the Busch players on 78s (newly available on Angel LP reprints) and by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble on Westminster, now hard to get. Never mind. One of the truly great recordings of any year is that for Epic, by Szymon Goldberg and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, of the complete Brandenburgs. I have listened to the set six times, twelve hours, starting with No. 1 and coming to the end of No. 6 with a keen sense of grief because there will not be any more.

The personnel are in some part familiar to record collectors. Goldberg was for a long time partner to Lily Kraus in the best Mozart sonatas ever made. Here he fiddles and conducts at once, and the noble small orchestra is wholly and heartily at one with him throughout, a wondrous feat of agreement.

Second hero in the endeavor is Hubert Barwahser, flutist. He seems not to be known much outside of the Lowlands and France, but I have to deem him, at this kind of work, the

best flutist I ever have heard; he has a bright liquid articulation no one else quite matches.

Third party to the achievement is Miss Janny van Wering, who is one of the two or three most skillful and intelligent harpsichordists left in the world since Wanda Landowska died last year. The purling flow and cascade of beauty in the Fifth Brandenburg never have been made more irresistible to my ear than Miss van Wering makes them.

I wish I knew the names of the first cellist and the recording director, because they too should get credit. There are no good words I can think of to enforce this earnest dictum: here is a recording, in sound nearly flawless, of music so played that it will be inspiring a decade hence. This kind of thing does not happen often.

Passage of a Silver Cloud

One thing I always have wondered is what folk do with great prizes they win in contests. You know: prefabricated garages, Deepfreezes, cabin cruisers, and the like. Well, it happens that I had a sort of semi-familial authority to find out about this lately, when a steady reader of these pages of the *Atlantic* responded to an adjacent advertisement and won a Rolls-Royce. He wrote me all about it.

What he had had to do was to say in twenty-five words or less what he liked about Shure Brothers' stereo phonograph cartridges. I do not know what he wrote, though I know what I would have written. I have three of these instruments, and what they do is to frighten me delightfully whenever the Royal Regiment of Artillery fires off the Queen's birthday salute (Vanguard VSD-2011). They are also quite good at Schubert chamber music.

The Rolls-Royce winner was a thirty-nine-year-old bottled-gas salesman named Kenneth Shutts, a native and resident of Russell Village, which is outside Chagrin Falls, which is outside Cleveland, Ohio. He flew as a radio operator in Flying Fortresses over Germany, and he has a considerable interest in music and high fidelity. He also has a wife, Jean, and five children, ranging from Kenneth, Jr., fifteen, through Robert, Jack, and Susan, to Stephen, eight. He went to Kent State University before and after the war.

The Shuttses' vital statistics read like something that might be filed under Model Citizens. Both are active in the PTA and in the local Great Books and World Politics groups. Kenneth describes Jean as a frustrated writer who hopes to get back to the typewriter when the children are grown. He himself seems unfrustrated; he is a town councilman, coach of the Little Leaguers (Bob is star pitcher), and plays on a neighborhood basketball team of what he calls "oldsters."

The Shuttses were really Shure shopping, not prize hunting, when they signed the dealer's card to enter the contest. They did not buy a cartridge then. If they had, they would also have won a trip to England to fetch the Rolls-Royce, but they had to go home and calculate what they could spend for a stereo music system.

The news of their winning came, not unnaturally, as a complete surprise. Kenneth, when told of it, said, "Oh, boy!" Then he announced that he wanted to sit down and that he needed a glass of water. Jean, in a more meditative vein, remarked that the neighbors were now going to find it pretty hard to keep up with the Joneses. Initially it was Kenneth's idea to sell their 1956 Ford and keep the Rolls for its whole interminable lifetime. It was a Silver Cloud sedan, priced at \$14,000 plus.

He did keep it for several weeks, overawing propane-gas customers and, as Shutts says, discomfiting all nearby Status Seekers and Abominable Snobmen with great glee.

Then came the reckoning. For one thing, one must pay income tax on prizes. For another, as Jean pointed out to him patiently, the children were not sufficiently impressed with their new vehicular eminence to stop working their way through endless supplies of food, milk, and shoes. Up for sale went the Rolls, and a buyer with the requisite cash appeared just in time to take care of the Collector of Internal Revenue.

"And," says Shutts indomitably, "we still *Shall Have Music* to soothe our sorrow. Long live Shure!"

The reason, incidentally, that Shure Brothers can give away Rolls-Royces is that it is not a typically small high fidelity company. In fact, it was not a high fidelity company at all until about three years



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(*Saturday Review*)

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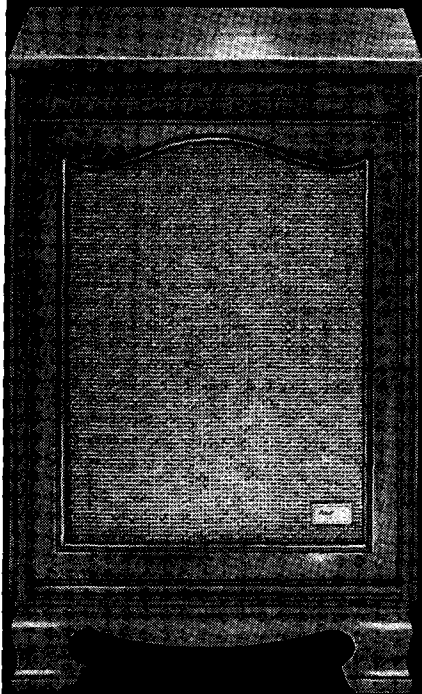
LISZT: Faust Symphony and Orpheus, symphonic poem. 2 records SGBR 7197

HAYDN: The Seasons, with Beecham Choral Society. 3 records SGR 7184

BEETHOVEN: Mass in C Major, Op. 86, with Beecham Choral Society SG 7168

*Stereo album numbers are shown.
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ago. It manufactured utility audio equipment for public address systems and the like, mostly microphones and transcription pickups. It did this in such bulk and for so long that the pun "Shure mike" is no longer used, though Shure mikes are, in great quantities.

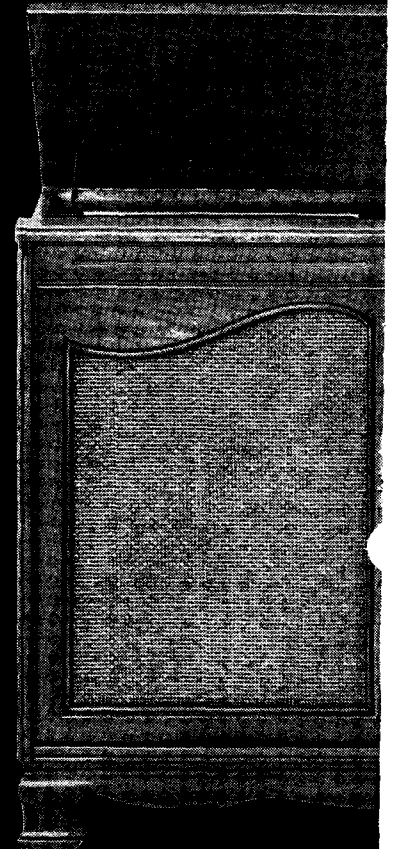
The company got into home music almost by accident when one of its engineers devised a moving-magnet variety of phono cartridge of indisputably high fidelity and such structural simplicity that it could track records at between one and two grams, a great wear preventive. Furthermore, it was sturdy, and, yet more luckily, it proved admirably suited to adaptation for stereo. The Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, reporting for *High Fidelity* magazine, flatly describe it as the best there is. I will not dispute this, though I have heard some very good sound also from the Scott-London and the Fairchild pickups. Anyway, Mr. Shutts seems to be enjoying his Shure sound, and he could not get that satisfaction from a Rolls-Royce. They don't make any sound at all.

Mr. Purcell's Arthur

A year ago I lunched in one of London's newest, tallest office buildings, on the Albert Embankment, with John Culshaw, a handsome young bachelor who is recording director for Decca, Ltd., known here as London Records. He told me a tale of woe, and I really think it was just that. It had to do with *The Fairy Queen*, a suite of musical numbers written by Henry Purcell for an adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of all the music written around the Shakespeare fantasy, this is the finest, the most tuneful, the funniest, and the most glowingly boisterous. London, through its subsidiary Oiseau-Lyre, had made a three-record album of *The Fairy Queen* late in 1958. It was a suitably enchanting performance by English performers who really knew what they were doing.

Culshaw did not supervise this taping; his assistant Ray Minshall did. He did very well. As evidence, recall one vote in this column for *The Fairy Queen* as the best record of 1958, an opinion that still stands. Both men were delighted with the result, and so were critics. The *London Times* gave it two successive Sunday columns; the *Gramophone*

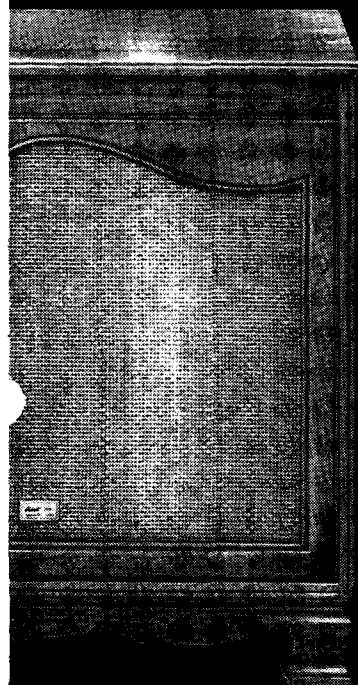
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OF SOUND

reviewed it in a lead article. And a half year after it was produced, when I lunched with Mr. Culshaw, the album had sold, in England, 407 copies. How it has done in America I do not know, but I am not sanguine. What I am is angry and puzzled. Why should it be possible to sell in large numbers such cumbersome trivia as the Shostakovich Seventh, or such dated little melodramas as *Cavalleria Rusticana*, when authentic masterpieces like *Fairy Queen* cannot even get a hearing?

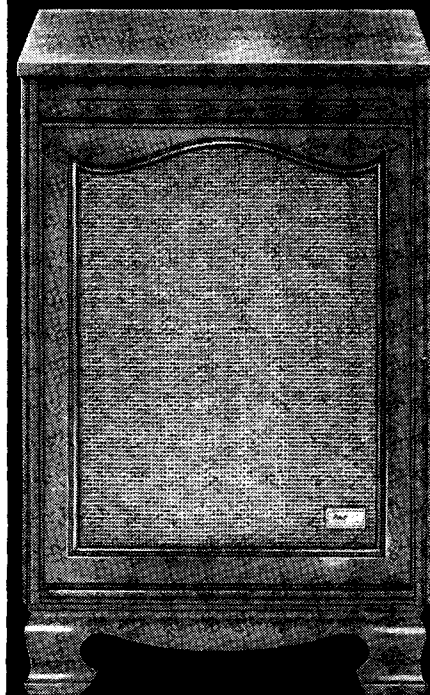
We wondered at luncheon if the fault might lie in the budget, which had precluded a stereo recording, but I do not really believe that for a minute. My own theory is that opera lovers are, in considerable part, not music lovers at all. They hear and enjoy vocal performances as athletic performances, listening for notes rather than sense. And the music lovers who care not for lyric opera are convinced that good music cannot be written except by North Continental Europeans — Germans, Russians, Austrians, sometimes Czechs and Frenchmen.

They are wrong. Bach and Handel showed, by earnest copying and worthy imitation, what they thought of the Briton Purcell. Great music can happen in an English idiom as well as in any other.

We have now a chance to redeem ourselves. The third best of the Purcell canon, *King Arthur*, written in collaboration with John Dryden, lately has come forth (Oiseau 50176/7 and 60008/9, the latter stereophonic). When I say third best, I mean it is not as good as *Dido* or *Fairy Queen*, which is rather like saying that *Parsifal* is not as good as *Götterdämmerung* — hardly condemnatory.

It has one aspect which may disappoint. Dryden's Arthur is not Malory's. No Lancelot, no Guinevere, no Gawain. Arthur is almost Alfred, a Briton against Saxons, affianced to a blind Cornish princess named Emmeline. Of the old familiars, only Merlin is around.

Still, old Merlin throws a mighty spell, and so does Purcell. The tremulous freezing chorus *We Chatter and Tremble* is unmatched in any other music I know. So is the soprano duet *Shepherd, Shepherd*. One wonders how the naked swimming duo, featuring Mr. Dryden's Green-haired Syrens, was staged. There is also an irresistible singing commercial, promoting British woollens



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("growing gold") and British fish ("luxurious fasting"). And to end each scene there is something called simply "Trumpet Tune." If you haven't heard a trumpet tune by Henry Purcell, you haven't lived.

Record Reviews

Bizet: Carmen

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Victoria De Los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, Janine Micheau; other soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the French National Radio; Capitol SGCR-7207 (stereo) and GCR-7207: three records

Two years' squabbling interfered with the issuance of this recording, but it is worth all the trouble. It is the best *Carmen* ever put on records; in fact it is the best *Carmen* I have ever heard at all. Main font of the trouble and the triumph, I expect, was Sir Thomas. His orchestra does a job of dramatic setting that must be heard to be credited, and his singers finally give to him *Carmen* characterizations not quite like any others. I have a feeling that when he broke off rehearsals he went home and read the Mérimée novel, because De Los Angeles' *Carmen* here appears like Mérimée's, an utterly feckless and innocently bad girl, capable of swiping your watch in a genuinely affectionate way. The sound is beyond cavil.

Gluck: Der Betrogene Kadi

Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Salzburg Mozarteum singers and orchestra; Epic BC-1062 (stereo)

No doubt there is a monophonic version of this, too, but I don't know its number. (Your dealer will.) It is one of the cutest things you ever heard in your life; to my mind, the only one-act comic opera to compare with Gilbert and Sullivan's hilarious *Trial by Jury*. In style, however, it is more like *The Marriage of Figaro*. I hope I am making it sound irresistible, because it is. I suppose its title could be translated *The Caid Betrayed*, but the plot turns upon the stratagems of the Caid's wife, Fatima, to prevent her wolfish husband from bringing a second sweet young bride into the household. You can see the possibilities, none of which are neglected and all of which are musically portrayed so that you know, without mistake, that the composer of the

great *Orpheus* is at work. Musical humor is a rare commodity.

Verdi: *Aida*

Herbert von Karajan conducting Renata Tebaldi, Giulietta Simionato, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, other soloists; Chorus of the Vienna Music Friends; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London OSA-1514 (stereo) and A-4345: three records

This is without any question the most sonically overwhelming *Aida* ever put on records. It astounds, and there is no other way to describe it. Apart from that, it is something short of ultimate. Giulietta Simionato is sure and delightful, and the Messrs. Bergonzi and MacNeil strike me as very good, but Tebaldi sounds tired. And so, toward the end of each portion, does Mr. von Karajan. However, his taste is faultless, and he has produced a real spectacular.

Vivaldi: Concertos for Oboes and Clarinets, for Paired Oboes, and for Oboe and Bassoon

Piero Santi conducting Accademici di Milano; Vox DL-450 and St-Vox DL-500450 (stereo)

Antonio Vivaldi, the Red-haired Priest of Venice, devoted the great part of his life to service as music master of the Hospital of Pity, the Venetian home of foundling girls. He made them nearly all musicians, and he wrote for them more than 500 masterpieces, among our greatest, to help them earn their living. No challenge ever found him lacking: he could write a mandolin or a double-oboe concerto at the drop of a feathered hat. The girls usually played behind a grille screen. These woodwind works find him at the top of the form that made him J. S. Bach's most admired colleague. There is a torrent of invention and a starry flight of completely unexpected harmonies. Vox's sound is sometimes a little rude, but it doesn't bother me.

Richard Dyer-Bennet 8

Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor with guitar; D-B Records 8

Here this minstrel deals only two rugged British songs, the *Agincoart Hymn* and *Henry Martin*, the Scottish pirate tale. For the rest, he softly plays out songs of love and longing, a few in English, the others in German and French — all from ages we sometimes wish, briefly, we could be back in.



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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

CARRYING a fly rod in a tubular metal case over long stretches of the Soviet Union is a nuisance which would only be endured by an addict like myself, for it is a slippery object, given to sliding under one's seat in the plane and arousing suspicion in strangers who suddenly find it rolling underfoot. I had taken the rod with me on the chance that I might be invited to fish with Mikhail Sholokhov, who has a reputation for making big catches on the River Don. Or, failing this, I wondered if I might come within reach of one of the big pickerel that the Russians prize in their forest streams. But, up until our departure for Tashkent, I had not a single opportunity to take my rod out of its case. The lakes close to Moscow are well stocked with carp, which the Russians take with a crooked bamboo pole from which dangles a tiny baited hook and a glass bobber, the same equipment I had seen the Dutch using for the carp in their canals. I was out for a colder, more elusive prey, and my hopes had been dashed at Leningrad, where I was prepared to drive the eighty miles up the peninsula to fish for salmon in the Vuoksi River, which had once belonged to Finland. But Mariam, our interpreter, had said sadly that the authorities had told her the river was low, the water too warm, the fish not taking — a circumstance which I had already encountered, to my disappointment, in Ireland.

It was Konstantin Simonov who gave me a fresh spark, in the course of a delectable Sunday supper of pink vodka and smoked fish in his Moscow apartment. He was delighted to hear that we were going to Tashkent, and when the interpreter told him that I was an irrepressible angler, his face lit up. "Good," he said. "I shall write to my friend Hamid, and he will take you to the foothills of the Pamirs, where together you will catch the famous blue trout."

We flew the two thousand miles from Moscow to Tashkent in four hours and ten minutes, jet

time, and when the delegation of Uzbek writers, led by bland, black-eyed Hamid, the secretary of their union, came down the ramp to meet us, I found that Simonov had been as good as his word. They nodded approvingly at my rod, and Hamid had been driven to the airport in a sturdy new Land Rover, to show me what we would make the trip in.

"He says you will be leaving Sunday morning," the interpreter told me. "Perhaps as early as three A.M. Meantime, they have fixed up a pretty crowded schedule for you."

Uzbekistan is one of the most Asiatic and pastoral of the sixteen Soviet republics. The Uzbeks are a sturdy, almond-eyed, swarthy folk, renowned for prodigious harvests of cotton, for the delicacy of their melons and grapes, and for their famous meals of pilaf and shashlik. Under their greatest hero, Tamerlane, they ruled the world for forty years. Then, in the sixteenth century, the belligerence went out of them and they reverted to a bucolic existence, which has only recently been disturbed. No Uzbeks, we were told, were used for fighting in World War II.

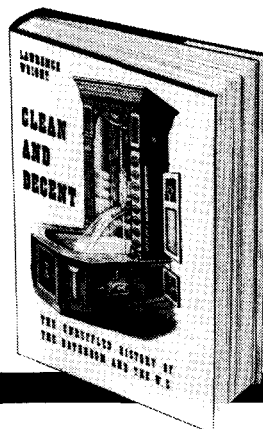
In the dry, baking heat of the following days, we were in constant transition between the twentieth century and the Middle Ages. Our hotel, modern but only half built, had French windows opening on to the plaza, with its splashing fountains and fine-looking opera house. The little flyspecked grill where we had lunch was half full of Uzbeks wearing their dark-blue skullcaps with silver embroidery, but beyond it through glass doors we could see the spacious high-ceilinged dining room with a dais for the orchestra. From the hotel we were driven to the market: the great trestles of Garden of Eden fruit and vegetables, presided over by striking oriental types, some attracted by, some suspicious of Paddy Chayefsky's movie lens, were a picture which could hardly have changed since Tamerlane. On the slopes

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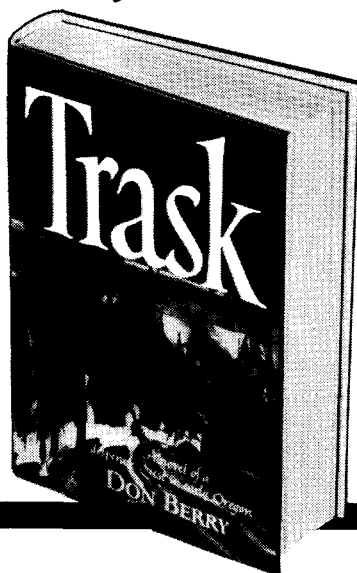
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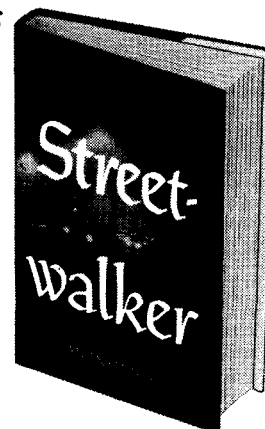
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STREETWALKER



surrounding the market rose, layer upon layer, the ancient one-level homes of adobe. At the end of the market, where the cotton fabrics and scarves were displayed, squatted an old man beside a pile of hats of plaited yellow and green straw. "Fishermen's hats," said Hamid. "You had better have one." I found one to fit me for five rubles, and under the shade of its brim continued to suck the purple grapes, each half the size of my thumb.

The Uzbeks have the characteristic openhanded hospitality of pastoral people, and the welcome they gave us at the Writers' Union was genuine. We talked to them about their heritage. We questioned them about their history and archaeology and why they liked Hemingway ("Because he loves men"); it was apparent from what they said that they took naturally to folklore and poetry and that Hamid, their chairman, was the most successful of their native novelists. Our discussion was followed by vodka and supper, and then, under the stars, we were escorted to an open-air theater to see an Uzbek opera and ballet, the story a blend of folklore and Party line in which the handsome prince risks his own life in order to spare his slaves from execution. The costuming and acting were surprisingly good, and the singing of the women reminiscent of the Chinese.

Next morning, a visit to a cooperative farm. Well, I can take anything if there is a fishing trip at the end. We inspected the endless cotton fields and then, taking a short cut, found ourselves suddenly in a grape arbor whose green and purple clusters were, some of them, the size of a man's head. We sampled our way along in the heat of midday and came to a resthouse, a running brook, and, in the shade of a big willow, a table which was literally to groan with food. I thought each course was the main meal and acted accordingly. I sat to the right of the farm chairman, and he broke my bread for me, the crusty circular loaves, while we were being served the highly seasoned shashlik. I ate the delicious chunks from three swords and accepted two more; we were toasting each other in the cool Georgian wine; and I thought luncheon was done when in came a huge bowl of mutton soup, which perforce we spooned and sopped. Now, as we were wiping the perspiration from our brows and about to sit back, in came the third course, a vast platter of pilaf. I groaned in protest, but again the chairman was breaking my bread for me; it would have been rude to refuse, so there was nothing for it but to accept the huge helping that came my way. Came a hint, too, for when I lifted my glass and proposed a toast to the blue trout of tomorrow, the Uzbek writer opposite me remarked casually that no fish had been taken from that stream in

months. I wrote him off as one who didn't fish. But late that afternoon, Yuri, our interpreter, broke the news which my delegation hadn't the heart to tell me. "Your trip is off," he said. "I hate to disappoint you, but the guides have telephoned to say that the water is too low and that the trout have disappeared." (Was this true?) My face must have showed what I felt, for he added, "The chairman wants you all to dine with him tomorrow night, and he says you must bring your equipment and fish in the little river where the boys catch their carp." I had seen the little stream meandering through the city, the color of *café au lait* and almost as hot, but as this was a command performance, so be it.

Hamid's house was a new, white, frame three-story structure, rising high above the old town, and here at sunset we gathered, I with my rod and reel and flies. We were introduced to his wife, to his daughters, to his oldest son of fifteen, and to his barefooted youngest of seven. Then we settled down to the fore part of supper, the melons, the grapes, the toasts, and the first serving of lamb. An hour later I remarked to Hamid, "If I am to do any fishing this evening, someone will have to tie a rope around my ankle." Two hours later, while everyone watched, I set up the rod; I tied on a Mickey Finn as the one fly that might be seen in the murky depths, and then the seven-year-old, taking my hand, led the parade to the pool. Neighbors joined us from each doorway we passed, and we were a sizable assembly by the time we reached the sluiceway, at the foot of which was a churning pool in which I was to cast. Close to the water, a gardener with a spade had dug a little stand for me, while on the parapet overhead Turkish carpets had been laid, and here tea was served to the onlookers, to the Uzbek writers, and to the members of my delegation while I plied my darting fly through the muddy water. I had one strike — was it the bottom? — while Yuri kept advising: "They say the only way you will ever catch a fish here is to tie a stone on your line and use a worm." He was quite right.

When dusk fell we returned to Hamid's house, the seven-year-old now holding the fly rod in both hands before him like a standard. The walk had refreshed the taste buds, and Hamid's cousin had new steaming platters ready for us as we returned to the table. Of the toasts that followed, I remember one of Hamid's in the shank of the evening: "Here is to Mr. Weeks, who today has caught nothing but friends."

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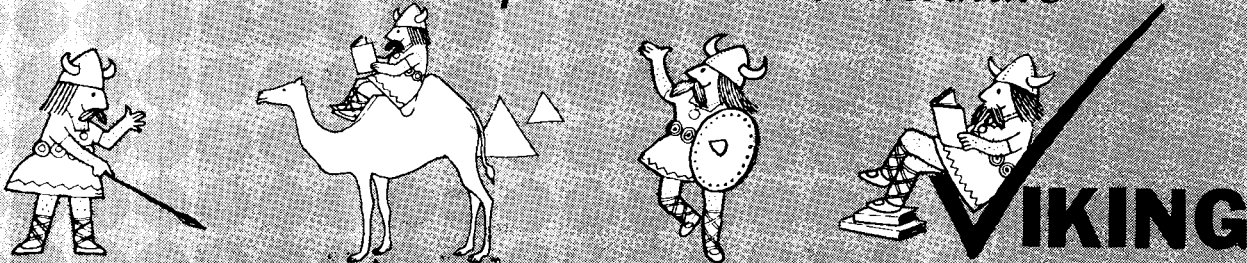
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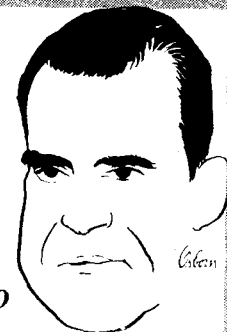


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Southerner I have admired since he was fresh from college. The story is laid in the Southern pinewoods, and it comes to us through the eyes of William Wesley Johns, a writer who is about ready to hit the jackpot. Bill Johns has pursued a fastidious, uncompromising course; even his best work has had only a modest success. His wife has walked out on him as a failure. Now, as he approaches sixty, he has heeded the advice and revisions of his publisher; his new, more sexy novel, *Love Me Little*, has been accepted for serialization and is in line for a book club. But in his diffident way he keeps deferring the delivery date; he hesitates to give the manuscript its finishing touches until he has to drive it to the airport. He pauses at the crossroads and, against his better judgment, takes aboard an unlikely hitchhiker, a plain girl with a plain name, Jo Seeley, who comes to him carrying a violin and a viola in their battered cases, and at this point the story takes hold.

The writer is in a hurry, time is on his mind, and in his self-centered way he is also savoring the success ahead. He is in no mood for the disconcerting questions which the girl — she must be half his age — keeps thrusting at him, or for the broken fan belt which brings them to a halt in a lonely stretch five miles from nowhere. Seeking help and armed with manuscript and the two fiddles, they follow the telephone wires which lead deep into the woods and at length to a fisherman's cabin. By this time, Jo has identified him and his work; surprisingly, she has read and liked his best book, and she keeps embarrassing him in her curiosity about the new one: "Is it written in your own hand? Is it really you?" They walk into something not meant for them in that backwoods house, something forbidding and sinister. Behind the mystery of Jared's death; apart from the funeral, where Jo's viola liberates the spirit; insistent through the long, hazardous boat trip down the river are the self-doubts which the girl has aroused and which cannot be stilled. It is Mr. Fleming's skill that the questions of integrity which Bill Johns cannot evade are those that accuse us all as age advances. They take on a special meaning and interest as they are spoken by that plain virgin of truth in the lonely woods and on the fogbound stream.

NEVIL SHUTE, Commander Norway, proved his value to the British Navy during the war with his contributions to aircraft engineering. A modest, competent Englishman, as felicitous in his writing as John Buchan, he found time, then and after, for warmhearted novels touching on airplanes and submarines, on far places like the South Seas and Australia, on children, whom he portrayed with

sympathy, and on the imponderables, like fall-out, which loom over us all. His death at a time when he had so much to give is a sad loss.

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM (Morrow, \$3.95), his posthumous novel, is a hail and farewell to some of those pursuits in which Mr. Shute himself took such delight. It is the odyssey of an ingenious, retiring engineer, Keith Stewart, who for years has lived in a shabby London suburb, happily inventing the miniature motors, the six-volt generator an inch and a half in diameter, the tiny Congreve clock which he would then write up for other model builders in the columns of *Miniature Mechanic*. Keith has never been out of England when, in mid-life, his conscience forces him to adventure. His only sister and her husband are drowned on a cruise to Tahiti, and realizing that he must act as trustee for their daughter Janice and recover, if possible, the small inheritance in jewels which he believes is still in the wreck, Keith sets out to thumb his way across two oceans. His flight over the Atlantic in a cargo plane, his voyage to Papeete in the unregistered *Mary Belle*, his rescue by Sol Hirzhorn, the American lumber baron, and his triumph in the forests of Washington are high points in a story remarkable for its lucidity and amiability. *Trustee from the Toolroom* is that rarity in our time, a happy book about a decent and resourceful guy.

JOHN BRAINE, an impecunious English librarian who wanted to write, was just twenty-one when, in 1943, he was carted off to the hospital with tuberculosis. While in hospital he began writing poetry, and he made notes for his first novel, *Room at the Top*, which years later was to establish him in fiction and the films. His new book, *FROM THE HAND OF THE HUNTER* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), is a sublimation of this early experience; it is the lyrical story of Dick Corvey, a young Yorkshireman who has been losing his life to T.B. — and willing to lose it — until he is aroused from his torpor by Nurse Mallaton. During the interminable hours in the ward, he has been reliving in reverie his boyhood in the West Riding with its slag heaps and barren moors, his most precious friendship with Tom Coverack, his feud with his father, his calf loves, and his aimlessness after service in the war — all of this mixed up with sex and failure. Sardonic in his surrender, Dick, with his dark eyes, has become the pity of the hospital. But there is a surprising amount of man left in him, and when the invigorating, fresh-smelling nurse touches his senses, he begins to fight back. Dick's reverie and recovery are of rising interest, set as they are in that Yorkshire which Mr. Braine knows so very well. This book holds pathos and power.

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

Miss Adams has assumed the duties of literary editor while Mr. Charles Rolo is on leave of absence.

LEVEL 7 (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75) is a terrifying little novel about the first and last nuclear war. The author, MORDECAI ROSHWALD, has borrowed a bit from Kafka and a bit from Defoe and a bit from science fiction and quite a lot from current scientific opinion of what the results of a large-scale argument with nuclear weapons would be. has added his own fierce imagination, and combined the whole into a book that makes *On the Beach* look like giddy optimism.

The form of the story is that solid old device, the journal, kept in this case by X-127, an otherwise nameless officer assigned to duty on the lowest level of a radiation-proof shelter designed to house its staff, and their descendants, for five hundred years. Once down there, no one can ever leave. The place has been sealed off. Level 7 is entirely self-contained and self-sustaining, thanks to an intricate system of atomically powered machinery, and in this unspeakable hole a handful of the human race is expected to survive until the earth above becomes habitable once more.

Practically speaking, the notion is absurd, but it is presented with such grave common sense, such attention to detail, such a careful coverage of every contingency likely to spring up in the reader's mind that it quickly carries conviction. And once the initial conviction is established, the whole scheme of Level 7 becomes irresistibly plausible.

The plausibility does not depend on Mr. Roshwald's ingenious descriptions of air plants and sewage

disposal but on something slightly familiar about the kind of thinking responsible for the plight of X-127 and his numerical colleagues. There is a distinct character detectable behind the construction and organization of this vast underground fortress, and while it is not the character of any contemporary state, it is recognizable as an exaggerated projection of certain contemporary trends, the long, sinister shadow of present reality.

Level 7 has been created by a wily practical intelligence operating without mercy, affection, humor, or honesty and bent on technical victory, regardless not only of life but of everything that makes life worth living. It is not the responsibility of any single man, but rather a community intelligence functioning with impersonal precision. It is beyond the reach of remonstrance or even comment by the citizenry and is unaffected by any individual's scruples or, as it turns out, understanding. Catastrophe occurs because the perfect defensive system cannot distinguish between a genuine attack and an accidental explosion, and the order that precipitates Armageddon is given by a mechanically activated recording.

It is possible to dismiss Mr. Roshwald's seven levels as an intricate engineer's hell, but his prophecy of official, secret, irrevocable decision reached without brains or conscience because no one person is responsible for anything but material success in a limited area conjures up a spirit which is much harder to exorcise. The book is a powerful, intelligent evocation of the great goblin of our times. It is dedicated "To Dwight and Nikita."

THE MASS MURDER MONSTER

COMMANDANT OF AUSCHWITZ (World, \$4.50) is the autobiography of RUDOLF HOESS, who by his own admission arranged, "on orders received from Himmler," the murder by gas of at least two million people during the years when he commanded that infamous prison camp. At the end of the war he was caught and turned over to the Poles, and after certain legal formalities, they took him back to Auschwitz and hanged him.

His memoirs, written in jail at the request of his captors, make something of a companion piece to *Level 7*.

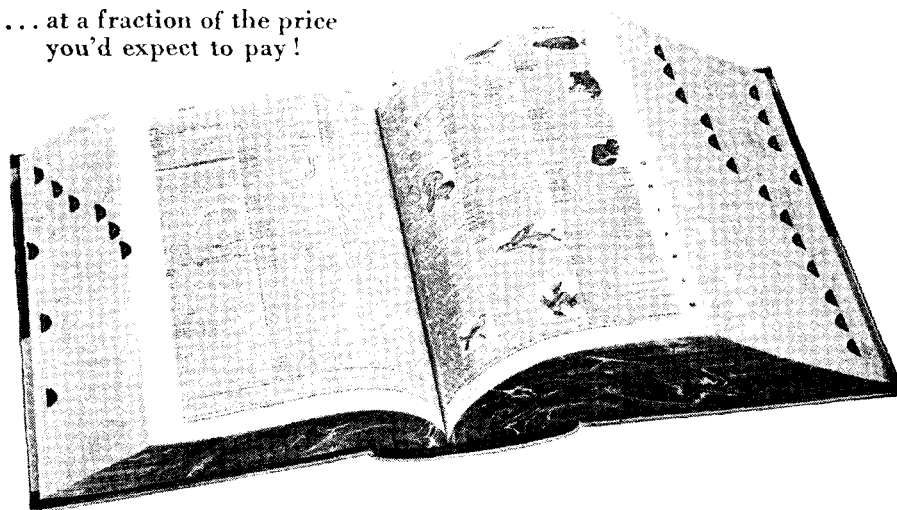
They have in general the same tone of commonplace reasonableness, they make the same disclaimer of responsibility for the policy of the authorities and offer the same excuse of obedience to military commands. There is even a parallel between Hoess's hankering to become a farmer and X-127's regret that he will never see sunlight again. Parts of these memoirs were published in Poland in 1951, and it is possible that Mr. Roshwald, a Pole by birth, has read them and made use of them. Whether he did or not is, of course, unimportant in relation to his artistic achievement, but it is interesting to find Hoess providing real-life evidence of the attitude Mr. Roshwald describes in fiction.

Considered by itself, *Commandant of Auschwitz* is a gruesomely fascinating book which never reveals as much as the reader hopes it will. Hoess died an unrepentant Nazi, convinced that the methods rather than the aims of the party had been at fault. Consequently, he never thought it necessary to discuss his reasons for becoming a Nazi or for joining the SS, although it seems possible that the latter move was partly financial. He had been involved in a farming venture, described with an evasiveness that suggests it was not wildly successful. His childhood memories and his experiences in World War I are not idyllic, but other men have fared as badly and remained men. Hoess wound up at Auschwitz, however, where incompetent subordinates, unsympathetic superiors, lack of materials, and government red tape bedeviled him and made his task of mass murder tiresomely difficult.

Assuming that the translation is accurate, which seems entirely probable, since it was done by Constantine Fitzgibbon, Hoess describes his career in a stolid, flat-footed way with little attention to what he felt about any of it. He is full of opinions about how to organize a prison and strong on the value of work and domestic affection, but there is very little of the kind of emotional detail that might provide a clue to his success as a monster. Perhaps the lack is in itself the clue. Hoess professes to have suffered from repressed sympathy while ordering Jewish children into the gas chambers, but the chief impression conveyed by his narrative is of an immense coldness of spirit. Combined with his fuss-

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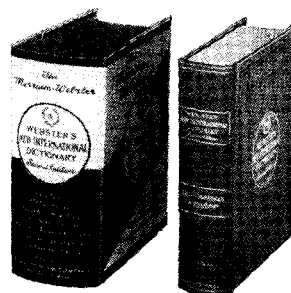
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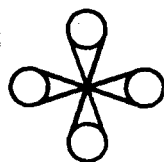
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sticky-fingered and most of them
with no previous experience in gun-
running. It proves to be no trade
for amateurs. The Bengali clerk
who finds the guns in a Malayan
jungle is a shrewd lad, but he has to
resort to a Chinese trader with out-
side connections. The connections
are all hungry relatives, and one of
them is an obsessive gambler on
something called "the pickle mar-
ket."

The pickle marketer, a splen-
didly muddleheaded rascal himself,
collects a British ex-officer who never
was a gentleman, and between them
they hash up negotiations with a
respectable American who has been
fool enough to front for the affair.
The British authorities sniff nervously
about the edges of the enterprise,
and the prospective purchasers of
the guns have an inadequate intelli-
gence department.

It all boils up into a bloody battle
full of suspense and excitement in
Mr. Ambler's best style. In addition
to the pleasure of a good tale well
told, the book offers the unfashion-
able surprise of a United States con-
sular official who is honest, intelli-
gent, and efficient, and as bonus, a
ship's passenger who is, in an unpre-
tententious way, a superb study of the
kind of unbearable woman against
whom no specific charge can be
brought. This is a tricky type to
portray, but Mr. Ambler does her
malicious justice.

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J. B. PRIESTLEY's *LITERATURE AND
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the past five centuries. Mr. Priestley believes that "ours is an age of supreme crisis, when the most desperate decisions have to be made, and that some account of Western Man, in terms of the literature he has created and enjoyed, might help us to understand ourselves . . . and to realise where we are and how we have arrived here."

Taking the appearance of movable type as a starting point, Mr. Priestley discusses various authors, examining their points of view and considering how much of their society and which segments each one represented. He keeps his material, which comes from all of Europe, the British Isles, and eventually the United States, pretty well under control until he reaches the nineteenth century, when the enormous number of literary schools and movements reduces him to a chaos of name dropping. In a way, this situation supports one of the points Mr. Priestley is trying to make, which is that modern society has splintered into groups which have no mutual understanding and hold no common belief through which they might achieve one.

Although not new, this is a perfectly sound point, which is a fair description of too much of what Mr. Priestley has to say in this book. His main argument is obscured by his desire to get every reputable author in somewhere, regardless of the pertinence of the man's work or the originality of Mr. Priestley's ideas about it, and in the book's final pages, the author positively works against himself by cluttering his discussion with descriptions of authors which are necessarily too brief to prove anything.

Mr. Priestley argues, if I have trailed him successfully through the undergrowth of peripheral reference, that in the past the life of Western man was governed by an even balance between his conscious mind and his unconscious desires, a state of things represented by Montaigne, Cervantes, Rabelais, and Shakespeare, to name only the high points of the list. In the eighteenth century, conscious mind acquired complete control of life and literature and was, by inevitable reaction, eventually repudiated and succeeded by an upsurge of the unconscious. This brings us to the romantic movement and lands Mr. Priestley in a quandary, for he identifies the great international figures of the period as Byron.

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Goethe, and Walter Scott, and it is difficult to rig any one of these gentlemen as an embodiment of the unconscious drives of Western man. Mr. Priestley escapes his problem by deciding that henceforth literature does not truly represent Western man at all, but the exploration of the individual unconscious on one hand and official propriety and practicality on the other. In our own time, literature has been reduced to excavating obscure recesses in the minds of individual authors, a process of no value or interest to vast portions of the public.

It is never clear in Mr. Priestley's discussion whether he thinks literature shapes the conduct of Western man or reflects it, nor does he offer any reasons for such phenomena as the preponderance of conscious intellect in the eighteenth century. Since he has no coherent theory to account for the direction of Western man in the past, he has no basis from which to predict his course in the future and, having announced that things are in a bad way, can only advocate a return to religion. On internal evidence, what Mr. Priestley means by "religion" is a spirit of humanistic good will reinforced by some generally acceptable myth, but officially he does not commit himself so definitely. He has no idea what religion may prevail, for "we have no religion and, inside or outside literature, man feels homeless, helpless, and in despair."

Mr. Priestley hopes for the appearance of some belief which, generally held, will enable Western man to make decisions about his society and conduct with assurance that they are justified, and if one agrees with him that lack of such belief is the basis of all our modern ills, one can only wish that his hope may be fulfilled. I think, however, that at least half of the book that Mr. Priestley has devoted to this good cause is superfluous and that all of it would have benefited by more quotation from the authors in question and fewer comparisons like that of Shelley to Ariel, which has long since done its duty in every freshman survey course in English literature from here to Timbuktu and has earned a decent retirement.

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court. Brace, \$5.00) reveals a exotic landscape through the eyes of a learned, sympathetic observer who also happens to be a fine photographer. Miss Stark is a veteran traveler in the Middle East, familiar with the language and fond of the people and able to carry the whole complicated history of the region, from Noah to Xenophon to yesterday, in her head.

Her latest book describes a journey by horse and mule through a range of mountains close to the eastern frontier of Turkey. Starting east of Lake Van, she circled south and west through country that only a few years ago was a no man's land of tribal warfare and came out, as she had expected to do, at a town on the Tigris River. Very few Europeans had ever been through the area, the scenery was rumored to be remarkable, and Miss Stark had not seen the place. These were reasons enough to take her there, despite difficulties and the astonishment of the Turkish authorities. They could not understand why anyone, least of all a woman, would willingly go and look at rocky gorges and cantankerous Kurds.

As such trips go, Miss Stark's was unadventurous. Her horse tried to fall over a precipice only once, the scenery justified its reputation, the Kurds were charming, and the Turkish authorities, panicked by mystification, confiscated most of her films. The loss of the films, although it infuriated her at the time, makes little difference to the book. Some pictures survived, and, in any case, Miss Stark is a master of description. She can convey anything from the general contour of a landscape, the quality of light and texture of air to the smallest details of plants and animals.

Short of learning Turkish and buying a ticket to Bitlis, the best thing a would-be traveler can do about the Hakkiari hills is read *Riding to the Tigris*.

A DASH OF ARSENIC A DAY

WILLIAM LONGGOOD'S *THE POISONS IN YOUR FOOD* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) is a lively journalist's overhauling of the activities of the Food and Drug Administration. Full of medical quotations and sometimes repetitious, the book is nevertheless interesting and alarming reading, demonstrating that the great cran-

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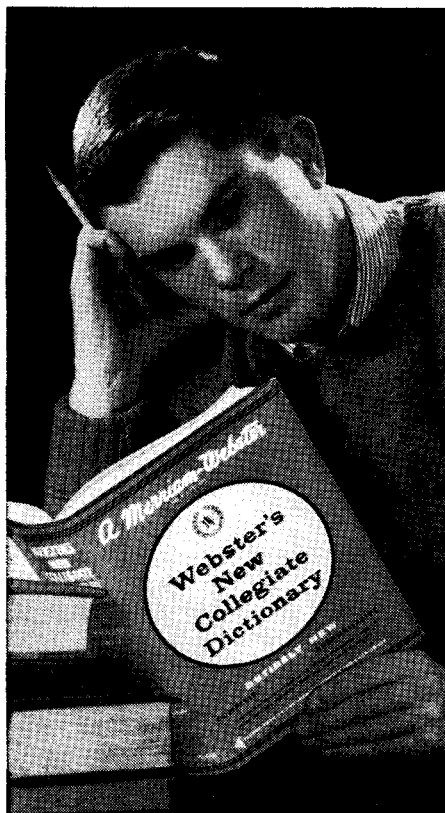
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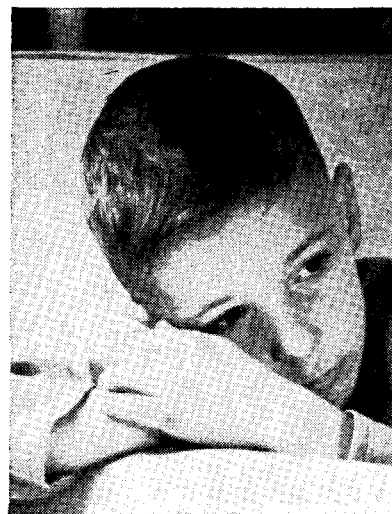
Other "Webster's" do not even include the Latin names for plants and animals, essential for students. To be sure of getting the one dictionary that meets all requirements of school, home, office: always ask for a Merriam-Webster.

berry war of last Thanksgiving was merely a minor skirmish in a steady campaign to dose the population with bug killers, weed killers, chemical imitations of natural food elements, detergents, mineral oil, embalming fluid, arsenic, and a wide variety of substances known to cause cancer in laboratory animals.

To do them justice, the chemical companies that manufacture these substances and the people who incorporate them into meat, milk, baked goods, fruits, and vegetables are not inspired by any hatred of their fellow citizens. They merely wish to make more money with less effort. For this reason, they will resort to any concoction that seems likely to produce a larger crop, a heavier animal, or a product that can survive packing, shipping, and sitting three months on a grocery shelf.

The FDA is supposed, it is generally thought, to prevent the use for such purposes of substances that are in any way dangerous to those who ultimately eat the treated food. Mr. Longgood has collected plenty of evidence that the FDA cannot and will not do anything of the kind. Its staff is inadequate to check everything on the market, its laboratory facilities are so unequal to the demands upon them that the department frequently has to depend for estimates of the effect of a new chemical on the research staff of the company that manufactured the substance in the first place, and the officials in charge of the department are political appointees rather than experts in nutrition and toxicology.

Summing up recent legislation in the food and drug field, Mr. Longgood explains that, in plain English, it allows a manufacturer to put any poison he pleases into any food he markets as long as nobody actually drops dead in his tracks from eating the stuff. Since slow poisoning by a variety of chemicals is hard to diagnose and no one product is likely to cause sudden death, everybody except the consumer can now feel safe and happy. It may be argued that Mithridates died old, but he didn't have to contend with beta-naphthylamine, carboxymethylcellulose, or glycerides, and when he ate arsenic, he knew it. The only readers likely to be cheered by Mr. Longgood's book are those seriously worried by the prospect of overpopulation.

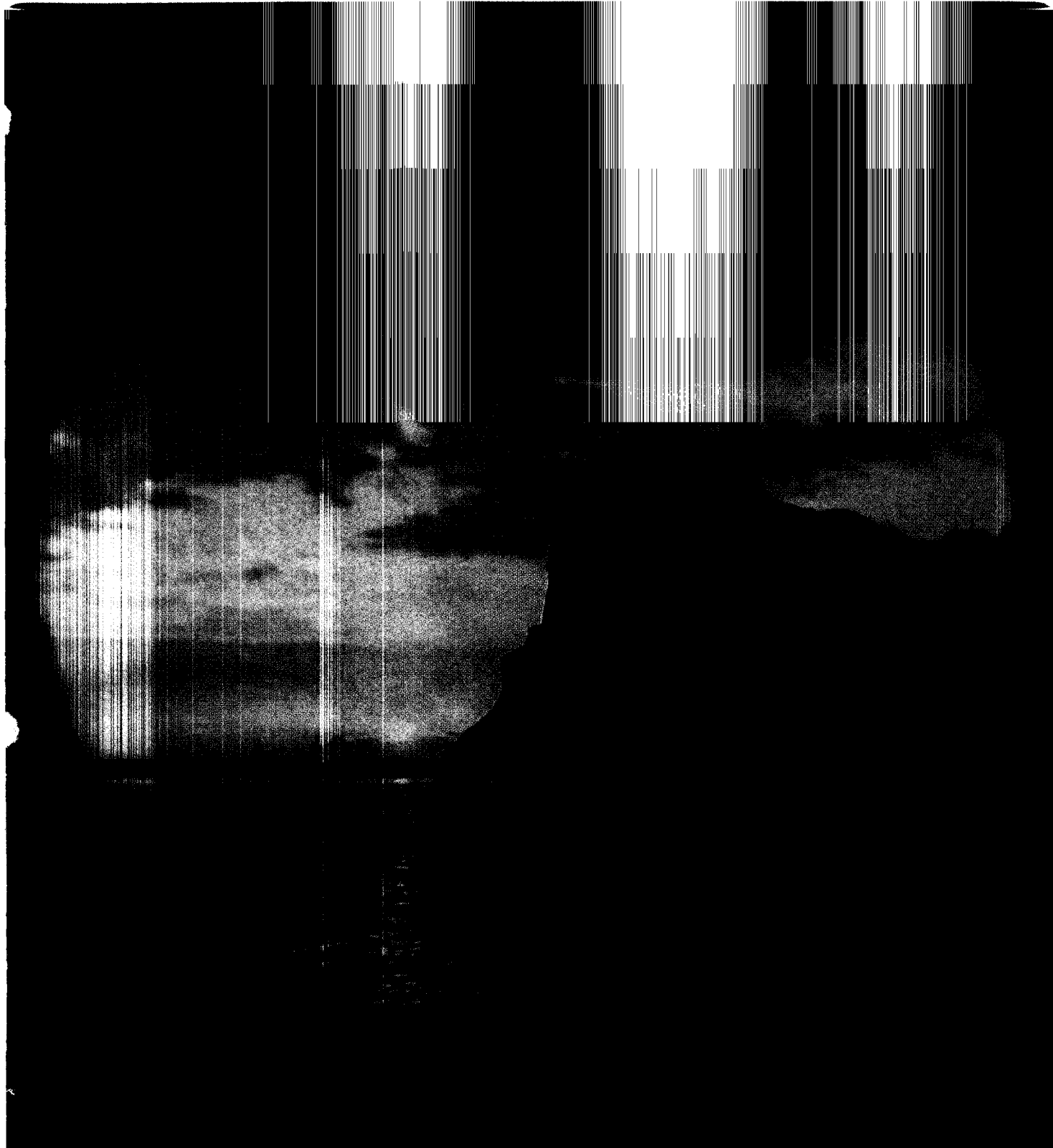


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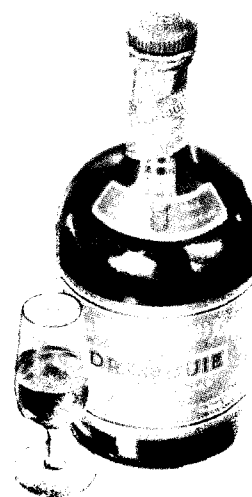
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